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Truly Thine
Shahmah Shah

SHAHMAH

IN PURSUIT OF FREEDOM:

OR,

THE BRANDED HAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SLOVIAN,

AND EDITED

BY AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

NEW YORK:
THATCHER & HUTCHINSON.
1858.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

I HAVE always held it as an axiom in Literature that it is bad taste, as well as bad judgment, in an author to apologize for the incompleteness of the work which he offers to the public; inasmuch, as being sensible of such deficiency, he should set himself to perfect and complete it. But there are circumstances in which it becomes proper and necessary to introduce an exception to the rule; and if ever there was such a case, it is certainly to be found in the present instance.

The dark and fearful crisis, into which, as a Nation, we are now opening, startles us out of all ceremony, and demands cogent thought, with prompt and earnest action; and whatever may best promote these should be boldly carried forward. The letters, which compose this volume, were written only for that Brother's eye, to whom they flowed out freely as common speech. In a very early part of the correspondence it was my good fortune to become acquainted with the Author, and through him with the ancient and beautiful language of his people. As a student of antique literature, I applied myself to a *systematic study of it*; and in the abandon-

ment of that bosom friendship, which soon grew up between us, I was permitted to use these Letters, as exercises—to read and translate them—a privilege which the want of printed books rendered invaluable.

On reading the Letters over, I find my first impressions more than confirmed. The clear thought and the pure language, by which the great leading Idea is always carried forward, have a direct application to the contested principles of Freedom and Right, which are now fermenting in our midst. That these large doctrines of Human Rights and Human Obligations—these grand views of the power and destiny of Man—are what we now most especially need, will be accepted as a sufficient excuse for their present appearance.

Since obtaining permission to publish them, I have lost no time in confirming to my countrymen the rich largess, which has thus fallen into my hands. In justice I should say, that, as the character of the language is highly idiomatic, and that of the author also tends to a strong individuality, it became a difficult task always to preserve in the translation the power and spirit of the original. But if they fail in the outside garment of expression, to the meaning and intent of the Writer, they are always true. To this I can testify from intimate personal knowledge; for the leading points of these Letters were continual subjects of speech, and the great burden of that life, which, more than any other life I ever knew, is one long aspiration toward that perfect Ideal of Freedom that takes hold of the highest.

The remarkable peculiarities of the Author will hardly require explanation; and yet it may be well to say, that, in some respects, his sight is too deep for common use. He often misunderstands outside facts, but great

principles never. With a quick and true insight, he has also a wide range of thought; and through the heroism of a great soul, often unexpectedly beams forth the simplicity and gentleness of a little child; but these very traits give a smoother edge and a keener point to his unconscious satire.

A word should be said here of this volume, as a work of Art. It certainly wants dramatic variety; though it is not, perhaps, deficient in dramatic power. The reasons for this are two-fold. In his descriptions, as in his intercourse with others, the Author seizes tenaciously the strong points of character, whether in direct sympathy with, or in direct antagonism to his own, while the intermediate shades of common-place traits or persons, seem to glance off without making any impression. Hence his portraitures are not so over-drawn, or unnaturally colored, as might at first appear. His own strong and bold individuality is not only so constituted as to receive like impressions, but his highly active and positive power actually challenges and calls them out.

He has, so to speak, large eyes; and if they see large things, it is because that is their true office and function; nor could he contract them to the narrow orbit of other people's vision. He has less the character of extravagance as an Oriental, than of enthusiasm as a man. He does not exaggerate so much as he develops the strong lights and shadows in which his thoughts seem naturally to clothe themselves.

To these tendencies are owing all his frequent repetitions —especially in the praises which he bestows on his favorites. He returns to them again and again, and touches and retouches their distinguishing traits, more and more lovingly. But these bursts of enthusiasm are so genuine

and so vital, taking hold of everything around them with their living and growing rootlets, that after repeated attempts at incision, I have mostly let them remain as they were; for though I can tolerably well manage the scissors of the editor, I shrink from touching the surgeon's knife.

With but a very small sense of the ludicrous, and no conscious power of wit, the intense earnestness toward which all our Author's faculties converge, carries everything before it.

Some more particular account of the Author, as well as the peculiar and remarkable people who were his paternal ancestors, and among whom his character was chiefly formed, will give additional interest to the work.

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Among all the peoples who have been distinguished by an ardent love of liberty, none have been more remarkable than the Kabyles, a tribe who inhabit the high regions among the mountains of Algiers. Amid all the revolutions that have overrun and depopulated the surrounding countries, sowing the borders of Sea and Desert with the ruins of ages, they have still maintained themselves, in their strong fastnesses, a race of unconquered Freemen. Though often assailed, they have never been completely overthrown; and no neighboring power has ever been able to maintain more than a shadow of authority over them. Great scenes of History have appeared on the Stage of Human Life; all forms of dominion have made their entrance and their exit; empires have come in and gone out: but these have remained the same.

Physically speaking, these people are among the noblest in the world. The pure air, their athletic education and common exercises, and, above all, the inspiring consciousness of freedom, give to their whole form and manner a symmetry, vigor, dignity and manliness, which combine to impress the stranger, that, in every one of them, he has met a chief. And this is really so; for although they would not rank so high as a civilized people—at least, according to our understanding of the term—yet in the well-developed physical frame, in the inherent love of liberty and the determination to preserve it, they have the basis of that high order of power, that shall, ultimately, make every man a law, and a king unto himself.

It is supposed, and with good reason, that the Kabyles were progenitors of the great Pelasgic variety of mankind, or that powerful branch of the Caucasian race, which spread over a great part of Europe and Western Asia. They seem, at least, to have preserved in themselves the true and distinct types of that variety. They are much whiter than the neighboring tribes; and in their fairness they often resemble the Circassians; for blue eyes and tawny or red hair are not very uncommon among them. The head indicates great mental power; and this, with their fine temperament and superior organization, would doubtless, under truer conditions, tend to produce a very high order of character.

The Showiah, which is their native tongue, is un-

doubtedly an original language, and has some very remarkable peculiarities, which cannot be here discussed. It is flexible and musical, and well worthy the attention of those who are interested in the antiquities of human speech, even though it may not be, as they claim for it, the vernacular language of Noah.

From the name of Shahmah Shah, which signifies "a noble house," it may be supposed that our Author sprang from one of the principal families of his Tribe, where antiquity of lineage is held in high esteem.

But there are certain points of his early history, in regard to which he has never been very communicative; and the probability is that he is not himself well assured of the facts. It appears, however, that his mother was a Frankish woman, though of what particular nation it is impossible to say.

In his Letters once or twice, and occasionally in confidential speech with his friends, he hints of his experience as a Slave Child. He was stolen and sold away from his parents when only six years old. After having lived a number of years, first as a slave in Algiers, and afterward as a serf in Bohemia, he purchased his freedom, and returned to his native country, while yet only a boy.

It is highly probable that these bitter experiences tended to develop that passionate love of liberty which has marked and colored his whole life, as well as to unfold the profound strength and the ardent affection

which have made him, in the pursuit of this object, both a philanthropist and a philosopher.

On the death of his father the young Shahmah was at once chosen to be his successor, for he was eminently fitted to take the place, as he bore the name of their noble and venerated Chief. But though he might have won a high popularity among his people, he quietly resigned the honor in behalf of his younger brother, by whom it was promptly transferred to a near relative; for both these brothers—why, they knew not then—had a secret yearning for the more philosophical pursuits, to which the peculiar experience of Shahmah had early directed him.

In these studies, which were wholly without books, or any exterior guidance or direction, he early opened rare and profound deeps of thought, sometimes disturbing fountains of wisdom, whose sources he could not reach. Of this interior life there was but one sharer. He had drawn his brother into a close and living sympathy; and they two walked together in the ministries of that inner life, fain to content themselves without other companionship.

These habits of thought and life, superadded to his soul-searching experiences, naturally led young Shahmah very early to reflect on the condition of the various tribes in his paternal province, and to perceive that they fell far short of all his preconceived ideas concerning the destiny of such a being as Man. There was, indeed,

a kind of savage freedom among his people, based upon pure physical force, and which, to some degree, they shared in common with the tiger of the jungle, and the lion of the desert. Of this liberty, which had come down to them through the heirship of ages—the unsquandered legacy of countless generations—his people were very proud; and they cherished it with extreme fondness and solicitude. But they had no conception of the dignity and power of Man as *man*, nor of his inherent rights, which are inviolable in the weak as in the strong; and hence they could neither perceive nor hold out any great objects of good to the race. Their love of liberty was, so far as it went, ennobling, it is true, but still it was only an instinct.

But the young philosopher penetrated to the heart of the difficulty. He discovered that there is a soul in Freedom; and that one view determined his true course. To know, and, if possible, to obtain this soul-liberty for himself, and, peradventure, to secure it to his brethren, became the all-absorbing object of his being.

In company with his brother, he left his paternal home on the mountains, and went to the city of Algiers. There they determined to await the changing of the tide, which the collision of men and interests, in that, to them, great mass of people, might possibly turn in their favor.

They first engaged at service in the suburbs, the one as a shepherd, the other as a gardener, in which callings

they worked with the persevering industry that generally distinguishes those who have some great object in view. Very soon they excited the attention and won the friendship of a worthy Jew, by whose assistance they were enabled to enter the Kabyle College at Algiers, where the youth of their country receive instruction gratis.

As the full course of this Institution is limited to reading the Koran, with some minor accomplishments, to master the whole was the work of only a few months. But, in one important particular, no college could do more for them than the Kabyle College had done; for it had put into their hands the power of self-instruction, and taught them how to use it. Curiosity, or the desire to know—that great master-key of the casket where all other keys are hidden, was effectually roused; and to obtain possession of the richest mental treasures was but the natural result of a strong purpose, acting upon free and determined souls.

Soon after they graduated they made the pilgrimage of the Holy Sepulchre, and the Holy Khaäba of Mecca. Immediately after their return, by one of those great providences which are loosely denominated good fortune, they made acquaintance with a distinguished American gentleman, Mr. F——, then resident at Algiers. Our noble fellow-countryman soon became deeply interested in them; and, on hearing their history, he invited them to his house, and made himself

directly active in their assistance. There, sometime after, in the course of conversation, certain business relations were suggested, in which the peculiar talents of Shahmah, and his knowledge of the country, became valuable both to himself and his new friend. Thus a permanent engagement was effected, out of which they soon saw spring a profitable business; and from it were developed the means of entering into a truer work.

The gentleman, perceiving their fine powers, and having much leisure, proposed a regular course of study, to which they, as their own daily labors only took up a small portion of the time, joyfully acceded; and their teacher soon had the satisfaction of seeing them make great progress, not only in the English language, but in the several sciences. Mr. F—— was also not only an accomplished draughtsman, but an amateur artist of no inconsiderable power. He soon discovered the fine feeling for art that distinguished Shahmah, and thus enabled him to develop and strengthen it, by the discipline and exercise of a judicious culture. Together they visited many places of note, and made sketches from the magnificent ruins by which they were surrounded. Shahmah did not intend to make painting a profession; but he held that a cultivation of a man's distinctive genius, whatever it may be, is essential to the development of his complete individuality.

In the house of Mr. F. they remained five years, in the meantime not only educating themselves, but accu-

To know the true relations of man with man, in Government, and in Society, and peradventure to open yet unseen principles and powers of good—this is the work to which I am called ; and by this act of alienation, I consecrate and devote myself anew. New powers, means, hopes, capabilities are opening before me, in the new world to which I go. I will clothe my soul in greatness equal to its high mission. I will be worthy to match with the truly developed man—the NATIVE-BORN AMERICAN.

I cannot distrust the divinity that urges me on. Have these beautiful hopes been my thought and theme, my day-dream and my night dream, from boyhood up, to be ever resolved into nothing ? Can anything that is truly native to the soul, die ? No. They have become part of me. They *are* me. The angels* that walk beside me, to write down all my actions, know it ; and they continually feed the engrossing idea.

I know by everything I see that there is, and must be, a true *human* freedom. These great words are written everywhere ; and even when a little child I read them. They spoke to me in the singing waters of the Shellif ; they called to me from the thick cloud that bound the forehead of Jujura ; they were written on the starry skies of Irak ; they came to me in the spicy breath of Yemen ; and even the grim sands of the desert were lighted with their golden lettering. In the song of birds ; in the bloom of flowers ; in all that is beautiful and good ; in all that is great and free ; in all that is perfect and harmonious, they have spoken to me—but most of all in the human being. Yes ; in the very constitution of Humanity, I have heard a voice—I have seen a light—I have read a history, which, to the man, himself, was neither seen, nor heard, nor understood ; and I know that there is in it a capacity for all this good—a power to perfect and crown it. And there have been moments when I have looked into the light of a clearer Heaven—into the beauty of a happier Earth ; and I know that they are not to *come*, but

* It is a popular belief among this people, that every man has two angels, who always accompany, and keep a record of his actions.

to be unfolded; for as the perfection of bloom and fruit is in the seed, so is the perfection of Humanity in itself; and the day is near at hand for the opening thereof.

It is pleasant, my brother, to think that even at this distance thou canst hear and understand me. The cord of love is true and strong; and it reaches out unbroken from thee to me. Our spirits take hold of it; and though great waters lie between us, they freely meet, and mingle together. Send your thoughts to me freely; and they shall go back refreshed; for they are kindred angels; and joyfully I entertain them.

I cannot express all that I see and hope, both for thee and Youley. We were severed through many years; but all the great future must reunite us. With every rising, and every setting sun, I bless Allah, that he has given you both, to be so near to me. It would have been much to have found you, as the beloved children of my mother—that mother, whose angel spirit has shone forever in me, shedding the light of Heaven on my dark and troubled life, and making me strong enough, in the hard ways I have travelled, to struggle through, and leave them all behind. But I have found much more—companions—friends—dwellers of my inmost. Whatever I may get of good, is not for me, only, but for thee and that precious sister, whose powers are now so truly unfolding.

But I cannot disguise from myself the great loneliness I feel. Shall I find any who will be to me what thou and Youley are? I have, as yet, seen no woman, besides her, who is at all a companion to me. Shall this want of the soul, that craves the closest union, with what is equal, and yet most unlike itself, be answered, also? Among all the fine and noble women of that highly favored land, will there be one who will truly come within the narrow circle of this yearning heart, blessing it selfishly, that it may grow larger and more generous in the companionship? I often ask myself this; and who shall answer me? My nature tells me I must have companionship in marriage. Otherwise I could not tolerate it. *How* will it come?

January 20.—My life here is full of novelty. The structure of the ship, the habits and modes of life, the conversation and character of the people, are all full of a strange, new interest, that has kept me in a continual state of excitement for some days, though I am now gradually passing into the common equipoise. I hope soon to be more tranquil ; and this is, under the circumstances, especially necessary for me. In that profound calm of soul, in which truth can be seen dispassionately and clearly, must I try all things. I will keep my spirit free and clear as air, that the rays of a higher wisdom may shine through me, and no mote nor flaw may distort or discolor them. Then I shall see truly and judge righteously.

Thursday morning, January 29.—This is my first writing since I left you so abruptly more than a week ago. The truth is, I have been suffering from sea-sickness almost ever since I came on board, and I am still quite reduced and weak. They tell me that I shall be better for my illness, when it leaves me. This is a hard way to purchase health ; but Allah is good, and always sendeth what is right.

We have had a severe storm. It must have been very grand as well as terrible ; but I was too ill either for enjoyment or terror. I had long desired to witness a great storm at sea ; but it was in vain that I rallied myself. I was still more sickened by the hurling and pitching, as the ship rode gallantly over the mountain swells, or went down into the deep dark valleys of the sea. Even the old sailors were pale, and moved about silently. The unnatural stillness within made a frightful contrast to the din without. But sick as I was, the grandeur of the scene penetrated me. Yet I wanted my full strength, that I might rise into its spirit and become one with it.

There are some things, my brother, of which I long to speak, and yet I almost fear to whisper them, even to thee. I am perplexed with conflicting opinions ; but I fear lest my own ignorance and immature judgment should mislead me. Nevertheless, it is due to our friendship that I should speak freely. Certain

things have passed under my own observation which I hardly dare to think of, lest I should commit some involuntary wrong. I will not be in haste to censure; and though my faith is somewhat shaken, I will not yet surrender it.

Smile not, O Hadgi* Hassan, when I tell you that I have almost decided for myself that the *crew*, or working men of this ship, are *not* Americans, though they certainly bear a very strong resemblance to them, and speak the language almost like natives. You remember what Mr. F. has so often told us, that *all* the American people are free and equal. They are created so; so they live, and so they die. I imagine that these men who are employed by the Americans, may have been captured from some of the surrounding nations. It is quite possible they might have been savages, on whom the great people made war, for the purpose of leading them up to a finer civilization; and their lives have been generously spared for this purpose. The theory is a noble one; but still I doubt the utility of the system, as *they* have reduced it to practice, for the discipline of this ship really does not seem to be a true outbirth of the Declaration of Independence; and yet what less than this could we have reason to expect? It certainly *seems* more like slavery than freedom. But I myself am only just emerging from barbarism, and how should *I* judge what is best for so great a people?

Have you ever thought what it would be to find a country whose people are all equal—all free—all enlightened? They must be as a Nation of Gods. New models and measures of greatness must be prepared for them. There can be neither slave nor tyrant among them. They can tolerate nothing low or servile, nothing unjust or unkind; for every act of Man, in the perfect freedom and purity of his nature, must be essentially good and true.

You remember the words of our friend, when he often spoke to us of his people and his country. They must have been true;

* Those who have made the pilgrimage of the Holy Sepulchre generally assume and bear the title of Hadgi.

for he could neither have been deceived himself, nor willing to deceive us. What can I think but this? And yet I am greatly disappointed. The freemen of this ship—that is, the officers and passengers, for I must decide that the crew are *not* Americans—fall very far short of what we are led to expect. But still it is possible that I do not truly gauge them. They may find it difficult to unbosom their great thoughts to a stranger, and he a comparative barbarian. As I become more enlightened, I shall gain their confidence. So I continually hope. But could they see how earnestly I am seeking knowledge, and how I drink every word, as the desert drinks the rain, with a still deepening thirst, they surely would strive to understand and answer me. But when I question them of the Soul-Liberty, whose flitting wings we have been so long pursuing, sometimes they laugh, at other times they look grave—perhaps as if they did not understand—but they never give me a clear and satisfactory answer. Does the value of freedom, like that of other gems, reside chiefly in its rarity? And do we become unconscious of its value so soon as it is made common? These are questions I have repeatedly asked myself. But as yet no answer comes.

My new friend, the Commodore, continues to treat me with the greatest courtesy and kindness; but he never seems to reach the central thought, which has been our polar star from boyhood, and is still leading us into higher conceptions of Good to Mankind. He will tell me of the riches, and the greatness, and the freedom of his country; but his ideas appear vague and slippery. I cannot look them in the face; I cannot take hold of them. I can hardly see that he has any higher conception of the rights and destiny of man, as a human being, than we have observed in our own people—and I will not say the chiefs either.

The subordinate officers appear to be of the same stamp. Their thoughts reach no higher than existing laws and institutions, of which their own are the best. But when I allude to

their Declaration of Independence, and speak of the absolute freedom and equality of all men, they sometimes say carelessly, that the people of their country are all free and equal, as a matter of course; and sometimes they seem almost vexed, as if the subject were unpleasant; and then they whisper among themselves that I am an enthusiast and a dreamer. I cannot understand this, and it troubles me.

I hear at this moment the call of the boatswain's mate in the hatchway, ordering the lights to be extinguished, and I know it is eight o'clock. I will now leave my friend to breathe the fresh air awhile on deck; for it is a lovely night, and the troubled spirit will be soothed by its influence, for there is a greatness in Nature that never rebukes my thought for soaring too high.

Monday, February 2.—With the boundless sea around, and the boundless sky above, I have been for days, as it were, swallowed up in the grandeur of the scene. You remember, my brother, when we stood together in the midst of the Great Desert, and the deep repose of a starry night was folded round us as a garment. Silence stretched out her great wings, brooding over all things, and Fear shrunk, trembling, into the deepest shadows. The crouching lion was hushed in his lair, and stirred not, even when the grim shadow of the silent-footed camels fell across his track; and the silly ostrich hid her head in the sand and nestled silently, as if she, too, felt the great Power that lives in Nature.

We stood together, grasping each other by the hand, silent before the Majesty which had clothed itself in vastness, and reigned alone. Oppressed with a strange awe, we could only whisper, "How great is Allah!" Then we started at the sound of our own voices, which were drunk up in a moment; for the stillness itself, was the profoundest voice of God.

A night view of the sea is akin to that; but, in some respects, quite different. The desert lies stretched out in its immensity, boundless in extent, and terrible in stillness; but wholly void of life. The great creation seems to have dropped, still-born, from

the hands of Allah; and thenceforth become dead, it lies as it was first laid, with the sorrowful and silent stars looking in its wan face; though the Ages have embalmed it; and like the Dead of Egypt, it has been brought to the Banquet of Life.

But the Sea is full of motion, of physical character and life in their grandest forms. It is, in itself, a great motive power, and only weaker than the Strongest. As I look afar over the broad-heaving bosom of ocean, I am filled with a variety of strange and new sensations. I feel a deep longing after the Beautiful and the True. I stretch out my arms to embrace the Greatness. I aspire toward all the Possible. Were it only to be lifted out of our own littleness, we should come and sit at the feet of this great Teacher. I have stood through the long watches of the night, with no company but the Sea and Stars; but then I was least alone; for in the great Soul of Nature my own spirit found rest and fullness.

To me the Sea is, above all created things, instinct with one sentiment—Freedom. This is the great apostle of Liberty; and when men can truly hear him, they shall unseal the fountains of a truer wisdom, and enter into the ideal of a purer happiness.

I must close this before long; for we are drawing near the Island, where we expect to land, and where our faithful Biscarres leaves me. By his hand I shall send this letter, with some books, which were given me by the passengers. Among them you will find the History of the American Revolution, and a volume of poems by a young American, of the name of Whittier. They say he is a Quaker; but why he is called so, or whether he is afflicted with any disease causing involuntary motion, I did not understand. There seems to be at least no disease either in his heart or mind, as you will perceive by his writings. They have some allusions to certain conditions of Slavery, which, as yet, I do not fully comprehend; but all his thoughts are either lighted up with beauty, or instinct with

power, while at the same time, they are inspired with the very essence of that spiritual freedom we are seeking.

In the History you will find the Declaration of Independence. I have read it again and again, until its very lettering seems burned into my soul. Well worthy is it to be the hand-book and manual of statesmen, and the charter of freedom to the greatest people under Heaven. Its divine truths should be, and doubtless are, wrought into amulets, and worn on the heart of every true American, that every action of his life may be regulated by its great and beautiful laws.

A favorable wind has suddenly sprung up. We are rapidly nearing the shore. I have been for the last hour gazing on the land we are approaching, with a feeling of love I never felt before. Dear, dear Earth! I fly from the perilous bosom of the Sea; I stretch out my arms to thee, as if returning to my Mother's breast. Let me lay my weary head once more upon thy bosom, and be lulled into serenity and rest, by the composing stillness of thy great heart.

Bear my love to our sister Youley, and with it the bracelet which I also send her. May the words which I have had engraven there—"FRATERNAL LOVE"—be the whole history of our hearts. To thee I commit my treasure. Cherish her both for thee and me, as if the spirit of the absent dwelt also in thy brother-heart. I go away, not for myself alone, but to make her and thee, and all our people wiser and happier.

The sun is at this moment setting. A flood of radiance is thrown over the deep, and the western sea is blushing like a timid bride, at the first warm kiss of love. My soul listens, I hear the call to worship from the minarets of my native land. "Allah is great;" and my soul answers, "How great is Allah!"

I see the Faithful bow themselves, and with them, and with thee, O my beloved, do I now prostrate myself. "There is no God but God; and Mahomet is his prophet." Salaäm Alik, for thee and them.

Adieu, SHAHMAH.

LETTER II.

SHAHMAH LEARNS MORE ABOUT THE SAILORS.

Shahmah learns more of the Sailors' Habits—Riot Ashore—Mistake corrected—Sailors not Captives—Talk with William Jones—Flogging in the Navy—How Abolished—Byron's Corsair—Commodore's Tyranny—Reproof and Punishment—Severity Vindicated—Social Prayer—Formal Prayer—Channing—Homeward Thoughts.

At Sea, Feb. 12th.

Brother Hassan :

We have been for several days bound by a dead calm. I am weary of inaction, for it is nearly two weeks since my last writing ; and though I know not how this will reach you, I must write again.

It is now 11 o'clock, and I hear the merry din of the sailors as they "roll to grog;" and it reminds me that of this grog I have a word to say. It is a highly intoxicating beverage ; and when taken in large quantities, it destroys the reason entirely. In this ship the men all partake of it, at least three times a day, and often to their manifest injury. Is it not strange that so great a people should not rather seek to lift men out of their animal nature, than to plunge them more deeply beneath its influence ? But Allah is merciful, and in his own good time will send the knowledge of his holy Prophet to these also, and show them that whatever blinds the reason, cannot be good for the Man.

At the island where we landed at the close of my last writing, many of the sailors went ashore. When they returned they were riotous and disorderly ; and several of them were in a state of beastly intoxication. They also had a brawl in the town,

causing serious injury, if not loss of life. The whole affair, however, is kept quite still. My informant is one of the sailors, a man by the name of William Jones. Strange as it may seem, this man has interested me more than any other person here. Although very ignorant, there is a native manliness in him, which, I sometimes think, makes him hated by the petty tyrants who are, by that kind of accident which we call fortune, placed above him ; though they ought, by every principle of justice, to be put far below. They cannot bind his spirit, or mould it to their will ; and therefore they hate. I have often conversed with this man, and have obtained from him much valuable information. His generous feelings and bold thoughts often please and astonish me.

And what do you think ? I have actually learned from him that the sailors *are* Americans. I wish I could paint for you the curious expression of his face, when I put these questions to him.

" Captives !" said he, with that queer smile, that seems so deep and thoughtful ; " Captives !" he repeated, rolling over on his tongue a great lump of tobacco. " You've been overhaulin' some o' the nigger stories. We've sent the British home, an' the Mexicans to Davy Jones's Locker, an' the Injuns off inter the Land o' Nowheres—so you see, we han't got none but them; an'—them's a kind o' fixins yer mustn't meddle with, if you don't want ter ketch Possum in good airnest."

At the last part of the speech, his voice fell into a low, mysterious tone, as he added : " Ta'nt all gold that glitters, no how you can fix it."

I could not well understand this speech ; and still awaiting information, I asked : " Is it possible that you, and the other working-men, are native born Americans ?"

He didn't laugh at me ; but he looked very much as if he wanted to, adding : " All these men, to my certain knowledge, sail under good papers—sound from stem to stern. As for me, I'm under the convoy of Little Rhody—the snug little craft that

is the smallest, and *feels* the biggest, of any in the whole squadron. You ha'nt heern, I s'pose, then, of Roger Williams, an' 'What-Cheer,' an' King Philip? I shall have to tell you, sometime."

As I confessed my ignorance, he gravely took the quid from his mouth, and thrust it into his pocket, saying at the same time, "This flip o' yourn is so rich, it spiles the taste o' my ter-backer."

After a few moments he added, "All you can see here now of hard usin', a'nt a circumstance to what they useter have, before floggin' was abolished in the Navy. An' how do you think that cum to pass? There's but few knows; but I can tell you, a woman was at the bottom of the whole business. You see some things came to her knowledge, an' she wrote a piece about it, that would have set the blood a bilin' to your finger ends to hear. But there wasn't an Editor anywhere that dared to put it in his paper. Wall, that woman an't one to put her hand ter the plough, and turn back. Find one she would; and find one she did. But 'twas a mighty out o' the way place, an' likely with moderate kind o' folks for patrons—not much to lose any how; an' so the piece got in. But that was a bold heart any way, that dared to do it; for you must know our rich folks is so awful nice an' polite, they don't like to hear anything about how poor folks suffer. Sailors an' common people's below their comprehension. But the piece got in; an' whether there was any law to make it polite or not, I don't know; but it got ter goin'; an' it run like wild fire all over the country; an' it got to be the fashion to think that Sailors mightn't like floggin' ter death better'n other folks; an' 'twas surprisin' to see what a change there was. Papers crowded full, fore and aft, above and below —nothin' but the sufferings, an' wrongs, an' virtues of that most worthy and useful class—till some on us begun ter think there wasn't so almighty a thing on the face of the whole airth, as a Common Sailor.

"An who do you think did all this, or put it all a doin'?

'Twas Mrs. Catherine Williams, of Providence, Rhode Island. She fired the first gun ; an' I want every Sailor to know it ; so when we're a trumpetin' great names ; an' prayin', or swearin', as the case may be, for the benefactors of mankind, we may jest put her name in for a share ; for in my humble opinion, 'twouldn't be out o' place among the biggest ; for there ha'nt bin a better thing done since old Cap'n Noah made his first v'ige, an' struck his timbers all safe an' sound, on the top of a thunderin' tall mounting."

"Do you know anything of this woman ?" I asked ; for though I did not understand all the speech, I comprehended something of the good work, which he felt, and portrayed so strongly.

"Don't I ?" he answered, replacing his quid, and rolling it over with great gusto. "I don't know who should, then ; for I've moored my little squadron about five years in one of her snug tenements, over there in Providence ; an' if ever she should want a helpin' hand, I tell ye what, ta'nt Bill Jones ter stand back, in the least."

He was called away just then ; and I could not ask anything further about it. I have since thought much of these circumstances. There is a mystery in them all which I cannot fathom. But this I can see clearly, that if their great manual of freedom could be developed in the life, and carried out in absolute practice, every American sailor would be a missionary to the people of less favored countries. It is impossible to estimate the benefits which the young Empire of the West would thus send abroad. With a commerce that covers every sea, she would enroll and incorporate heralds of salvation for the very ends of the Earth. Neither barbaric hordes, nor feudal aristocracies nor despostic monarchies, nor wrongs, nor monopolies of any kind, could resist it ; for the True Man would everywhere be a demonstration of the capability of a higher manhood, which no human being who was able to see it, could resist. Did they, who really seem to love their country so well, never think of it ?

Sailors can be enlightened as well as other men; and from their genial temper, and their romantic position, which would introduce them everywhere in the character of story-tellers, they would have peculiar power and opportunity of doing good. And were they truly enlightened, they would be hailed among all people as the bearers of light, and the prophets and ministers of freedom. Yet now, alas! how different is the truth. My very soul yearns over this much suffering and greatly injured class of men.

Friday, April 15.—Three days have now elapsed since I last spoke with you; but though disinclined to write, I have thought much. Our good Ship has been going on again with the fleetness of an Arab steed; and meanwhile I have read Byron's beautiful poem of the "Corsair," which, to be rightly felt, should be read at sea. The exulting sense of motion and of power, which, like a living spirit, breathes in the opening lines, thrills most intensely through the soul, when we occupy the position which the scene itself includes. And this proud Ship, which we curb and spur at pleasure,

"Walks the waters like a thing of life,"

only to do *our* bidding! In this thought the pride of human dominion is felt with its profoundest power.

Again, I have been lost amid all the wonders of the Sea, until I became as a single drop swallowed up in its immense waters—until I seemed as nothing. And then a sense of greatness which I never knew before, dilates within me. The sea is a mirror of God; and by the human power that traverses, and compels it to be a minister of good, I feel my heirship to the Divinity. In my soul is kindled a spark of the same fire that gives life to the Universe. I came not forth from the hand, but from the very centre and soul of God. Shall I not live when the voice of the sea is mute forever?

I can write no more at present, even to thee, O my brother.

I must go out, to be alone with the fullness of my own heart.

Saturday Morning, Feb. 22.—Since the last writing I have conversed much with the Commodore, on the great subject that interests us most deeply; but with less satisfaction than before. He often tells me that there is no people on the face of the Earth so free, so great, and so happy, as those of his country; but I begin to fear that all this fine talk wants the true counterpoise of action. He does not seem to recognize MAN, in the persons of the men he governs; and this *may* be the way he explains it. There is a great enigma somewhere. He certainly never addresses the common men, as one must, who feels the true fraternal bond that unites him with all his kind. He is distant, cold and tyrannical, but at the same time vindictive and passionate in the extreme. He often accuses without just ground, but never permits the accused to answer for himself, or to show reason why judgment should not be pronounced against him; and though he cannot now appease himself by inflicting corporeal punishment, he evidently strains his prerogative to the utmost. There seems to be a singular want of wisdom in his Government, to put such a man in such a place.

A few mornings since, I stood leaning over the side of the ship, as is my wont in fine weather, when an order was given to haul in the main-sail. Among those called to perform the work was my friend William.

After a few moments the officer on deck tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Pull away there! you don't pull an ounce!"

"Yes, sir, I do;" was the firm but still respectful answer. "I haul as hard as I can."

Complaint was made to the Commodore; and for this offence only, the poor fellow was ordered below, for insolence to his superior officer. He denied the charge, stating that he had used no improper language.

"By whom can you prove it?" asked the Commodore.

"By such and such persons," replied William, calling over the

names of several sailors. Upon this the Commodore lifted his right hand in the most arbitrary manner, saying at the same time, "If you could prove what you say by every man before the mast in this ship, I would not take *their* word against that of *one* of these young gentlemen;" pointing to the Midshipmen.

Could anything be more unjust—more degrading? My blood boiled; for I knew that the men he pointed out were, in everything that makes man worthy of confidence, at least equal to those small officials, who strut about like young peacocks, fluttering in advance their ungrown plumage. This American liberty at sea is the most mysterious thing! If the Commodore were in Algiers I should say he has the spirit of Hassan el Kalay;* but being here I know not what to think; though, for the sake of our good friend, as well as for our hope's sake, I would fain believe that all this is merely accidental.

I have questioned concerning these affairs of some of the most intelligent of the officers, and they tell me that severe discipline is necessary on board ship, because, being insulated, and beyond the reach of the Law, the Commander must stand in the place of Law, and invested with all its powers; that though this is not the case at present, *they* could wish the old system were revived. Yet all this would not hinder kind speech, nor the recognition of manhood. Our friend could have had no motive nor wish to deceive us. That would have been a meanness of which his noble nature is incapable; and yet I fear he spoke not truly. Could he have been deceived? He was learned and wise. I will question all things, and believe nothing rashly. I leave you now; for the cabin bell calls to dinner.

A fresh gale from the North has sprung up, and carried us off the coast of St. Mary's, where we are to land, and take in water; so I shall have time to speak of one peculiarity of this

* Hassan el Kalay, Aga of the Castle of Medina, was a great tyrant, and guilty of the most flagrant acts of injustice.—Ed.

people, which has been my study, more or less, ever since I came on board. I find, on acquaintance, one redeeming trait, which would go far to atone for many short-comings, because it may finally prepare the way to arrest and amend them. They are more devout in their common life than any other people I have ever known. Do not infer from this, O Hadgi Hassan, that they waste their time, or spend their money, in pilgrimages to kiss the holy stone of the Kaäba, or perform its sacred walk. And as to the nine ablutions, appearances do not indicate any very strict observances of this sort. But they have certain forms of worship, which they use on almost all occasions. In their work and in their rest, and even in their story-telling, they often call on God in the most earnest and vehement manner, and also sometimes on their prophet. They frequently invoke curses on their enemies; and this I can understand perfectly, for it is in strict accordance with the Word of the great Prophet, as written in the Holy Book. But when I hear them pray God to curse themselves, and especially their own eyes, I am perplexed. It may, however, be merely a form of penance or of self-sacrifice, which is in use amongst them. There is something in these ejaculations that affects me strangely—I could almost say unpleasantly; yet I have the strongest conviction of their sincerity. They have no particular form for these prayers, neither is their worship confined to stated times. They do not welcome the rising, nor dismiss the setting sun with prayer and praise; but every man is permitted to adopt his own forms and times for these exercises. I observe that their ejaculations become more ardent when there is a great pressure of work—but most especially, when the work goes wrong. All this is certainly very natural; for at such times we feel more need to call on Allah for his help and guidance. I have also observed that the men move with much greater celerity while under their influence. Does not this show their sincerity?

I said that these people have no regular time for prayer; but there may be a slight mistake in this. A person called a

Chaplain—which is, I suppose, a kind of Marabout*—calls all the men together once a week, on the Sabbath of their Prophet, and talks to them awhile. I believe they call these formalities devotions; but they have none of the zeal and heartiness of the spontaneous exercises; and their gravity might very easily be mistaken for dullness, as both speaker and hearers seem to feel. There is a sensible relief at the close, when I observe they all get a good, long inspiration, and stretch themselves as if they had felt contracted, or had not breathed freely under the imposed restraint.

I observe that the Chaplain never makes use of any of these forms of social prayer, which are in common use by every other man on board, from the Commodore down to the Cabin-boy. He must either be less devout by nature than they; or else he is jealous of a wide diffusion of the religious principle, lest the foundations of his place should be undermined, and his profession itself destroyed. Their worship, being spontaneous, is more hearty and sincere; and when they can pray so well for themselves, he may reasonably fear that they will hardly employ another to pray for them. I have observed, too, that these ejaculations are seldom uttered, unless, as it were, from habit, or by chance, in the presence of the Spiritual Teacher. Are they conscious of trespassing on his rights, or afraid that he will vindicate his prerogative?

An unexpected opportunity for sending this occurs; and I hasten to improve it. A respectable Arab traveller has just come on board, from an English ship bound for Algiers. I inclose in this package a volume of the writings of Channing. He was a priest of Jesus, and, I am told, he did great good for his people. His heart is large and deep as the ocean. It embraces the whole race, recognizing the good of the lowest. You will find many an echo to our own thoughts in these volumes. Let them be the companions of your most sacred hours. Let them speak to you as your bosom friend! Were all his priests like

* Priest.

this, it would not be hard to follow Jesus of Nazareth. You will not be offended, or fearful, because I say this; for your liberal mind can see that in religion, above all things, the will, the thought, and the conscience, should be left free. Still I remain a faithful follower of the Prophet; for he smiles most truly on me, when I repeat the mother's prayer, which is all I know of any other religion.

What shall I say to Youley, but that I am proud to be her brother. May her tender little heart hush itself in peace. I cannot love her less. Absence only makes my home-blessings still more precious. I feel that there can be growth, only, for this pure and beautiful love, which enters not merely into the affections of the heart, but binds thought to thought, strengthening our loves with the will and the understanding. How could I live so long without you; and now, when your presence had become necessary to me, how could I leave you? I see you in my dreams, O beloved brother and sister; and sometimes I think you are always present to me. Were it not for this, and the thought that it is good for you, also, I could not bear my exile; and if I listened only to my own heart, I should pine with home-sickness.

How full of beauty and power are the words of the Arab Poet: "The true soul must weave for itself a robe of fire." Yes; after all, the human soul must be its own best inspirer.

Every wind that travels eastward is laden with blessings. Dear, dear Algeria! I fly to thee in thought. O my Country! my Home! still dearer as I recede; my heart aches with the love it bears, and can never be alienated. I see the dear cabin of my happy youth—the blessed home of Reunion; and in the spirit its roofing Plane trees still overshadow me. Among the vines are flitting the white robes of Youley. I see the tender-fingered maidens twining garlands; and I catch the breath of fragrant herbs. The voice of Youley, clear and musical, and in its very sweetness, distinct among the louder voices, now is calling me; but I can only answer by wafting back an adieu.

SHAHMAH.

LETTER III.

THE CRIMSON SCORPION OF THE SOUTH.

The Crimson Scorpion of the South—Glooms—Change of Scene—The Voice—The Form—The Car—The Red Hand—The Black Hand—The Victims—The Branded Hand—The High Priest—Apis and his Masking Neighbor—Bullying—Subserviency—Scorpion Threats—Scorpion Worship—Offerings to the Idol—Incense—Renewed Roaring—The Moving Car—Usurpations and Triumphs of the Scorpion—Waking of the Free—The Mask Falls—Thunder of Freedom—A too bracing Current—A Collapse—Joy of the Angels—Angel of the North—Angel of the South—The Scorpion disappears—The Broken Chains—The Sister Angels meet and embrace.

At Sea, Feb. 20.

Brother Hassan :

I have been for several days involved in one of those inexplicable glooms which, you know, at times afflict me. What is their philosophy? for philosophy they have. I observe that they always have some connection with special events, or revelations, either in the present or future. I believe that no strong mental impression or emotion can be aimless, or meaningless. If we would, I am sure we could, always trace these involuntary experiences to direct relationship with coming events, which they either disclose or foreshadow.

Last evening the mental distress actually reached the culminating point, which it had been for some days approaching. I could no longer struggle against it.

Under plea of illness, which indeed was true, I left the Gentlemen early, and retired to my State Room, that I might nurse and concentrate the vague sense of suffering and depression, and so aid the final struggle, which I knew must come ; otherwise, I could not well preserve either my health, or my reason. Will

these moral tempests and heart-quakes always be necessary for me? I cannot tell. But so it has been; and so it is.

The load was not immediately lifted; but the great cloud, thick, black and impenetrable, still hung over me, when I went to sleep. I use this term for want of some other, not because it is proper to that peculiar state, which, sleeping or waking, consciously or unconsciously, now seems entering into a large portion of my experience.

I lay looking about me, until a sort of dreamy transition gradually changed the scene. I seemed to stand in a wide champaign, which I immediately recognized as an American landscape. There were enormous Cane-brakes with Rice and Cotton fields; while here and there a small and beautiful Palm rose up, still and solemn, in the stifling air. A dense, but yet translucent vapor hung over all; and this was of a dead, or livid flame color. It was as if the sun had risen, but had transmitted heat and color, rather than light; or else the light was absorbed, and pent up in the smothering air.

Then I heard a voice that seemed to open out of the Heavens, crying aloud: "Behold the great Idol of many worshippers, the Crimson Scorpion of the South!"

I was greatly astonished at this, never having heard before that the American people are Idolaters.

Then the Voice answered my Thought: "Unhallowed worship, under whatever name, or by whatever people it is offered, can be nothing else than Idolatry, or a substitution of the False for the True. And nowhere under Heaven is there to be found a more deplorable spiritual darkness than in this very Christian and republican land."

"And is this the end of all my labors, sacrifices, sufferings?" I exclaimed. "Shall I always hear only this, that my search and my hope are vain?"

And the Voice, in a tone of mild authority, answered, "Wait."

Then I saw a Gigantic Form borne on a lofty car, and casting a deep black shadow a great distance round. This shadow

seemed to be in itself baleful. Flowers could not bloom there; and small birds, as they flew over, often fell and perished suddenly, as if they had been struck down by poisoned arrows.

But as the car was rapidly approaching me, I was questioning with myself how I should escape this common pestilence, when the motion was arrested by a sudden shock; and when I would have fled in extreme terror, the Voice said: "Fear nothing. Over the true life this Moral Death has no power. But observe well what thou seest, for nothing in this phenomenon is without its prototype and reality in the present and in the future."

Then I noticed carefully the features of the Idol, as one by one they were unfolded, for at the first view the whole form was too horrible, and seemed to quench the clear sight which yet had power to peruse the details, as the car stood directly before me. And as I looked, my eyes were chained to the Idol by a horrible fascination. Even such as I saw, I describe it:

Though of vast superficial dimensions, it did not present the appearance of great strength or inherent power, as a whole. Its terrible aspect arose from the malignity of spirit which all the single features were combined to express. Its front was the head of a woman; its hair was the mane of a lion; its crest was the horns of a goat; its arms were the arms of a crocodile; its hands were the paws of a tiger; its nails were the talons of a harpie; its shoulders were the wings of a dragon; its tongue was the tongue of an asp; its teeth were the fangs of a viper; its eyes were the eyes of a basilisk; its body was the body of a scorpion; its brain was the brain of a fox; and its breath was the breath of a vampire.

The enormous body being thrown into many coils, lay prone, while the long neck was arched, and the head and front elevated, towering up with a kind of majesty that made the very Heavens astonished to behold. With every motion, the yellow scales that covered it ignited each other and burned with blue and crimson flames, which, in certain connections with the moist air, became irridescent, and the splendid coloring not only heightened

the hideousness of the loathsome form, but it had a blinding quality, which sometimes caused a total loss of vision in the worshippers. The hair of the mane also burnt with the same colors, every hair emitting a stream of liquid fire, as if it had been fed by a fountain of melted sulphur; and the whole air was impregnated with its fumes. Yet the creature did not seem to be angry. This was simply its common habit and nature.

Nor was the car itself less curious in structure and character. Its body was made of two scrolls, laid one above the other, each being turned over at the front, the lowermost curving outward, the uppermost inward. This form showed the inscriptions that distinguished them to good advantage. On the first or lower of them I read "LAW;" on the upper, "GOSPEL;" and the large conspicuous lettering also burnt blue. The sides and the back of the car were composed of living and conscious human forms, three at each side and two at the back. They were pinioned to each other, nailed down in a kneeling posture, and sitting on their heels. The clenched hands were crossed on the scarred bosom, the head bent forward, and the faces were expressive of the hopeless anguish of their position, pierced and bound forever. The three that were looking eastward had the skin and features of the Negro; those on the western side had the skin and features of the American Indian; and those at the back had the skin and features of the White Man. One of the latter, I fancied, bore a close resemblance to my sailor friend, William Jones. As the car was facing the South, I observed that the Whites were in the deepest shadow.

Forming, as it were, the keystone of an arch directly over these Unfortunates, and apparently organized from their sufferings, I saw a large Human Hand, impaled at the wrist, and spread open. On the palm of it was a kind of lettering, as if burned into the flesh with a hot iron. In some lights the Hand was black, in others white; but it always conspicuously bore the lettering—it always wore the brand.

As I looked, wondering what all this might mean, I heard

again the voice of the Angel, saying: "This is the great Working Hand, dishonored and put to grievous wrong. But the Coming shall restore and reëndow it with its own—the true unfolding of all Beauty, and Majesty, and Power. Fear nothing."

Quieted by this assurance, I turned to observe the car. It had six wheels, alike in size and structure. The spokes were bones of the human leg and arm; the rim was composed of human blood and muscle, wrought and bound together with the cement of the scourge, then petrified and hardened to adamant.

The moving power was electricity. This was generated by the pangs and struggles of all those miserable men and women whose brains, stimulated by the tortures, evolved a current that seemed at once to fill and inspire the engine that it moved.

This machine was very curious in structure, and acted on the same principle as a living heart. By its perpendicular palpitations, it struck laterally against the wings of a central shaft, thus causing it to revolve on its axis, and, at the same time to carry round the wheels.

In front of the car was a high altar, grimly overlooking the Branded Hand, that was fixed behind. The frame of the altar was a human skeleton, and the open skull was the censer. The fumes of the burnt-offering made the air still more clouded and pestilent; but I did not then see what it was.

Again I heard a deep, hoarse, underground voice, and looking out towards the middle of the plain, I saw a large red human hand stretched out of the cloud, and clutching at something in the distance. Then I saw it was continually seizing human beings, and branding them with its red mark, so they and their children might be made slaves forever. These unfortunate and helpless beings were many of them Negroes; but they were gradually becoming lighter colored, and some of them were pure whites. There were among them men and women and small children. The little ones had a pitiful and appealing look, when the great remorseless Hand tore them from their mothers. I could not choose but weep, to look upon them.

The Hand made a feint of getting all its captives in the valley round about, or in the neighboring valleys; and on the borders of the ocean there was a circle drawn, as it were, in the air, with a sign that it should not pass. But when no one was looking on, it would be thrust out slily over the great water to a distant land, where it seized the innocent people and put the mark of the slave on them; and such as did not die in its merciless gripe, it brought home. But if at any time it was in danger of being seen, it dropped its prey in some remote place or sheltered island, where a gang of man-hounds might be found to watch its victims until the search was over, and then it went again in the night and took them. This was often done, and many good people knew and declared it, but the false lights and stupefying vapors of the Idol so clouded the sight, and unsettled the mind of their Leaders, that they who knew, and should have done better, with much fear and trembling only echoed still more fiercely the popular cry, "Great is the Crimson Scorpion of the South!"

As I followed the direction of the retreating Hand, I saw that it was drawn back into the Earth; and at the same time two great, cavernous jaws opened; and I looked down into the fissure. There sat the High Priest of the Scorpion. He had the stature of a Titan; but the head and front were of a familiar type. They bore a strong likeness to the ancient Idol of Egypt; and the title they gave him, corresponded with this; for he was named Apis; and a great Idol he was, here, as elsewhere; though it occurred to me that the forms of worship come tardily hither, seeing this Deity has been out of fashion, even in Egypt, for many centuries.

This American Apis was so intensely black, that he could be seen only by the light that came from thin places in his skin, which, however, were quite numerous. Looking through these, I saw that his interior substance was composed of fused lava, in a state of fearful activity. He was the owner of the great Crimson Hand; and he had another to match it of inky black-

ness, perhaps for the convenience of working in the dark ; for though he was very bold in his initial movements, literally going to work with an "outstretched hand," he was rather secretive in regard to the RESULTS of his operations, which, indeed, furnished but little to boast of, even for an avowed and professional Man-thief, who acted under the high sanctions of Law and Gospel. The functions of the two hands were essentially different ; for while the Right, which was of the deep color of blood-stone, was capturing victims, the Left was as rapidly conveying their remains, as an offering to the Idol.

But by a nearer examination of the muscle in the hand, and the structure of the whole form, I saw that the first indicated irritability rather than tenacity, and that the last was by no means so terrible as it would make itself appear ; for although the gaseous nature of the ignited substances within, had caused a great inflation, I saw that a sudden, or accidental lowering of the temperature, must cause a painful, if not dangerous collapse of the whole system. Even the bull's head, that looked so genuine, and set itself to butt and roar so fiercely, did not seem to *belong* there ; but though it was evidently false, it served the purpose of its Captor just as well as if it had been native to him, as you shall see.

I was thus led, by close observation, to consider, that, as there was so little sustaining power in this terrible form, there must be a continual supply of force from some foreign body. Following the suggestion, I began tracing a kind of electrical cord, which was attached to the head of Apis ; and it led me to a corresponding form at some distance beyond, toward the North, and in a much clearer atmosphere, which I instantly recognized as the Source of the power. This form also, though Titanic, was far more human than the other—not that he seemed to have been created any better ; but he had not been quite so much weakened, and degraded, and poisoned, by the Scorpion. He had, however, a leash of bloodhounds, about which he seemed very solicitous. He was feeding them with something,

that I was surprised to see, looked very much like a piece of Negro flesh, although the general humanity of his appearance indicated that I must be mistaken. But when I saw him hand over a piece of a back that had been fairly crisped with the lash, and a black foot, worn and travel-sore, I was forced to give up the point, though I could not avoid thinking how much he wronged *himself* by these actions. He had, also in his employ a company of Man-hounds, all of whom were distinguished by insignia of their different ranks and orders of office. Whenever he imagined that Apis was looking that way, he appeared very anxious, and even uneasy, in regard to their behavior, and was continually reminding them of the favors they had received, seeming to think there were no other good gifts in the world, than those of the Scorpion. What is very remarkable, though he had a truly human physiognomy, he sometimes wore a mask, that was not at all becoming to him. This was fashioned after the model of the head of a Female Deer; but though I was unacquainted with the species, I could see that a name not in the least flattering, or honorable, had been applied to it by his neighbor, Apis, whom he was so overmuch zealous to please, notwithstanding he must have known, that even his best qualities, were held in derision by that august Animal. He appeared ashamed to have any one about him see this mask, which was, indeed, a great insult to himself, whether we consider his strong hand, his honest face, his really true heart, or his genuine bravery; that is when he felt himself perfectly safe from the attacks of his engrossing Neighbor, which, however, must have been at rare and remote intervals.

I could see at once that if he had been a greater villain, he might have found a better disguise. Possibly there were no mirrors about; and he could not see what a ridiculous figure he was making of himself. But be this as it may, every time Apis roared, or the cord tightened, though only the least in the world, the Man of the North thrust his head into the mask, with an aspect of the greatest terror, much as we have seen the

Ostrich dip hers into the sand, notwithstanding she left her whole body exposed to the spears of the pursuer. The moment the roaring ceased, he would try to pull it off again; but sometimes it stuck about his ears; and then he was fluttered, and confused, losing, for the time, much of the proper dignity of so grave and well-informed a gentleman.

When at length he got off his head-dress, he would quickly hide it away, as if the very sight of it were hateful to him. But if at any moment the cord straightened, he would clutch at it again; for the one supreme terror of his life was the breaking of that cord.

So the Man of the Mask, though more than a great equal Power, was enslaved—bound with an insane fear of breaking a tie, which, under existing conditions, only robbed him of his strength. And while he held in his own hand the means that would effectually rebuke and silence all opposition, he stood abashed and dumb at the sound of an empty roar.

Thus he became subject to Apis, and a Worshipper of the Scorpion, not from love, but the most senseless and frantic fear. Thus for them he fattened his blood-hounds with Negro flesh, and converted his Man-hounds into the most abject and despicable of slaves. Thus he captured the miserable run-away, and either killed or carried him back to a condition worse than death. Thus he gathered up the offal, and snuffed the incense thereof, though he would not *willingly* have touched the dirty work, with the very tongs of a Freeman's fireside—if he had not been *so* afraid, the great and terrible Champion of the South *did* sometimes toss his horns, and roar so amazingly. And thus, in many ways, he did wrong to his own great heart, that was not only in the beginning meant to be true, but had actually power to *be* true, if it had not been frightened out of its own proper self-possession. Even as it was, it maintained a self-generating power, that still fed, and still sustained, the Roaring Purveyor of the South, who, without it, could not even have found filth enough to feed his own Idol.

Meanwhile Apis was extremely jealous of his Neighbor, as I saw by watching awhile their curious proceedings. If there was the least hesitation above, he would toss, and roar, and threaten to break the cord; though he well knew that if he should do so, he must strangle himself with the hither end.

Then the Man of the North, prostrating himself, whisked on his lying mask, with many promises for the future. Pursuant to these good resolutions, Apis looked on his miserable victims, toiling in the utter darkness of their deplorable condition, and proclaimed aloud, so that all the land heard it, that the worship of the Scorpion was good. The Man of the North answered back, but so feebly that only small sections of the country heard, that the worship of the Scorpion was good; meanwhile his teeth chattered, and his knees smote together.

In return for this half-way act of fealty, Apis would very courteously call him a coward, and graciously refrain from immediate extermination; whereupon, to show his loyalty, the Man of the North would thrust his own good right hand more deeply into the crimson mire.

This scene would have been really ludicrous, if it had not involved so important and terrible results. But even as it was, and though I am not a mirthful man, I could not help laughing to see the real back-bone, the sinew and muscle, the mind and marrow, so cowed down by a bag of wind; and even now the swagger of the Bull and the trepidation of the Lesser Animal, though Greater Man—in view of the breaking cord, is a reminiscence rich beyond expression. Happily for me, I was permitted to take this view of it; for had I regarded the matter seriously, seeing, as I did, such a prolific band of evils in its train, it would have been a great shock, and perhaps an irreparable injury. I was thus saved from the scathing effect of the horrors that soon followed.

Directly after the above scene, the great Car was put in motion. It was impelled with a spasmodic energy, and went with great speed, the vampire breath and venom of the Scorpion,

everywhere defiling the earth, and tainting the air. The High Priest stretched forth his great, black hand, and seized the worn-out, the sick, feeble, and heart-broken, and cast them under the wheels of the Car; and the crashing of their bones, and their dying shrieks were horrible.

Then the fragments, full of festering flesh, and foul sores, uncleanness and all corruption, were gathered up, and cast on the altar, as an appropriate sacrifice. The decomposing marrow and muscle, the maddened brains and cramped spirits, were the substance and essence of tortured bodies and dwarfed souls. All these were represented in the smoke and flame, and incense of the offering; and when the Scorpion smelt its goodly savor, the eyes, and hair, and scales, all shot forth more vivid and blinding flames.

Her breath filled the air with a subtle poison, that entered into everything. All the fruits of the Earth and fabrics of whatever kind, silks, and gold, and jewels, were tainted with it. Harmless animals, strong men, innocent children, and pure women were changed and sullied by it. Even the milk of the nursing mother was infected, and poisoned the babe, while it lay yet in her bosom. The pestilent effluvia pervaded the whole substance, and entered into the composition of all things.

Then the Car was carried into regions where it had never been before, bearing the shadow, and leaving the trail of the Scorpion in once free and happy lands. Many voices from those that were akin to the Man of the North, but not consenting to his actions, cried aloud that it was going too far. Then the Southern Bull pawed, and bellowed, and swelled up bigger than he had ever done before, roaring out a huge oath that he *would* break the cord. Then the Man of the Mask seemed to smother all those free voices—or in some way to quiet, or silence them.

And so the Car went on again. It went over a broad and beautiful land, still farther south. There it rested. The Free Voices said it should go no farther; and they said it so firmly

that the astonished Bull rather drew in his horns, and said it should go *only so far*. But again it went on, with renewed impetus, and ran entirely over the landmarks. Again, the Free Voices cried that it should go no farther. Then Apis, after roaring, and tossing, and threatening to break the cord, even more violently than before, swore a great prophecy, that the shadow of the Scorpion should soon cover all the land, from sea to sea. Then the Free Voices cried out more earnestly, so indignantly hurling back his challenge, that they actually frightened the Bellowing Boaster.

The horns went in again; and he made *another mark* for the moving Car, swearing roundly that it should never go over *that*.

Again, the car moved rapidly forward, neither turning to the right nor left; and again it went over the bounds. And so it happened repeatedly, with similar results, until at length it came into a Land which the Free Voices, by right of possession, and by right of purchase, confirmed by covenant, claimed as their own. There, also, the insatiable monster came to blast, and crush, and devour; and her track was over the fair fields, the prostrate necks, and the throbbing hearts of the True and Free.

The smell of their blood maddened the monster. The Gorgon head reared itself higher; and every hair hissed with the flames it spat. The basilisk eyes, the burnished scales, and the bare and bloody fangs, were lit with sulphurous clouds of flame, and sent forth malignant fascinations, noxious breaths, and all unspeakable terrors. Then the Bull roared and lashed his sides, and made the crimson Earth more bloody with the gore of his miserable victims, the unprotected children of the Great Masker of the North.

I turned to see how *he* should be able to stand in the sight of this new terror; and behold the Free Hearts, and the Free Souls, and the Free Hands were roused. They came by thousands. They rushed at the head of their chief Representative,

and tore the lying mask away; when underneath, to my surprise, I saw every line and every feature, of a great and true courage. It might have been asleep during the late troubles. Perhaps it had; or it might just have come into being; but *there it was.* The head wore the bold and determined look of an insulted Mastiff; and when the fresh air, which he had not been able to get through the mask, blew upon him, he became still stronger.

The Free Voices gathered power and volume; and they rolled away over the ocean, and over the lakes, and over the great mountain chains, peal rising above peal, and boom sounding over boom, until their continuous thunder took full possession of the air. Then came a heavy sound, as of the step of an Earthquake. It was the tramp of roused Millions. It struck the ground with the great emphasis of a mighty WILL, and the Earth trembled to its depths, beneath.

Apis listened. These ominous sounds thundered away through the air, and over the Earth, with every impulse rising into still grander expression. Did he think to equal *that?* I cannot tell you; but if he did, he greatly mistook his own constitution and capacity. He made what effort he could to save himself, or at least appearances; he set up a tremendous roar. As he did so, he happened to draw in a full breath of that great, free current, which had actually invaded his own dominions. This being much more bracing than he was accustomed to, burst suddenly through his thin places, and effectually "took the wind out of him."

The sudden collapse was attended by so great a shock, that in an instant I lost all view of the scene. Looking up, I saw, as it were, the Angels of Heaven, walking on a transparent floor far above the earth. I could see that their faces had been troubled; but they now wore a more joyful and triumphant expression. Many of them went to and fro, looking earnestly, as if seeking for some very important thing. At length, one of them, who had been in advance of the others,

came from that region of the Heavens that extended over the Free Hosts, leading forth a beautiful being. She had the form of a woman, but the head of an Angel, and the soul of a Seraph; and on her forehead shone a large and brilliant star. Its rays shot far through the Heavens; and, inclining southward to the Earth, struck into the lurid atmosphere of the Scorpion. In an instant the whole form was paralyzed. The blue flames died on the closing scales; the hisses were hushed in the curves of the softening hair. The subdued mouth closed; the asp-like venom was reabsorbed; the talons fell powerless; and the vampire-breath was quenched.

The spell was broken. The liberated human forms rose from their recumbent posture in the car, and went forth healed.

It was but a moment that I looked away; and then the Idol and the Car were gone. The lurid atmosphere was furling off, like sulphurous clouds in the distance, giving place to a clear light, which exhibited the changes of the dawn, passing from a soft grey and rose, into saffron and gold, and finally evolved itself into pure white. The grass was spangled with clear dew, and the leaves were stirred by a fresh and balmy wind. Under these healthful influences the whole landscape changed. Flowers bloomed; birds sang; and little children went forth free and happy.

Then I saw thousands and millions of the victims of the Scorpion, gathered together, until they covered all the land. A tall Negro, with a noble front, and expressive features, stood on a high place, in the midst of his people, and held up a broken chain. An Indian also came from the West, and a White Man from the North, and a White Man from the South; and every one held up as high as he could reach, and waved in the air a broken chain. Then I saw that the Forger of chains had made bonds for himself of the strongest links and the hardest iron.

When they beheld these things, the multitudes bowed themselves to the ground, in wonder and adoration; and the shout which they sent up echoed through the remotest Heavens.

Then I looked again through the transparent floor, and saw the Angel with the star in her forehead advance, looking earnestly toward the South. There I beheld another similar form, which, though really less stately than the first, wore a kind of regal beauty, and a grace and splendor of person, that well became the coronet, with its brilliant cross of stars, that was set upon her forehead.

The Angel of the North who was still advancing toward her, stretched forth her hand, saying, "Why should we not be sisters? Are we not born of the same parentage, and advancing to the same inheritance? And why, indeed, should we not love each other, seeing we *are* sisters?" As she thus spoke, the Angel of the South bent her beautiful head; and I could see that her brilliant eyes were suffused with tears.

The two, by their mutual attraction, were drawn together; and as they met, they kissed each other. Then the circles of white forms, which I could see far above them, struck their golden lyres, and sang anthems. In following the music, my spirit seemed to go far away, until it was lost among the harmonies, that took possession of it.

How I came back I know not; but I found myself here in the morning, ; and that, too, with the most vivid recollection of what I had seen.

There is dark and terrible meaning hidden in this; and it must have some relation to the country whither I am bound. But how can these most horrible and revolting features have anything to do with that great, free, and glorious land? I must do as the Angel bade me: "Wait." I will also hope; for if the other parts are true, so must be the peaceful and glorious end. From whatever source this vision comes, I know it is prophetic; and strange as it may seem, considering its nature, it has had the effect greatly to relieve and soothe me.

I have attempted several times to speak of it to the Officers; but for some reason or other, my lips are closed before it. How strange and dark the Future sometimes appears to us! It is a

locked-up cabinet of secrets; nevertheless, we must approach, and, one by one, unclose its doors, happy if in so doing we deposit in every day of the Past, something that may make the coming day larger and truer, for those who follow us. This, alone, should be enough to reward us; but by doing well, we also take tithes of the attendant blessings.

Then shouldst thou be happy, O my Brother, as I know thou wilt. With a thought of love large as thy own heart, I write my

Salaäm.

SHAHMAH.

LETTER IV.

SHAHMAH TALKS ABOUT THE SHIP.

Shahmah talks about the Ship—Truth reaffirmed—The Mother Land—The Sea a powerful but obedient Vehicle of Human Power—Structure of the Ship—Who and what built it—Pithy Questions and dry Answers—Arrival—Quiet—Negroes—Harbor—The city Wonders multiply—Home-Land.

At Sea, Monday, March 2.

Brother Hassan :

As I approach the goal of my destiny—as I draw near to that beautiful shore, the Dream Land becomes the Truth Land, and the visionary subsides into the real. We have certainly, in points of outside fact, fallen into some great errors; but, as if for pre-assurance, I seem now to see that whatever mistakes may have occurred in the policy of the American States, their Institutions have yet a basis that must stand; and therefore they will bide their destiny amid the changes of time, with that inherent power of life, that is born of Truth and Right. This, however severely it may be tried in the crucible, must come out only more refined ; for it is pure gold.

My faith opens to me anew, and that so clearly, that I can now repose in it. I will not, then, be discouraged at apparent misdirection. Only Good has a true life ; and therefore only Good can live. I cast myself back on first principles. I fix my anchor of hope for this Nation—hope for the world—on the great Human Charter, which they have truly set up, not for themselves alone, but for all mankind ; and I know it cannot be moved. The people who once felt this—who once planted themselves upon its great laws—cannot repudiate—cannot alienate

it. They may wander from it awhile; but the true magnet is there; and no American heart can long remain insensible to its power. The young Star of the West may have here and there a cloud lingering about her—may be even obscured for a time; but she is yet to shine forth with a more excellent beauty—the light of the world—the polar star of Nations.

And shall I not find there also the Mother-Land, that my pilgrimage may be crowned with a sight of that home where my best Angel first opened her eyes on the world? And shall I find there the companionship I seek? I am beginning to feel that, as a man, my life wants something of its wholeness. There is an unsearchable yearning, to clasp home to myself that dearer and diviner Life, which my dreams have pictured—and toward which my waking thought yearns, ever more and more intensely. I have not spoken much of this; but there is a deep tide in my soul that flows without ebbing; and in the stillness of the night and morning, it booms ever with a hollow, mournful sound, because I am alone.

But I am approaching the goal. All that I have most longed for—all that I have hardly dared to hope—shall yet be found; and I know that I am drawing nigh unto the possession. I certainly do not see this in any of the material facts that surround me; and yet it presses itself upon me with irresistible power. Have not my Angels shown me these things?

Now I hear a soft, low whisper: "Content thyself with Good. Seek and cherish only that; and fear nothing." And because I know that truly my own soul is in the spirit of this beautiful word, I *am* content.

March 9.—I have been in a reverie all the morning; but I gradually lost all thought of the Sea, as it is sometimes presented to me, with the pleasing fantasy of a great Being invested with individual power; and it suddenly became more than I had ever yet recognized in it, only a greatly submissive agent, clothed with the grandeur of that human power that can ride over and master it. The wonder of this thought took full

possession of me; and through it I came, at length, to regard the Ship itself, as I had never done before. I entered into a close analysis of its mechanical design and structure. The immense complication of powers and uses—every one of them distinct, and yet all brought into definite relationship with each other and the whole, filled me with astonishment; and the more I studied, the more wonderful everything appeared. What unlike and opposite characters were combined and harmonized—strength and beauty, majesty and grace, solidity and lightness. It was a miracle of Art—the most excellent of all human achievements! What are the Cyclopean structures of old to be compared with this? What are the Pyramids, the Obelisk, the Sphynx, the gigantic Temples and Tombs of Egypt? Could a thousand miles of solid masonry present a truer evidence of human power—a truer elaboration of human art—than appears in this harmonious combination of varied forms, and principles, and uses, in a single structure? I ask myself of the great Artist who designed—of the skillful hands that wrought the work. Are they not immortal?

I must go and learn more of these things from those who can best inform me.

Afternoon.—I have just returned from my visit to the Commodore's cabin. Himself, the first Lieutenant, and several Midshipmen and passengers were there. I asked them concerning the Builder of the Ship. Lieutenant G—— answered me carelessly: "Belongs to Uncle Sam; so as he didn't steal it, nor capture it, he must have either built or bought it."

"Pardon me; I didn't know that you had such a relative," answered I. The Commodore smiled gruffly, and all the others laughed outright. The Americans—or these people, have a most unaccountable way of laughing at grave and serious things. But still determined to get at the truth, I begged pardon again, merely observing: "What I say seems to please you very well, so I think there must be something in it;" whereupon the laugh grew louder.

Lieut. G—— remarked, rather than answered: "You don't know my Uncle Sam, then? But you'll find, when you get over there, that I've got one. And a darned likely old fellow he is, as they say down East; for he does more than some other people's Uncles *—he takes care of all his poor relations."

"I thought that there was some hit at Algiers and its Government in this; but not understanding it, I began to feel uncomfortable at the unexpected mirth, that was breaking out all around, leaving me quite in the dark; when one of the Midshipmen said, that Uncle Sam is a cant name—a kind of verbal figure-head for the United States. This also explains some other things I had heard, but will not here repeat.

I return to the point. "The United States built the Ship. Was it done by a delegation of Artists and Artisans, who were permitted to immortalize themselves in so excellent a work?"

"No;" said the Commodore, drily; "it was done by Branch and Hull, of Philadelphia."

I began to breathe more freely; for I was nearing the point. "Branch and Hull. May I ask which of them designed, and which executed the work?"

The laugh was renewed, but more covertly; and then came the answer. "Neither of them touched it, that I ever heard of. They are not working-men."

"I do not understand you. This is another of your great American mysteries."

"Simple, though, as A B C, if you don't choose to mystify it," said Lieut. G——. "Branch and Hull contract to build a ship, just as they might to open a canal, or lay down a railway—that is to say, they engage that the thing shall be done—the terms being all specified. They then set about finding the actual workers. Up in some garret, stowed away on short commons, they have discovered a poor Artist. He can afford to work cheap, because any work is

* Dey means Uncle.

better than none ; and he will do his best, because he has not merely to make a design, but a character to establish ; and two great points are gained in the outset. Artisans and laborers swarm in the cities. The hand-workers come, and all is done according to contract. Everything is all paid up, fair and square ; and now you have it. MONEY built the ship."

And this great mind—this true thought—these skillful hands, are lost sight of—repudiated—unknown. The human Intelligence—the human Ingenuity, are not recognized. Money builds the ship—as I find that it does many other things. Therefore money is good ; therefore money is honorable ; therefore money is a great power in the land. I am disheartened by this intelligence. When will the Working Hand be lifted up? Not until then, will a true Honor evolve itself. Not until then, will the advancing Civilization be crowned by the highest perfection of Use and Beauty. I watch for it, as they who watch for the morning. When will the lurid lights of these false meteors finally disappear, that the clear sunbeams of Truth may shine directly into the heart of the world?

I am roused from this reverie by the joyful cry of "Land!" It is the American Continent. I see it in the distance, golden with sunshine. Land of my dearest promise! Goal of my fondest hopes! beautiful young Star of the West! will you not make for me my great life-dream real?

New Orleans, March 13.—I have lain quite still almost ever since I came on shore. The stable rest of the land is so delicious, I am disinclined to exertion. But I have been out a few times—visited the great American Delta, and paid my respects to the "Father of Waters"—the wonderful River that traverses in its course many thousand miles.

I see that the African race is here represented, more or less perfectly, in many varieties from the Western Coast and Interior, through innumerable shades of bronze and yellow, to almost, if not entirely, pure white. This would seem to indicate a mixture of races, though as the Africans appear to occupy a

servile position, the American lords neither could, nor would, associate with them. I have pondered much on these numerous varieties; but am still at a loss to conjecture how they originated, and became established.

These people (the Negroes) are under the protection of the Americans. They are employed as domestic servants; and, as I am told, very largely on the plantations of the neighboring country. There appears to be something strange and inexplicable in the relations which they maintain; though as yet I have not been able to solve it. Are these Negroes kindred to those I saw nailed to the car of the Scorpion? But why should I ask this? They were slaves; and I know there can be no Slavery here, in this land of freedom. And yet, I cannot ignore that dream. With every effort I can make to close my eyes, its terrible and significant personations obtrude themselves everywhere between me and the light, sometimes so vividly, that I imagine I see the very faces, looking at me as they did in the dream, with a kind of dumb despair, pitiful to behold.

What is this power of the Scorpion, that now seems to haunt me day and night, as if impossible horrors might be expected with every turn? Time—and it may be close at hand—will surely answer me. I seem to meet its symbols everywhere; and they do not look at me for nothing! The very first tree I saw on this coast was a Palmetto, or Dwarf Palm, just like that which was so marked in the landscape of my vision. It startled me with a nameless foreboding; for it seemed to leap out of the shrubbery, as a tiger from his jungle.

Is there no Lethean draught by which I may dispel these horrible memories, that are fast becoming more real to me than any of my outer-day experiences? But I must leave this, and speak of my arrival. Nothing could have been more lovely, than the scene that first saluted me. The harbor, in some points of view, is a perfect crescent—a form that is sacred to every True Believer. It seemed as if the very sign and signet of our holy faith had saluted me in this strange city; and

every circumstance that met the eye was a thing of novelty, telling me that I was not only in a new city, but in a new world. It was early in the morning as we came up; and the first thing I saw of New Orleans, was a very white and light vapor, lying against the Northern horizon. This was the great smoke of ten thousand household fires. There it had ascended, since the first White man struck his axe into the Cypress swamps, expanding with every year, until now it has become one of the great smokes of the Earth. What a wonderful thought is this, of a city smoke. Every particle of that vapor might unfold a history of the home where it was born—of living, loving, suffering, struggling human hearts; yet it goes up silently, day after day; and for ages it will ascend, though lives come in and go out, and generations pass, and are forgotten.

As we came nearer, and the rising sun shone upon it, the varied motions and changing hues were a subject of interest, to many of us, who are poetically inclined. Light, feathery festoons, from rose red to the purest white, twining and intertwining, floated over each other, now hovering round the darker portions, like masses of softly waving foliage, now stretching up toward Heaven, like broad wings, now rolling out into mountainous swells, giving a life-like grace and vivacity to the scene.

The first actual sight of the city is the large dome of the American Exchange. A collection of houses, mostly of Fishermen, opposite the city, is pointed out to us as Algiers; but it reflects little honor on the name. A winding wood of spars skirted the bay, through which, at length the town itself came to be seen, with a sky above, and a light upon it, blue and golden as the sky and sun of Syria.

The harbor was alive with shipping in every form. There was the heavy and dark-looking old Merchantman, or Frigate, covered with the carbuncles of every clime. There were sloops, packets, and ships of one, two, or three masts, and one or many sails, yachts with widely spreading wings, that seemed to fly over the waters on their errands of pleasure; while everywhere

were sprinkled the tiny oar-boats, that danced over the swells made by the larger vessels. There were flat-boats, with the most picturesque of oars-men. Some of these vessels were a hundred feet long, with a kind of cabin built in the middle for shelter, and laden with merchandise from the upper country. Steamers of every form and grade were moving in all directions, and their long track of foam, and their folds of wreathing smoke that hung, like white pennants, from their chimney-tops, and floated on the undulating air, gave an inexpressible piquancy and vivacity to the scene.

Every kind of American vessel that navigates ocean, gulf, river, lake, or harbor, has here many representatives, excepting, perhaps, the Indian canoe, none of which I have yet seen ; and they were all either quietly at rest, or approaching, or flitting away, with motions varied as their forms.

Imagine it all ; but if your fancy is not the most brilliant of painters, you cannot truly color it, with the glowing light streaming over the white canvas, falling with a yet warmer glow on the gay flags and pennants, or flashing up with a ten-fold brightness from the sparkling waters.

As New Orleans lies very low, and is surrounded by immense swamps, it is protected from inundations by an artificial bank, called the Levée. And as we go ashore, both this and all the wharves, are filled and packed with hogsheads, boxes, and bales—merchandise of every possible description, indicating the inexhaustible wealth of the country, to which this city is a grand market of reception and exchange.

But I have been most pleased with the suburbs—here called Faubourgs. These, with their long chains of gardens, and beautiful villas, are nests of bloom, and verdure, and fragrance, nurseries of unknown trees, and shrubs, and flowers, among which we get flitting views of the white houses, now hiding cosily away in green thickets, and now peeping out from the flowery vines. The light of that serene sky was dropping over all, and like a great, blue curtain, waving and opening in the air, letting

in ever new glimpses of beauty and peace. I have walked out in the city several times. The broad and airy streets, the spacious buildings, the elegant carriages, the beautiful women, the free and happy children, all, contribute to form a picture of hitherto unconceived interest, vivacity and splendor. If the life on board ship was new, what shall I say of this? It is like reading a Book of the Peris. It is more wonderful to me than the Histories of the Thousand and One Nights. Young females, like princesses with their maids of honor, walk the streets alone. They are beautiful to the eye; and so far they are well; but is this profound yearning of the soul that grows and deepens continually, here to be met and answered? I seem to have a presentiment of this; and yet it neither agitates nor troubles me. I will cherish no other love; I will accept no other type of union but such as will answer to my own ideal of complete wholeness. For marriage to be true, there should neither be wanting companionship in heart, nor mind, nor will, nor appreciation, nor sympathy. And all these should be not only in full measure, but in due proportion.

It is time now to close my writing; for the package must be made up by four o'clock this day, and I have yet to write a letter to Mahomet Ali Pasha, as I have promised him to note everything I may meet in my travels, which may be for the good of Egypt.

Say to the Sheich Abram el Beudah, and the Sheich Omar, that the more I read of the History and Institutions of this great people, the clearer it seems that we, too, shall open out into this higher freedom, that will give us a name and a power in the Earth. Commend me with good will to our own family, and to all our people. Though far away, their memory is precious to me, and their name is my dearest Salem. O beloved Land of my Fathers! Every leaf of thy mountains—every sand of thy deserts, is more than precious to me! I ask not if others are truer, or fairer, or greater than thou; but I stretch out my arms to thee, O beautiful Mother of my boyhood; for thou, only, art mine!

There is a yet tenderer thought of love in all this; and Youley will read it. It is strong-winged, but dove-eyed. It will fly to her. She will smooth its soft plumage, and fold it in her breast. O Youley, my precious sister! beautiful as Al Manah,* the youngest daughter of God! blessed will be the hour that bringeth tidings to the wanderer; and I waft her this adieu with the breath of blessing.

Salaäm Alik;

Thine; SHAHMAH.

* One of the three Female Angels, whom the Arabians believe in.

LETTER V.

SHAHMAH MAKES AN ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.

St. Charles Hotel—Populous Solitude—The True Democrat—No Outbreak—Questions still Unanswered—Engrossing Topics—Pleasant Interruption—New Host—Mrs. Slicer—The Family Servants—Garden of Delights—The Strange Children—New Wonders—New Fears—A Scene of Terror—A New Discovery.

NEW ORLEANS, March 18.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I am now at a kind of caravansary, or house of entertainment, which is thronged with people from almost all parts of the world. It is a very large building, and is called the St. Charles Hotel. There is one very objectionable feature about it, and that is what is called the Bar-room. This is under the grand porch, or reception hall, and is thronged by men, who are there supplied with intoxicating liquors at so much a glass; who, in return, part with an equal portion of their own self-respect and true honor, though it may be unconsciously.

Over this is the dining-room, where, to judge by the din, one would think an army was feeding. But there are, in fact, several hundred guests seated at these tables daily. They are mostly young men, who are seeking fortune in this great commercial emporium; or married men, who, having left their wives behind, enjoy for a time the freedom of bachelors.

On the opposite corner is the "Verandah," another large hotel, that has a quiet, family look, and I am told that such is really its character. These streets are flanked all round with ranges of oystermen and places like pig-sties, that ill assort with the grandeur of the larger buildings. The difference between

the hotel and the Caravansary of the East is, that here not only the house but the entertainment is provided for the traveller and sojourner.

I have sent Mr. F.'s letter of introduction, with my own address, up the River, for I find that the gentleman to whom it is directed has removed to a place called Feliciana ; and as it will be several days before I can hope for any returns, I am making the most of my position by visiting all the remarkable things just around me. Indeed this is all I can do at present, for I am ill at ease in this troubled tide of human beings, as one who feels himself continually in danger of being engulfed by the turbulent currents that set in every possible direction.

But I must stop all other proceedings to tell you that I have just made a great discovery. I have found out, partly by listening to conversations at table and in the saloons, and partly by reading the papers, that the American people are about equally divided into two great ranks or parties. The Leaders of one of these great divisions, whom they call Whigs, are the basest of men. There is no accusation so vile—there is no name so black —but they more than deserve it. Believe me, I am not telling you any idle and malicious gossip, for I myself have read it in fair print. The Americans are not a people to slander their neighbors, or to publish lies in their morning papers. Whatever else they are, they must be brave, and, therefore, they *could* not be guilty of such ignoble vices.

An article of several columns appeared in the "True Democrat" of this very day, filled with the most astounding revelations. When I first read the article, I expected every moment that the men of that much abused party would rise, *en masse*, and rid themselves of these hateful and abominable usurpers. It is clear that, now the whole thing has got into print, they must have their eyes opened. With every noise in the street I ran to the window, expecting to see the people pouring down from all the country, to cast off their broken fetters and rally round the standard of the True Democracy. But, as several hours have

intervened and no outbreak has occurred, I begin to think that these wicked Whig Chiefs have suppressed the papers, so that the people cannot see them. I am greatly concerned and anxious. If I were not a stranger, I would go out myself and warn them of their danger.

As I read on, my early love of the American people warms and expands. The patriotism and benevolence of the Democratic party are unparalleled. They send abroad speakers; they print pamphlets; they publish books and papers, in order to inform the people of their danger. And even though they will not *be* informed, still their best friends are not weary of well-doing. They spend vast sums of money. They make themselves almost or quite bankrupts. They work night and day. They are ready to lay down their lives! How happy for me that I did not fall among those Whig prowlers—those ravaging hyenas, that only go about seeking whom they may devour! How grateful am I that a kind Providence has sent me among the noble-hearted Democrats, whose pure patriotism—as I read in all their papers—must be a true outshining of the great Charter of Freemen! Yes, now I shall find what I am seeking, though I have, as yet, been wholly unable to explain the great object of my search. In due time all will be unfolded.

I should tell you that the American people are about electing their President. And if the leading men among the Whigs are villains on a large scale, their candidate for the first office in the country must have a heart as black as Eblis.* If a thousandth part of what they say, or what I read in the papers, is true, he is to be a more hateful Barbarossa,† and it may be also the Destroyer of the Western World. I shudder to think of the consequences, if he is elected! Is this evil a necessary feature and character of Democracy itself? Cannot the government of a free people be placed wholly in the hands of true, and

* Satan.

† A Pirate, who, by daring and horrible acts, made himself master of Algiers and Tunis.—Ed.

pure, and wise men, who know what is right, and will to do it? I have asked several of those about me concerning these points; but they are too busy to heed me. Railroads, Land Speculations, Joint Stock Companies, the price of cotton, and some other matters, which I do not understand, in regard to their relations with the North, are the engrossing topics. It is plain they do not comprehend me when I speak of that higher freedom, which, being proper and natural to man, should be developed in the Individual, and confirmed in the Society.

Faubourg St. Mary's, March 19.—I was suddenly interrupted yesterday, when just on the point of giving you a peep into my Notes of Exploration in the Crescent City—for I find this is really called so. The cause of the interruption was to me a very happy one, as I shall explain to you. It seems that Mr. F., with that far-reaching kindness for which he is remarkable, had requested Commodore C. to give me the advantage of his friendship also, which he had forgotten to tell me in the hurry of leave-taking, and the bustle of arrival.

Yesterday, he called to apologize, and brought with him a gentleman, who kindly invited me to his house. Mr. Slicer is both a merchant and a planter, and is said to be immensely rich. He is what they call here a Yankee—that is, from the North. He is a native of the State of Connecticut, and, in fact, came from the very town where General Putnam lived, and shot the wolf. Does not this alone almost make a hero of him?

I will now more particularly introduce you to the family of my Host, and the general appearance of things about me; for it will not only be more home-like to you, but will save unnecessary explanation in my future writing. Mr. Slicer is, I should think, fifty-five years of age. He is very tall, very hard-featured, and rather chilling at the first sight; though he seems to make it quite a point to be polite to me. He calls himself, with much emphasis, a *business man*, and appears to take great pride in the idea.

Mrs. Slicer may be fifteen years younger, and is of French

parentage. She is not only delicate and tender-looking, as most of the Southern ladies seem to be, but she is really languid, and even sad at times. I should think that her health was gradually sinking under the influence of some unknown cause. She is a love-spirit, and the relations which she sustains with all about her, are extremely beautiful. She has more affection than intellect; and yet at times, her large, dark, splendid eyes flash up gloriously, with such a great harmonizing expression, it really magnetizes one to look into them. I have never seen any eyes more beautiful; though you meet many in this region that look at you through wonderful lights and shadows; and yet, one accustomed to it must, for a time, miss the effect of henna.

Elize, the eldest daughter, is now just seventeen, and a more lovely being it would be difficult to imagine. She has the contour, temperament, and character of the mother, though somewhat energized by the power of the father. She is an Hourie, and has the same large, delicious, swimming eyes, that we love to associate with those divine Maidens of Paradise. Ellene, the youngest daughter, is now but just turned of fifteen, and is as strikingly like her father in looks and character; though she could not be born of such a mother, without, in some degree, partaking of her beauty. She is tall and finely formed, with rather severe-looking features; and notwithstanding the beauty of her bright flaxen hair, I sometimes fancy that her cold blue eye has a cruel look; certain it is, that she has neither the grace, beauty, nor amiability of the eldest sister, though she often acts as if she imagined herself superior.

Bolivar, the eldest son, is ten years old. He, too, is growing more in the type of the father. He has dark hair, blue eyes, and a very fierce-looking countenance, that seems to challenge everybody, and everything, as if he thought the main business of life, especially for him, must be fighting. His favorite toys are small guns, pistols and bowie knives. He commands a young company of Cavalry, and has a complete suit of uniform for

Parade days. When he cannot go among his companions he trains the negroes. Perhaps this warlike spirit and taste have something to do with the pet name he bears. Be this as it may, he is now called Bullie by every member of the family, and even the negroes familiarly use the name.

In the fine little boy of six years, the large, liquid eyes and dark curling locks of the mother, get a brownish hue and a golden tinge, from the Saxon lineage of the father. He is a cherub, smiling and lovely, the pet of the whole house.

I cannot tell you of all the servants, for they are numerous; but several have struck me as being characters, and these I will mention. Uncle Mose is a kind-looking, grey-haired old man, who seems to be a perfect type of his people; and I am told that he truly manifests what his appearance suggests—all those traits of faithfulness, and devotion to his friends—but especially to his superiors—for which the negro character is remarkable. He is an unmixed African, and was brought over in his youth. His wife was a quadroon; and he is the reputed father of Zindie, a young woman so nearly white, that it would be difficult to conjecture how she came among these people, without a cross somewhere. Zindie is still very handsome, though she appears to be care-worn, and the victim of dark and terrible passions. She has a husband at a distance, but for some reason is not allowed to see him. She has two fine little girls, fair as Circassians, with beautiful brown eyes and chestnut hair. Aunt Sukey, as she is called by all members of the family, is an old negress who appears to be the general legislator in kitchen affairs. She and Uncle Mose were in her father's family before the birth of Mrs. Slicer, whom they still persist in calling "Little Missis;" and their devotion to her and her children appears boundless. Aunt Sukey is the express patroness of little Ki, a handsome, spirited boy of five years old, also son of Zindie. I will complete the list of names with that of young Pete, a light Mulatto, who has the care of the hounds and is quite a humorist, as I should think, and little Cu, a young negress of perhaps ten years,

who is kept standing up in the hall to attend the door, till she is nearly as inanimate as the pillars themselves.

I must confess that here I find some characters and conditions, which I am unable to account for, on any preconceived idea, or principle. But the light I am patiently waiting for, will, I doubt not, come, in good time.

This villa is one of the noblest in the beautiful suburb of St. Mary's, which unites with the upper part of the city. Here, under this hospitable roof, with my good Host, his gentle-eyed wife and handsome daughters, gay little children, birds and flowers; and most of all, books—should I not be very happy? But where, meanwhile, is my hope—and the great object of my quest? I cannot answer myself; and must revert to other points.

The houses of this region have many galleries, verandas and porticoes, often one above another, and extending all round. They have a picturesque and truly oriental effect. For this reason they remind me of Algiers, and give me a home feeling. The stucco with which they are covered is either white, or light cream-yellow; and this exhibits to advantage, the delicate tracery of the shrubbery and vines, by which they are surrounded and embowered. Charmed with these peaceful shades, I select some favorite book that Mr. F. has mentioned; for I know his taste always directs me truly; and then I lose myself among the worthies of old. I can see how their great thoughts often shadowed forth that which has become the leading star of our lives—a true human liberty. Is not every great soul a prophet, stretching itself out into the wants, the words, and the ministries of the Future, until its prescient power takes hold of that which is afar off and brings it near unto itself? Did not the Jupiter of the Greeks, the Thor and Odin of the Scandinavians, the Ormuzd of Persia, the Isis and Osiris of Egypt, and the Brahma and Crishna of the Indians, shadow forth, that which Jesus and Mahomet actually embodied—the power of a true Humanity? As I read the history of Nations—but most especially the lives and thoughts of great men—I see this—that there

is a continual effort in the human soul, to obtain complete possession of itself—in other words, to be free—and, in the light, to establish itself in the enjoyment of that freedom. This Ideal is always represented by the more advanced mind, or minds, of any people, or time. And this is not merely a characteristic of the human being, but an attribute of all life; for there is in everything that determination to unfold, and preserve itself in the happiest conditions, which we call the instinct of self-preservation. This determination and necessity, form the original basis of all freedom. It is a universal instinct, and takes hold of the first springs of all life.

But I have been called to the window, by the gay music of young and happy voices. The daughters of the house are in the grounds, sporting with the children. Their graceful forms and white robes, glance in and out among the shrubbery, making with every change, a beautiful living picture. Surely this is the very Garden of Iran—Paradise of the World—where not only men, but women, are free. But *is* it so?

I come back to observe, that among these children are other children, some of them almost as white, and in some instances even more beautiful, than those of the family; and yet it is easy to be seen that, although they sometimes play together very pleasantly, they are *not* of the same caste. How came these little stranger children here? and what is the mystery of their birth and life? This question I ask myself in vain. As yet, it will not be answered.

But now there hurriedly enters an aged negress, whose matronly appearance, and quiet, happy face, have often attracted me. She is followed by a handsome young woman of the servile race, but nearly white. They are Aunt Sukey and Zindie. The beauty of the latter is marred by traces of bitter and terrible passions. Every feature indicates this; but especially the eye. She appears literally consuming with unquenchable fires.

But now her look is really frightful; and the whole face has

an expression that is at once fierce and excruciating, as if the bitterness had been wrung from the crushed heart, which had been converted by its wrongs into an unnatural fountain of gall. And yet I have seen those flaming eyes melt with a wonderful pathos of expression. And often from that now distorted face, earnest and thrilling looks have come to me, with an unuttered appeal, that troubled me because I could not understand it.

Now she darts forward with a look really frantic; but the old negress gently draws her back, and holds her with an air of authority.

Hark! The children are approaching; and screams—do I hear correctly?—and upbraidings, and sneers, are mingled with the shouts and laughter, which have lost the merry tones of joy, and seem harsh and unpleasant. Now appears the solution of the scene. They are not yet near enough for me to hear their words. I can only interpret the action. Bullie leads the group. He looks excited and fierce; but there is a swell and swagger in his air, not quite so prepossessing as he seems to fancy. He is flourishing a small tin whistle, which I know belongs to little Ki. The poor boy has been clearly robbed of his treasure. But what? He is covered with blood. It is streaming from one side of his head. Now, I gather from words and action, jointly interpreted, that the young lord has bitten the little fellow's ear. He adds insult to injury; for he thrusts the whistle into the face of the weeping child, and makes grimaces, and mocks him.

The oldest daughter, who is like her mother, gentle and tender-looking, tries to soothe and quiet her bully-brother; while at the same time she speaks kindly to the little sufferer. But the second, who is hard and cold-looking, like the father, evidently enjoys the affray, and stimulates her brother, cheering him on, and laughing at his unkind behavior. Now, the wounded boy becomes irritated. He flies at his young master and strikes him angrily. Ellene comes to her brother's rescue. She seizes a stick which was used as a prop in the shrubbery,

and deals a heavy blow across the head of the quadroon boy. The child falls. The young mother bursts away from the negress, rushes forward, and catches the child in her arms. He appears faint, and hangs like a wilted leaf. The mother's shrieks, the mingled sounds of weeping, terror, anger, and dismay, with the chattering of negroes, and the barking of hounds that now rush in, make a hideous sound.

Where is the Paradise, that was so quiet and beautiful only an hour ago? Where is the music of happy voices? Where is the innocent joy of happy hearts? What serpent has stolen so untimely into the Garden of Delights?

But a new terror now opens on the scene. One of the hounds is maddened by the smell of blood. With a savage yell, he leaps upon the child, as if he would devour him. The shrieks and screams of every kind are redoubled. A stout negro seizes a club, and in an instant the hound rolls on the earth.

Mr. Slicer now enters. There is great confusion and consternation. Every one is trying to tell his own story first. Mr. Slicer appears very much concerned about his dog, and seems to threaten the negro that struck him. The child suddenly revives. The young mother totters forward with her burden, and falls senseless at her master's feet. He appears chagrined, still turning to the dog, that now begins to exhibit signs of recovery.

Mrs. Slicer, always gentle and kind, now appears, and bathes the hands and head of poor Zindie. The young woman comes out of her swoon. Mrs. Slicer orders the child taken up, and carried to the house, and also two negroes to lift up Zindie and lead her in. The principal actors withdraw, leaving Mr. Slicer, who is still solicitous about his hound.

The whole scene is to me inexplicable. As I attempt to look into it, the darkness grows deeper. Have I seen the child of a free-born American, encouraged in a brutal assault by a fair young girl who, in turn, exhibits the cruelty of a Turk? Have I seen a mother who could not go to her own child to protect

him? Have I seen a hound that had been trained to the smell of human blood? Have I seen a man who could reprove, and even threaten another man, for striking the dog, to save the child? Who are these unfortunate people; and what relation do they sustain? How came they here? Why are they so varied in color; and what great wrong have they done, that they should be made so miserable—so completely defenceless? I ask in vain; for nothing answers me, unless I answer myself—unless I say that I have seen the power of the Scorpion—seen the tortured, nailed, and bleeding bodies—seen the despairing dumbness of those uplifted faces—seen the very bloodhounds of my dream. Is this a reality? I cannot, for I will not believe it. I cannot write. Adieu for this time.

Evening.—I am now looking daily for home tidings; yet I rest in peace; for my own consciousness, which is to me a kind of interior, or second sense, assures me that all is well with you—well with Youley, my dear and darling sister. She has a great work to do, among the women of our people. Yes, my quiet one, my loving, little laughing Youley is to be a Liberator. She is to show forth the power of a true Womanhood. Hear me confess. I have one heresy. Do not be alarmed, it is not of foreign growth; but, on the contrary, it has been gathering strength from my boyhood. I have seen it in my mother, and in my sister, but most of all in my own reason and consciousness, that WOMAN HAS A SOUL, and hence, that she has her own special work to do in the great economy of life and society. I regard her as the mother and companion of children during the most impressible age—as the refiner and inspirer of good—as the kind friend and benefactress everywhere; and I say to myself these are powers which truly indicate her position and worth in the world, as an individual and responsible incarnation—the equal friend and companion of Man. These great truths are to be illustrated. Youley will hear this, and apply herself to her task with that truest inspiration, the hope of good to others—good to all.

The last reflection brings me now to say, that Man can never rise very high, until Woman rises with him, as his fellow-worker and inspirer—as the unfolder of those finer powers, which Man could not take hold of, and which Woman herself cannot comprehend, until her interior sight is opened, and she begins to see herself—begins to interpret and shadow forth the beautiful ministrations of her own peculiar power and destiny. For these reasons, any attempt to liberate and civilize one sex without the other, must be abortive.

By every package, I shall send books to Youley. With this you will find some excellent elementary works, which I had the good fortune to purchase of a young Lady from the North, where, I am told, education is at a higher point than here. She is a Teacher ; and as she goes to F., where there are some fine schools, I shall see her again, and I hope much good of it ; for she has a refined and liberal mind, which I can easily perceive, though I have only spoken a few words with her. She also gave me the works of Mrs. Sigourney, a poetess of her native State, as a present to my Youley, of whom I always speak to these kind women, because they will assist me in doing good to my most precious sister.

Adieu for this time,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER VI.

A STORY OF NEW LIFE INTEREST.

Flowers and Birds—Power and Mission of Beauty—Sketching and Story-telling—The half Brothers—The Donna Cecile—The Stolen Marriage—The Happy and Successful Husband—Theodosia—The Padré and Madame Laurette—Love in the Distance—Premonitions—Shahmah Laughs at the hovering Cupid.

FAUBOURG ST. MARY'S, March 30.

BROTHER HASSAN :

God has made this land so beautiful that we are prone to forget all the untoward things, that sometimes mar the harmony. My eyes, my thought, my soul, are full, and swimming over, with a delicious sense of beauty. I look from my window, and inhale the breath of Orange flowers. I see the elegant Magnolia that is now beginning to expand its magnificent buds. It is a noble tree, with dark-green, but very brilliant foliage. Here also I meet an oriental friend and favorite, the China-tree, with its long, loose panicles of lilac-colored flowers, shaking out their delicate fragrance with every breath of air they inhale. In wilder regions, beyond the city formalism, the Yellow Jessamine climbs and tumbles, twines and tangles itself everywhere, hanging its brilliant golden-yellow and fragrant flowers in long clusters, over the trees and bushes. It is now almost past its prime.

I have seen two new kinds of Iris. The most common has very curious and brilliant red flowers, about the color of a new bandanna handkerchief. The other is purple, resembling the Fleur-de-lis, which you will remember we admired so much in Mr. F.'s garden at Algiers ; but it is smaller. Here also our

home beauties, Jessamines and Verbenas are cultivated, and load the air with fragrance.

This is a wonderful land. The Zoölogy is rich as the Flora; and the feathered race is especially well represented in this grand panorama of Beauty. I see hundreds of tiny birds with a mineral lustre in their splendid plumage, dart their long bills into the tubes of flowers as bright and varied, or hang, humming their familiar music, as they inhale the perfume of the laden air. Farther off, the magnificent Live Oak spreads out its large, umbrella-like top, thatched closely with leaves of a deep and glossy green; and still beyond a group of the majestic Cottonwoods encircles a small, clear living fountain. They are curtained with long, dark moss, that hangs in rich festoons from every branch, producing a grotto-like coolness of shade, impervious to the noon-day heats, which are now very intense. In that basin of clear water, I know there is one of the greatest wonders of the vegetable world, although I cannot see it from here. And what do you think it is? Let me tell you; it is the Victoria Regia, the most magnificent Water Lily in the world. It closely resembles the Nymphæa Lotus of the Nile, but is many times larger. Indeed, a single leaf, well floated, is strong enough to bear up the weight of a man. It is not native to this place, but was brought from one of the flooded marshes, or swamps, of Central or South America, where it abounds, and was presented to Mrs. Slicer by a naturalist, who, some time since, went through those tracts, on an exploring expedition.

But I must take my thoughts in-doors or, like freed birds, they will play truant among the beauties, too long. I did not come here to study and describe flowers; but when they look at me with such new faces, and from such large and fascinating eyes, I cannot quite forget the old love, nor suffer myself to banish it from the thought of my friend. And is it not true, however much we may overlook and despise these minor angels of blessing, that through them we must reach up to the higher? Is not the soul that Beauty has refined, made more receptive,

and truer to the revelations of Wisdom? I will, then, cherish this love of the Inmost, as I truly must; and meanwhile, the angels that dwell in the flowers, will lead me with their starry eyes, out through the Corn and the Cotton, into the Economy and practical utilities of life. Nor shall they rest there, but go up higher, into the laws, which must finally establish Man in the perfect freedom of a true human nature, so that the Grower of the Corn, and the Cotton, may unfold *his* being, as truly and completely as life is unfolded in the plants he nurses. Shall the lower grades be directed, and confirmed truly in their ultimate, while the higher are left unconscious, or inert? Shall a plant, or an animal, be able to develop and preserve the conditions of its own absolute perfection, while Man, Man only, falls far short of his? It cannot be. All Nature declares against it. But the higher growth is slow. The Ages are before us; and in them Man shall attain his full stature; and by unfolding the highest, crown the perfection of inferior nature.

The breakfast bell is sounding, and I must now leave you. These early hours in the cool of the day, I improve in writing to you; for my spirit puts on the freshness and strength of the morning, and then can best utter itself—can most nearly approach the unutterable.

I may not return to you again to-day; for after breakfast I have an appointment with Mrs. Slicer, who has kindly promised to sit for a sketch, which, if successful, I shall send with this to Youley.

Evening.—The head is better than I even hoped; though from the changeful character of the face, it was extremely difficult to catch and preserve the ruling, or best modes of expression. I shall also find some good subjects for study in the negroes, and other servants. And now that I have got my pencil fairly in hand again, I shall not spend my days in idleness. There are many charming little scenes about me, both of land and water. But the character and power of the whole country is so different from what one finds in the East.

There the deepest current of thought and interest is retrospective. Here it is all in the future. Everything is pushing forward. There the Past, clothed with the ruins of Ages, sits solemn and stately, gradually mouldering away into the common dust of the Present. Here the earth that is stirred to-day, is latent with a thousand organic forces, that will array and arm themselves with life and power, putting on forms whose progressive beauty and splendor must inaugurate new cycles in the history of Mankind.

But I must leave this speculation for something of more immediate interest. On rising, after having finished sitting for the picture, Mrs. Slicer said, as I thought, with a rather curious look, though I did not comprehend the point of it: "I have a little story to tell, if you would like to hear it."

"An Oriental would seldom say nay to such a question;" I answered, as we passed into the library, "even though it were urged by a less pleasing speaker."

She blushed at the implied compliment, which, however, I did not intend as such; for to me it was the simplest truth. But directly after being seated she began: "I have been thinking of this story for some days, and cannot well put it off. I shall not, however, detain you long, as I see it is your time for walking. Hear then. About nineteen years ago, two half brothers left their native home in New England, and came to this city. They were Simon Slicer, who is now my husband, and Joseph Bennett, the children of one mother, but more unlike each other than ordinary strangers. They had brought letters, one to a planter, the other to a merchant; and being accepted, they entered into their respective situations to the mutual advantage of all parties; at least so far as thrift of business was concerned.

"But my story rests with Joseph, who was the younger of the two. Though a poor youth, he made his way into the favor of his employer, and of society in general, with an almost unexampled rapidity. There was a charm about him which threw down the artificial boundaries of rank and fashion, as if he had been

gifted with a magic power; and though happily for him, fortune-hunting mammas did not lay their superficial traps in any of his paths, yet he was a general favorite. Whist-playing ladies, to whom his ready gallantry was always serviceable, would whisper each other, 'What a very agreeable and proper young man!' Merchants noticed his business capabilities, and promptness in all things; aristocrats, his gentlemanly air; scholars, his unassuming intelligence and modest ambition for improvement; while young ladies could not well avoid comparing him with persons of much higher claims, in the estimation of mothers at least. Yet this charm of manner was not the effect of a blind subserviency, but the joint influence of a true self-respect and a very impressible temperament. It was, in fact, the attractiveness of a high and noble nature.

"The result may be anticipated. He became acquainted with the Lady Cecile Cadiza, the accomplished daughter of a Spanish nobleman; and he loved her with characteristic ardor, and intensity of feeling. Indeed he became so infatuated, that he felt obliged, in honor, to withdraw from her society. The conscientious young man perceiving how wide was the distance Fortune had placed between them, voluntarily absented himself from the presence of his charmer for several weeks; and though he suffered much in the privation, he determined to act honorably, at all hazard. He had never suspected that the attraction could be mutual, until, by the hand of a confidential servant, he received a note from Cecile, inquiring into the reason of his absence. There was so much of true and tender feeling couched in the modest language of the little missive, as left no doubt in the mind of the young man, in regard to the response to an affection, which he had never dared to cherish in himself, much less seek to excite in her. All this was plain, even if no other testimony had been subjoined to that of the letter; but the good matronly nurse, who was its bearer, with ill-disguised anxiety of manner, assured Mr. Bennett that her young mistress had been quite ill, leaving the cause to suggest itself.

"What could be done? He had become prepared and willing, as it were, to suffer himself; but how could he involve another in suffering, and most of all his dear Cecile! for though heretofore he had scarcely felt himself worthy to kiss the hem of her garment, she was now presented in that light.

"He hastened to visit her. A confidential interview was secured through the old servant. Mutual explanations left nothing to doubt. To do the young man justice, he struggled hard for what he conceived to be his integrity. But what could such a cold affair as mere reason, in any form, do against the young, beautiful and single-hearted Cecile, with all her dangerous fascinations, both active and passive? Nothing; or so at least it proved. She would not listen to his objections, but very simply told him that she was not ambitious—that she preferred happiness to display—that she had a small income of her own right—and much more, which it is not necessary to repeat.

"They were married privately. As might be expected, the haughty old noble would not even see his daughter, who had so cruelly disappointed his hopes; for as his high rank was not counterpoised by his worldly goods, he had looked to the beauty of his only daughter as the almost certain investment of a commensurate fortune, which would be paid over some day, by a rich son-in-law.

"Mr. Bennett lost his position in the mercantile house, where his fortune had been considered as securely establishing itself; and for a time he and his young wife lived very prudently in obscure lodgings, supported by the income of the latter. Yet the heart of the true woman never faltered. She had implicit faith in the capacity of her husband; and the event proved that her reason or affection was not at fault. Young Bennett, stung to the quick by the insults which had been heaped on his gentle wife, when she humbly sued for pardon at the feet of her father, and her exasperated brothers, resolved that he *would* place her in a position where she, in turn, might look down on them. Nor was he long without an opportunity to carry out his plans.

"A company was formed for the purpose of establishing a large trading house in Brazil, where rapid and brilliant fortunes were beginning to be made; and Mr. Bennett, by the influence of an old merchant, who had the acumen to perceive his capacity for conducting an extensive business, was invited to join them. An arrangement was thus effected, in which Bennett became general agent of the company; and thus his labor was invested for him in the place of money.

"The business having been completed, Mr. Bennett, accompanied by his young wife, sailed for Rio Janeiro, where he took up his residence; and the event more than realized the most extravagant expectations. In five years he had acquired a princely fortune.

"Having become much attached to the country, Don Jozef, instead of returning to New England as he had intended to do when the object of his expatriation should have been accomplished, retired to a beautiful Fazenda, in that most magnificent of the suburbs of the city, Gloria, which was the favorite residence of the royal and noble families, distinguished foreigners, and the diplomatic corps. It was, in short, the VERSAILLES of Rio Janeiro, with a more beautiful ST. CLOUD resting in the shadows beyond. It commanded one of the finest views of Botofogo Bay, and Mount Corcovado. There Don Josef reared a palace, in a light pavilion-like style of architecture, whose beauty and richness could vie with that of Christovao, itself.

"But splendor could not heal the wounded heart of the tender Cecile. Though surrounded by everything that wealth could purchase, enhanced by all that was loveliest in nature, she drooped, like an uprooted flower. She had that strongly adhesive power that never can be violently detached from its tenacious hold, without suffering vital injury. So long as her husband had been engaged in acquiring that fortune which was to reëstablish her in the love of her family, she was content; but when she found that his determination was changed, though she said nothing, yet the secret disappointment of her long-cherished

hopes was fatal. She yearned—she had yearned for years, with the deep devotion of a truly filial heart—to throw herself once more at the feet of him, who had been in all things save one, only too loving a parent. She would cling to his knees until he should revoke the deadly curse, and give her instead thereof, his blessing, or at least bless her child. She would offer him a share of that fortune, which through an unpopular and rejected alliance, she had really won. In the midst of all her happiness, this secret disappointment preyed like a canker-worm on her young heart; and she pined away, like a tender flower in the bright sunshine, or a bird in the season of song; and none knew the reason. Indeed, she hardly suspected it herself; for she was too purely generous and noble in her nature, to be conscious of cherishing a wish for herself alone.

"Never for one moment had she ever regretted the union, which, in its commencement, had seemed so ill-starred; for her wedded happiness was of that rare purity, which left nothing to regret, nothing to amend, nothing to wish for—except what only gave zest to the halcyon pleasures that always hovered over her. She alone felt conscious of her approaching dissolution. Her husband resolutely shut his eyes against every conviction; yet when the little Theodosia, their only child, had just completed her sixth year, she lay down, as one sinking into a sweet sleep—and awoke no more to the scenes of Earth; and her desolate husband, paralyzed by the suddenness of the blow, almost surrendered himself to despair. And what greatly enhanced his sorrow was, that he had begun to suspect the cause of his wife's malady, just before its fatal termination, and was already making preparations for his return to the United States, when the blow fell on him with a double weight, for this consciousness—that he *might* have saved her.

"Gradually, however, the endearing prattle of his child won him from his grief; and then all the intense depth of love in his widowed heart, was concentrated on her. Fortunately, her temperament and constitution were of that rare harmony, which,

whether it results from a perfect equipoise of the qualities generally, or from something sweet and beautiful in their particular development, forms the happiest and most admirable basis of character. Indulgence which would have rendered almost any other child selfish and exacting, only made her more loving, generous and self-forgetting.

"As the Donna Cecile was a Catholic, it had been agreed between herself and husband, that should they ever have children, the boys should be educated in the faith of the father, and the girls in that of the mother. Theodosia, therefore, must be a Catholic. At first the idea that any barrier must lie between his heart and that of his child, was painful in the extreme. But he was no bigot; and living in a country where only Catholic forms of worship were tolerated, and, from his deep reverence, feeling the necessity of worship in some form, he was, not less for his child's sake than his own, a zealous attendant on the outward ordinances of religion. Rejecting everything that was bitter and hostile to the spirit of the Divine Master, he daily came to feel, more and more, the power of the instrinsic over the superficial—of spirit over mere forms.

"Don Josef religiously adhered to the terms of his marriage covenant. Soon after the demise of his wife, Theodosia was placed under the spiritual guardianship of padré Luez, a Jesuit of distinguised learning and piety, untainted by that gross bigotry which deforms the character of so many of his brethren, while he was no less remarkable for great purity of feeling, integrity of mind, and an endearing suavity and gentleness of manner. Don Josef, by the advice of the Padré, associated with him Madame Laurette of New Orleans, whose varied accomplishments were forgotten in her sweetness, gentleness, and charming vivacity of character. And with all her brilliancy, the excellent matron, as far as possible, supplied the place of a mother to the tender orphan. It would seem, indeed, as if the child had worn a charmed life, and that nothing evil could approach her, so zealously was she guarded—so wonderfully happy

and fortunate were all her relations; and if ever human child deserved such regard, it was Theodosia.

"As her beauty, both of mind and person, rapidly unfolded, she became not only the joy of her doting parent, and hardly less idolizing tutor and governess, but the wonder of all who knew her. It is difficult to imagine a more lovely being than she was at the age of ten years. In her the features and character of both parents were happily combined. She had the large blue eyes of the father, but they were deepened by the dark shadows, and lustrous with the light that lit her mother's. There was the broad intellectual forehead of the father, with the delicately pencilled brow, the thick drooping lashes, and aquiline nose of the mother. In her hair, too, the bright saffron hue of the ancient Saxon, gleamed through the raven blackness of the Celtic, yet so coyly, you might scarcely tell whether it were really there; for only when the light fell on the rich sweep of curls, did the glistening gold betray its presence; and even then, one might think the momentary burnish was an illusion of the sunshine. Every motion was instinct with the native grace, every feature was radiant with the early vivacity of her mother.

"She had the dignity of manner, the grasp and capacity of mind that distinguished her father, softened and etherealized by the almost angelic sweetness of the mother. As her mind developed itself, the religious sentiment unfolded, with almost preternatural force and activity. She entered into the solemn rites of the church with a depth of earnestness which showed that she, at least, could not be chained to Earth by the worldly pomp and splendor of worship. But her young soul made itself wings, and outsoaring all the external, the meretricious, went up into the spirit realms with its own sweet incense, unsullied and unchecked by the superstitions and bigotry of others. The light of Truth shone directly into her mind, as the rays of Love into her heart; and devotion was to her as free and natural an impulse, as the unfolding of flowers, or the singing of birds.

"With all these advantages, external and spiritual, Theodosia

combined a wonderful precocity of genius, which made it necessary to restrain her continually, lest the too rapid development of her mental powers should overbalance that of the physical, and thus endanger her life. She seized the spirit of things, as if by intuition. The severest lessons of the Padré Luez were penetrated at once. She perceived, learned, reflected, and digested, while others could scarcely have approached the subject; but of all studies, that of the natural forms around her, and especially flowers, most delighted her. This was highly gratifying to her Teacher, who was an ardent naturalist; but it sometimes disturbed the equanimity of Madame Laurette, whose housewifely habits occasionally got the better, even of her indulgence, which, in other respects, was unbounded; for madame was one of those very rare persons, who are extremely neat in their houses, but slatternly and eccentric in their persons and dress, though she had once been very gay and brilliant. She could not endure a particle of dust or litter, and was annoyed by the loads of plants and herbs with which the ardent little devotee always returned from her herborizing expeditions, in which she was attended by as numerous a train as some foreign prince or ambassador. Madame Laurette said she could easily see why Theodosia should love to gather and preserve beautiful flowers; but that she should persist in loading the house with ugly weeds, many of them, so far as she could see, with no flowers at all, was to her incomprehensible.

"'Oh, it is her taste,' said Don Josef, with great lenity, pardoning the strictures on his favorite; 'besides being very innocent, the exercise is good for her. Indeed, if her mind had not taken this turn, instead of to the abstract sciences, I doubt if she could have survived its full development. Do you see, my dear madame, how strong and vigorous she is getting, and how very different she is in mind and character, as well as habits, from the passive and wholly negative females of this indolent clime?'

"This was an unanswerable argument; and directly after, the

Don further conciliated the feelings of madame, by constructing an extensive suite of rooms for the collections of his daughter.

"It is about a year since they returned to New Orleans, and although Mr. Bennett, as we call him, has not sold his beautiful home at Rio, yet having entered into large business arrangements here, it is probable he may remain, or even go further North, whenever he feels it may be safe for Theodosia to venture on so severe a climate.

"Now, what do you think of all this?" she asked, looking me full in the face, with an earnest, and, I thought, almost troubled look.

"I think you have a motive in it. Perhaps it is to put me on my guard, as I apprehend I am to see her. And yet," I added, after a pause—for it seemed as if Destiny stood before me at that moment—and I was regarding her eye to eye, "*I must love where it is my fate to love.* A great and real passion of the heart would overmaster me. I cannot vouch for the integrity of any struggle I could make against it. I have always seen this in myself."

"I have suffered much," she returned; "and, as far as possible, I would guard those I love; and among them all, next to my own children, there is none dearer than Theodosia. But it is not to provoke this grave face," she added, returning to her accustomed vivacity, "but to tell what I know will please you, of one in whom I foresee you are to be greatly interested. And now, mail your heart in triple armor, if you would still be fancy-free, for the charmer is expected here to-morrow. After all, you may think her such a mere child, that it will seem strange to you to know I have spoken in this way; and why I have, I know not. Only that I *do* have a strong presentiment that something dark and evil is coming to our precious one; and it seems as if you, too, would be involved in it, though not so much—not so directly, and absolutely."

This was all very strange; and I quietly smiled to myself, thinking that after living twenty-five years without ever being

so much as even brushed by the plumes of Cupid's arrow, it seems quite absurd to hint of such a thing as danger from a half-grown girl. But if I send this with the sketches to-day, as I had intended, I must bid you adieu for this time, leaving further results for another writing.

Hastily thine,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER VII.

THE QUEEN LILY AND THE LILY QUEEN.

Remarkable Impressions—The Flower and the Flower Angel—The Eyes of the World—First Looks—First Words—Beauty and Bewilderment—Innocent Confessions—The Father—The Tutor—The Governess—An Evening of Delights—Resolves to be Disenchanted—Resolves the Enchantment is good—Restless Night—Light and Joy of the Morning—Shahmah is *not* Blind—The Departure—Promised Reunion.

FAUBOURG, ST. MARY'S, April 1.

BROTHER HASSAN:

Do not great events often come to us under the aspect of trifles? To the outer seeming it is a small circumstance that, in the journey of life, one has met with a new face. And yet, when I tell you that I have seen a pair of eyes, the bluest, the deepest, and the brightest I ever looked into, though I am but rehearsing a simple incident, which might have happened before, and may again; yet I know that the experience of that moment can never be repeated. Such impressions come but once; for they open into a conception of the Infinite—reaching back and forward; and thus, comprehending in themselves the essence of a whole eternity, they annihilate all time.

Do you think that I am extravagant in this expression, or moved by trivial circumstances? If so, I pray you say it freely; for I need some opposition, it may be, if only to strengthen myself against this new feeling, that has swooped down upon me so suddenly, I almost lose my senses in contemplating it. It is but six hours ago; and now I stand here, in the presence of Allah, a changed man. I feel myself larger, truer, nobler, for the

revelation that has just been made. Yet it is not so much what any other life is, or can be, to mine; but it is the measure of power I have found in myself—the capacity of an infinite happiness, which I know now can only come through relations with another. Does not a true marriage unfold in the compound being it forms, the highest and completest individual power?

But I will proceed to relate the incident, as it occurred. This afternoon, on my return from a long and solitary ramble, recollecting that the wonderful Water Lily must be on the eve of unfolding, I turned toward the little grotto where it is embowered. Independently of seeing the flower, I seemed to be drawn there by an irresistible impulse. This secluded spot is only entered from the path by a narrow passage, which is concealed by the thick, over-hanging mosses; and the whole place usually lies in the deepest shadow, being open only toward the west, and that at such an angle, that the sun can only look through it for a few minutes, just before setting. I had heard a rustling among the leaves, and thinking it might be a tame fawn, that is quite a pet about the house, I parted the long trailing mosses carefully, that I might not alarm the beautiful but timid creature.

It was not the fawn that fixed me so, with the partly raised hand and lifted foot, as if paralyzed, and half suspended in mid air. There were white robes on the mossy slope, and a flood of dark, rich, wavy, auburn-chestnut hair was flowing over the fair neck and shoulders of a young girl, whom I knew by the description I had heard, could be no other than Theodosia. The face was mostly turned away from me; but there was enough left to show its rare and classic contour, whose power and expression were exalted by the pure and pearl-white skin that gave her an almost statuesque effect.

She had been carelessly plucking the weeds away from the border of the marble basin; but now she sat quite still, with her eyes fixed on the regal flower, which from its large, snowy bud was almost visibly unfolding.

Nothing could have been more full of character than the ex-

pression of the whole figure. The folded hands, the lifted arms, the curving neck, the bending brow, the downcast eye-lids, and the softly moulded chin, were all strained, and tense, with one single thought of wonder and joy. I knew, then, that between her soul and the soul of Nature, there was no common tie.

An immeasurable fullness of life seemed to be crowded into that single moment. I hardly dared to breathe, lest I should dissolve the charm. Did my look attract hers, that the face turned so intelligently toward me; or was it the sunshine, which, just at that moment, broke through the deep shadow, flooding the whole place with a warm and brilliant light, and tinging the alabaster cheek with the softest tint of sea-shells?

She saw me as she turned, but without any appearance of bashfulness or alarm, as I had feared might be the result of this informal meeting.

She rose in a quiet, womanly way, though she seemed really child-like—even more so than I had imagined her to be—saying: "Oh, I thought it was papa."

Then, as if half forgetting my presence, she said, looking back to the Lily: "Oh, I am so glad it waited for me to come, before it quite unfolded!" Then looking directly into my eyes, she added: "You love flowers?"

The look blinded me. One can see quadroon eyes by going to the corner of the street any day—beaming, and flashing, and blazing orbs, that dazzle and confound you with their brightness. But these are very different, though like in some respects. They have the same mazy and bewildering splendor, but far greater variety, as well as depth of expression. They not only attract, but they amaze me.

I forgot to reply. I forgot even that I had closed the only means of exit, and thus, in some sort, held her as a prisoner, until she said with that same naiveté, which is so modest and true in its assurance: "I wanted to see you very much; and it is *so* curious that I should have found you here"—she hesitated a moment, and then added: "where the flower is, that you and I

both love so well. But please let me run now and tell papa how glad I am!"

"Pardon me," I said, stepping aside for her to pass, which she did, taking a short little run, but without anything hoydenish in her aspect; otherwise I should have been as suddenly disenchanted. On the contrary, her whole manner had the quiet dignity, and self-possession of one who had been early taught to rely on the integrity of her own strong and innocent nature.

After pausing a moment, she came back to the edge of the bower, where I still stood; and holding out her hand, said: "Aunt Elize has promised to introduce you; but that blooming flower has saved her the trouble; and after we have seen that together, it would be very awkward to pretend to be strangers; would it not?"

If anything *could* have reassured me, after the maze into which I had been plunged by those wonderful eyes, it would have been this quiet and confiding manner.

We walked along toward the house, she chatting vivaciously, and I, only too happy to listen.

"I wanted to see you for three reasons," she said, slowly lifting the white lids, with their long, dark fringes, and once more opening to mine those deepening violet eyes. "One was because you love flowers, and shells, and minerals, and know how to analyze and arrange them. Another was, because you know how to paint pictures—and I fancy you could teach me. And"—— she paused a moment, and then, as if she had a little consciousness about it, she added, "another was, because Aunt Elize told me you are very handsome. Do you think," she resumed a moment after, seeing that I did not answer her directly, "one should not tell such a thing as that—and especially to a stranger? I know that some people could not do so; but I can; for beauty makes me so happy—so glad—so grateful—it seems to me a part of God. Whenever I find it, I want to say so—not in actions merely, but in words."

What could be done with cold common-places, in such a position as this?

Merely with a view of saying something, and so ending the awkward silence, I remarked: "it is always best to be entirely true, even though there are but few in this world, who think that they can be. I, too, love beauty; and to me it is, as you say, a holy thing—a God-blessing wherever it is sent, if we could but receive it so. But sometimes we are over praised by those who esteem us; and then the new acquaintance will be disappointed in not finding all that was promised, because it had been seen by the partial and enhancing eyes of friendship."

"Oh," she returned, with the greatest simplicity appropriating what I had said; "I am not in the least disappointed. Why, n—o." She drew out the last word, with a prolonged and peculiar emphasis, lifting her head with a decided air—adding presently in a more thoughtful manner, "If I should describe you, I should say more than Aunt Elize did."

It was a study to me, full of a profound and pleasing interest, to watch the evolution of thoughts that were at once so fresh, so novel, and so truthful; and setting aside the flattering personality involved, I thought I had never seen any mood so charming. It was that of a fine culture, so penetrated by the profoundest truth and purity of Nature, that it cannot swerve from the integrity of what it thinks and knows. I have sometimes dreamed pleasant dreams of the perfectly true life in higher conditions; but never had I hoped to find so near approach to it in this, and that, too, in so artificial a society.

As these thoughts were passing through my mind, she had changed the tone of speech, whether from an instinctive sense of its delicacy, or not, I am unable to say, verging into it, however, very gracefully, as she does everything.

"We all wanted to see you; and here we are, all together; papa, Madame Laurette, and the padré. The padré is my tutor; and madame is—not my governess, exactly—but she is in the place of mamma, whom I lost very early; and I love her, I

sometimes think, almost as well. You will not laugh at her, I am sure, as that naughty Doctor does, that comes from up the River, if she *does* make mistakes in coloring her hair, and tinting her cheeks."

It was only the other day, I met him at Uncle Simon's, and he asked me, almost with the first breath, "How is Madame Laurette? Does she still wear her purple hair, and put on her rouge awry?" I assure you I cannot quite forgive *that*, if he *is* a botanist. He knows I love madame; and I couldn't love her better if her hair was jet black, and her cheeks were as fresh and natural as two half opened roses. Indeed, I think I like to see her just as she is. If she should be smarted up like some people, she wouldn't be natural to me.

"I could not tell you how good she is! There isn't a girl in New Orleans has so much freedom as I have. She thought at first it would not do to let me run wild, in the way I had done. But papa said, all I wanted was a plenty of fresh air, and freedom to enjoy it. And since then, though she watches over me very carefully, she never hinders me from going where I like. It was so good in her to give up in this matter; for madame doesn't like to give up. But there is papa, coming—how happily!—this very minute!"

As she spoke, a fine, manly looking person, whom I thought well described by saying he was as unlike Mr. Slicer as possible, turned toward us. He was much stouter, nobler-looking, and every way broader and more beneficient than his brother.

"Ha my Theodosia!" he said; "and where has the truant been running, before even a word of greeting to Aunt Elize, and all the cousins." Then turning to me he said: "I have the pleasure of meeting"——

"Our friend, the Shah;" added Theodosia, recovering her self possession; for she had been a little troubled at the delicate reproof, implied in her father's voice. I could see, by this, how sensitive she is; but there was a roguish little look under the drooping lids, as she continued: "I made his acquaintance im-

promptu; and now I am authorized—am I not papa?—to present him to yours. But I ought to tell you, dear papa, that I have been to visit the Flower Queen; and, ask you to pardon me, if I have failed in my duty to the dear friends I love so well." Then with much dignity, she turned to me, saying, with the gravity of an old acquaintance, or one at least formally initiated into that honor: "I will go now, to make amends for my neglect, leaving papa to entertain you."

Thus saying, she ran away, swinging and trailing her gipsy hat along the grass as she went; and the shouts, and merry laughing voices, that soon came back from the piazza, witnessed well for the joy of the meeting.

Mr. Bennett received me very graciously; and we soon entered into an agreeable conversation—as I never could do with his brother, though I have tried my best. Have you ever thought how differently different persons affect us, without any apparent will of our own? I sometimes seem very unamiable to myself, because I cannot be gracious and confiding where I have really no unkindness or, at least, no cause for any. There are certain persons who, do the best I can, always excite antagonistic feelings in me; and in spite of all the reason, or good intent I can urge, and without any apparent cause, I feel myself as irritable as a hedge-hog; and like that unenviable little beast, I seem to be protruding spines at every pore. If I do not find some philosophy to account for this—as I believe there is—I shall be wholly disgusted with myself, before long, for I like not the injustice of this sort of feeling toward those who are kind to me.

But to return to Mr. Bennett—there is something so bland and courteous in his manner—and at the same time so direct and straightforward in all that he says, and looks, that I lose the impression of the well-bred, fine gentlemen, in the high-toned character of a truthful and purely honest man.

As we approached the family group, that were sitting in the

shade, some on the ground, others on the rustic chairs and benches, I had a fine view of Madame Laurette. She was standing by Mrs. Slicer; and as the evening was quite sultry, she had taken off her bonnet, into which a cluster of artificial curls had been carelessly pinned, and was fanning herself with it vigorously, the long curls streaming in every direction, with a ludicrous effect. I am not given to laugh, especially at trifles; but there was something irresistibly comical to me in her appearance. The hair, which was about four inches long over the whole head, and now left quite uncovered, could not be called by the name of any one color, though it did have tinges of a decided violet, ranging more or less vaguely through all the primary hues. But the color of the cheeks was more decided; they were tinged with a bright, round spot of rouge—one being considerably lower than the other, giving a very remarkable effect to the whole. Her dumpy figure was draped in a loose, white, sleeved hyke, or short gown, and a dark skirt, which had caught several rents from the bushes, in her walk. Nevertheless I like her much, and also found the padré not only a profound scholar, but very vivacious and agreeable.

With all this carelessness in her attire, Madame has the manner of a finished gentlewoman. She received me with the cordial greeting of a kind-hearted and true woman; and though watchful and solicitous for her charge, I am happy to say, she has but little of the Argus-eyed duenna about her.

After tea, we sat out in the western veranda, with music and conversation at intervals, as best suited that lassitude of the clime, the season, and the hour, which we all appeared to feel. Elize, who has really a fine taste for music, played the guitar, the young negroes, that were tumbling about on the lawn, every now and then striking in upon the strains, with a few rich and sweet notes, apparently with as irresistible an impulse as if they had been birds. I could not but wonder, in these improvisations, at the fineness and truth of their feeling for music.

As the evening became cooler, the conversation grew more varied and agreeable. I could not, however, join in it with my usual power and interest. It seemed as if I had been suddenly seized with a supreme dullness. But at length, by a fortunate change of places, Theodosia once more came to me. She sat down on a low ottoman at my feet; and with those deep, dark eyes lifted to my face, she asked me many questions, all of which indicated more or less of the marked individuality, she has, even thus early, begun to unfold. Though she spoke of books and scientific subjects, I was pleased to see that there was not the least pedantry or scholastic conceit about her. Her object was, evidently, not to show what she already knew, but to learn more—perhaps also to find that true recognition, and fine appreciation of herself, which, with all the idolatrous regard and indulgence lavished upon her, I sometimes think she has never met: and until she finds it, not even Theodosia, with all her good gifts, can be quite at ease with herself. With the unconscious grace and trust of childhood, she was thus seeking to unite herself, by a true sympathy, with a kindred mind.

I thought that Mrs. Slicer was uneasy, as she perceived this growing intimacy. Did she tell me that story for a warning? Could she suppose that I would be unfaithful to any trust, or that I could think of this mere child, in any other light than as a child? She is, at least by the mother's side, of an ancient and noble family—which I find, notwithstanding the republicanism, is as important a circumstance here, as elsewhere. Did her aunt think that I, a foreigner, of dark and unknown birth, would dare to seek a union with the only heiress of a rich man, and a high house? I could not resist a little honest resentment, at the fancied implication of this thought, and resolved that I would not allow myself to be lured by a child's prattle, however brilliant and endearing it might be, into even one thought unworthy of myself. But with that quick intuition, for which she is remarkable, Mrs. Slicer seemed to notice this change of thought, which probably gave an un-

natural austerity to the manner; and directly she rallied me out of it. So I cannot question that, at the best, I am but a bad watcher over myself. After all, what should I fear? Why should I not be charmed with what is really so lovely? Theodosia instinctively thinks of me as a much older person than herself. I will improve upon this thought. I will be a kind of second father to her. Why should I not, then, open my soul frankly to the joyous and exhilarating sunshine of her presence and character?

It is growing late now. The house has long since been quite still; and I must close for the night, only praying that the light that has shone into my heart this day, may make it larger, truer, worthier to be all that I now begin to comprehend in myself.

Friday, April 2.—I rose early this morning; for having had but little rest, I was quite feverish, and weary of tossing over the bed, as I had done all night. Going quietly down stairs, I resolved to have a long ramble before breakfast.

To my surprise, I found Theodosia already equipped in her riding-dress, while a beautiful pony, which she said was a real Narragansett pacer, stood, saddled, by the portico. I really did not wish to go out with her, tête-à-tête; but it was too late to withdraw.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come down!" she said, lifting her dress, and running towards me, with that charming frankness of manner, which is so irresistible, giving her hand for the morning salutation as she came near. "How curiously these things do happen!" she continued, retreating a few paces, and looking me full in the face, with that modest assurance in her magnificent eyes, that agitates and puzzles me so. "I was just wishing you might go with me this morning, because I want to show you a curious plant, that grows out here a little way. It seems almost as if the Fairy had put the wishing-cup to my lips, everything comes so much to my mind. If you will go, I'll have Firelock—that's papa's horse—saddled directly."

Then, seeing me hesitate, she said: "Do you think it is best, or right, to pretend to think ill of a person, or treat him as if you thought so, when you know he is *not* ill—but, on the contrary, very—very good?"

I perceived at once the point of this question, so sweetly touched; and as she trusted me so truthfully, I resolved to trust myself, answering, as well as I might, that I would be most happy to attend her. Calling to a servant from an open window, she gave orders for the horse; and squired by her father's aged valet, we were soon on our way.

It was a day never to be forgotten—never to be repeated, I now exclaim to myself, saddened by the knell, that still seems sounding in my soul. Alas! that our purest pleasures should leave there, only the deepest and saddest echoes!

But to return. The exhilarating freshness and wide-spreading joy of the morning were enhanced by the piquant remarks, not less than by the grace and elegance of my companion. The more I see her, the more remarkable she appears. She is combined of opposite traits—child-like and trustful in speech and manner, and yet so thoughtful, so true, and even womanly, in look and action. In her conversation she is at once thoughtful and vivacious, as, in her self-assurance she is eminently modest and delicate; nor is it the least of her charms, that in her abandonment to a fine sense of beauty in all other forms, she is so perfectly unconscious of it in herself.

My heart grew impassioned as I looked upon her—it would not have been the heart it is, if it had not been so—though she evidently looks up to me as one old enough to take a father's place in protecting her. Will those ten years that lie between us, always be regarded by her as they are now? I could, however, only preserve myself whole in my own self-respect, and honorable thought, by remembering continually that she is not only a mere child, but the child of a rich father, and a noble house.

Mr. Bennett stood in the door as we returned. On giving Theodosia his hand, as she lightly sprang from the saddle, he

said: "Really, my daughter, you have been invited out early this morning!"

I thought there was almost reproof in the words, as he turned to me, however, with a very genial good-morning; but I was quickly reassured by her answer.

"Oh, no, papa; I was all ready to go when the Shah came down; and *I invited him.*"

This was said with the quiet assurance of one who seemed to know she was right; and he made no other reply than by a kiss on the glowing cheek she turned to him so invitingly, adding at the same time, "Why, Thea! your rouge is almost equal to madame's! I must send you out riding every morning, if this is the way you are after it."

What shall I say more, but that I have been wandering for the last twenty-four hours in a perfect maze of light, and bloom, and beauty, with a peri flitting gaily through the scene, and leading me from one enchantment to another, until I have seemed to myself bewildered.

How I must have seemed to others I cannot surmise. But they are gone, now—or *she* is—for that one life seems to have absorbed all other life, or to contain all that my heart is at present willing to recognize. I am, however, soon to see her; and it is arranged between Mr. Bennett and myself, that I am to stay a few days at his house; in the meantime I shall make an experiment in a picture. He has no good portrait of Theodosia's mother, though he greatly desires to possess one. With what help I can get from a bad daguerreotype, a few tresses of hair, and descriptions, I shall proceed to business; and may the good Angel come to me in dreams—as I am almost certain she will.

I would merely ask that you, my brother, and my sweet Youley, will suffer no anxiety on my account. What I have said of myself, will, doubtless, seem very strange to you, as it really does to me. But I assure you, I know myself too well to think of being in love, where all the conditions are so unequal. But when all this new experience is so innocent and so ennobling, why

should I not enjoy the happiness that Allah has given me to-day, trusting him, as the flowers and birds trust him, for the bloom and music of to-morrow?

Adieu, my cherished ones. I bring you nearer than ever before; for always must a true affection exalt the capacity of love in the heart.

Ever thine,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER VIII.

MR. SLICER'S THEORY OF SHAVING.

Power and Virtue of the True Democrat—Shahmah reflects and grows Enthusiastic—Resolves to unbosom himself—Rushes to meet Mr. Slicer—Sudden fall of the Mercury—Recovers himself—Attempted Explanation—A new Failure—Mr. Slicer's amiable Confidence—Shaving Fairly—Dinner—Guests—A Startling Question—A more Startling Answer—Great Sensation—Exit Mr. Slicer—Exeunt Omnes.

FAUBOURG ST. MARY'S, April 9.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I should have told you that Mr. Slicer, my good host, is a true Democrat of the Old School, as he, himself, assures me; and as I read the papers I find that this name is a synonym for everything that is good. I congratulate myself in being made the guest of so true a man; though what are the differences between the Old School and the New, I am not yet informed. He takes several papers, and is a leading man of his party. These papers I peruse daily, as I hope, with great good to myself, though as yet, I confess, with little apparent progress in those important matters, which are the special objects of pursuit. Doubtless, the great heat of the political campaign, and the pressing necessity of continued exertion, in order to save the moiety of their fellow-countrymen, have operated to exclude those broader questions, and higher principles of Right, upon which the true Government, as the true Human Freedom, is established. When the electioneering is over, they will return to those calmer and deeper currents, which involve the philosophy of freedom. As I read I am more and more confirmed in these opinions. I have also been invited to be present at the

caucuses, or political meetings, in which my Host is both a leader and a speaker. I have not yet attended ; but from visitors at the house, as well as the public prints, I gather accumulated evidence that the Whig leaders, and especially their candidates, are notoriously bad men. Such villainies—such littlenesses and meanesses, I have never heard of. They are absolutely incredible. I often wonder how these men *could* have been born so, in the Land of Washington.

The leading writers of these bulletins seem to have the most friendly and patriotic desire to do good to the people—to warn them of their danger—to save them, and make them free and happy. I should suppose, from the whole tenor of these articles, that it would be hard to resist them. Indeed, at first it seemed like sheer madness in the people, not to break away, at once, from their tyrants, and throw themselves directly into the arms of their benefactors, the True Democrats, who are so cordially inviting them. Had it not been for these good and brave men, who are content to labor with so little prospect of reward, the country would have been lost—actually sold to England, long ago, as I have been often, and credibly informed. Now they publish papers at great hazard and expense, and sometimes almost entirely at their own cost—and all this with but faint hope that they may at length arrest, and turn aside, the hard-headed and stiff-necked men, who seem so truly bent on their own destruction. Is such benevolence—such patriotism always to be disregarded ?

These are the men, who embody in their great hearts—who concrete in their great actions—the true power of the Declaration of Independence. I am proud that my Host is one of them. I am honored in being permitted to make his house my residence. Surely, nowhere but in America could we find devotion like this. It is beyond a parallel. When I see these men impoverishing themselves for the good of their worst enemies—in almost fruitless efforts to save those who are determined to destroy themselves—I am filled with wonder ; but I can see in

their nobleness, an outbirth of those great principles, which are yet to inspire, and exalt Humanity.

I am wrought up to this point of enthusiasm, and watch impatiently for the return of my Host. He is one of the noble band of brothers. Shall I embrace him? Speech would do injustice to my feelings. I could lay my head on his bosom, and weep. I can write no more, until I am relieved of the fullness that is almost choking me. Yes; I will speak plainly, I will open my whole soul, I will try to make my thoughts clear, I will permit no misunderstanding to come between us.

Three hours later.—My heart throbbed, as I heard the steps of my friend. I was already waiting for him in the shaded verandah, where in fine weather we dine. But with the first glance toward him, something seemed to rise up between him and me, and check the strong impulse that was carrying me forward. I could not advance a step, but stood perfectly still, and looked at him. He is very tall; and without having the least appearance of disease, he looks as if the constant friction of life had worn the flesh down, while the scanty muscle that remains is hard and rigid, as if it had been strained, and solidified, until nothing *could* move it but its own will. So it is in the lines of the face; so it is in the position of the legs and feet; so it is in the whole form. Only in the eyes this rigidity does not appear. They are small, quick and bright, full of the fire which has wrought all this flesh into iron-stone. I also am magnetized by this petrifying influence. I am turned into stone as I approach him. Never before had I felt this power so strongly. I was paralyzed. He seemed to see that there was something peculiar in my thoughts. The revulsion that rushed back on my heart almost overpowered me. With a great struggle overcoming this, still I was constrained, and ill at ease. He began rattling off a very rapid speech, as his custom is; for he seems to think that conversation, like everything else in his working-day world, must be hurried. He approached and gave me a shake of the hand; but there was no life in it. It froze me.

He alludes to the papers, and then I recover myself. Here was a subject on which we could meet. I express my high sense of his patriotism, and the patriotism of his party. I laud his philanthropy, and their philanthropy, in no measured terms, with corresponding slashes of invective against his political enemies. I lose myself in my subject, and begin to unfold to him my own peculiar opinions. He accepts and appropriates my speech very coolly, but at the same time in a way that shows he has misapprehended me. I am at a loss how to proceed, but he breaks the matter off abruptly by making an announcement, which throws me equally into the dark.

He, himself, as he said, made no false parade of either philanthropy or patriotism. He must be content so take the world as he found it. If it was better than it is, he should like it; but as it isn't, he couldn't alter it. He was a plain, business man, and pretty well posted up in those matters. Every man has his price, and if any person pretends to the contrary, he for one, didn't believe him. He was only running himself up for a better chance to speculate, or shave somebody. The only true morality in this world is to look out for number one. He made the best bargains he could week days, and read his Bible, and went to church, Sundays. Ministers did sometimes, to be sure, talk things rather different from this; but that was their business. They speculated on doctrines, he speculated on cotton; and sometimes he thought that they were the greatest shaves of all. Religion was, to be sure, a very good thing in its place. When he was rich enough, he was going to do a great deal for its support and honor. It gave respectability and importance to a man; and in times of trouble, or death, it was very necessary to be on the right ground. He called himself a religious man, and wished to be so considered. Religion, even in a business point of view, would *pay*. Church Membership was so much ready cash in hand.

But, speaking of business, he had made a great speculation that very day. He had shaved a man out of a cool six hun-

dred ; but 'twas done *fairly*. He himself had come from Connecticut. The people of that State were called the greatest Shaves in the Union. He freely acknowledged it ; nay, he gloried in it.

"Yes ;" he said, returning with evident satisfaction to the great exploit of the day ; "it was a regular shave ; but *all in the way of business*—done FAIRLY."

Then he cautioned me to say nothing of this before Mrs. Slicer, whose step was now approaching, in answer to the dinner bell, which had just rung. Women, he said, were naturally tender and ticklish in regard to such matters ; and Elize, he must say, was the most so of any woman he had ever seen.

I had listened in silent amazement to this harangue, which I thus endeavor to interpret for you. Had I heard aright? If so, his conduct seemed so much like dishonesty, I did not dare to look at it. The whole affair was mysterious, to say the least. But one thing was certain, we should not come to understand each other quite yet.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Slicer made some small alterations in the arrangements of the table, and took her seat there. She is a delicate Southern flower. All that is fairest, softest and sweetest in woman, appears native to her. But as I have said before, she seems languid—it may be, unhappy.

I am roused from a temporary abstraction by my Host telling me to make myself at home. He is a Yankee ; and Yankees are at home everywhere. He likes to see other people do the same. We are all at the table in our proper places—the two young ladies, Master Bullie and the little six-years-old Blossom, who cannot but look lovely, for he has the large, soft, lustrous eyes of his mother.

Hardly has this taken place when we receive an accession to our party, in the arrival of three gentlemen, who are also distinguished speakers and leaders of the Democratic meetings. With that ready hospitality, which is so true and beautiful

in these people, they are invited to the table, and without ceremony join our circle.

Several topics were introduced, which I did not really understand ; but they were about the different sections of the country, and the peculiar Institutions of each. The stream of conversation did not flow very smoothly; and I fancied that my own presence might have had something to do with it. At length the sluggish current stopped altogether; and for a minute or so there was silence.

In the midst of this, Mr. Slicer suddenly dropped his carving-knife, looked me full in the face, and said, abruptly : "Pray, may I ask if it is for business, or pleasure, that you visit this country ?" adding, after a moment, "business of course."

As you must well know, I am not in the least ashamed of my own motives ; nevertheless, his question confused me. But I collected myself; and returning his look, I answered : "I have come in pursuit of a HIGHER LIBERTY—to visit a people who are descended from the Patriots of the American Revolution, and study more closely all those wise and beneficent institutions that are based on the principles which those fathers signed with their hands, sealed with their blood, and bequeathed to their sons in the Declaration of Independence.

These words are simple enough between thee and me ; but I cannot describe the effect they produced. The strange gentlemen and my Host looked at each other, and then as suddenly dropped their eyes, as if ashamed. But I soon saw by the oblique glances, that it was not so much shame as something else—it might be suspicion. But I am still at a loss to comprehend it. Mrs. Slicer cast a look of alarm toward her husband, as if there was something very wrong going on somewhere. Miss Elize, who is so like her mother, dropped her eyes with a sorrowful look; Miss Ellene curled her red lips, in scorn, as if she had seen a thing to sneer at, while Master Bullie, who had evidently caught something that he understood, or fancied that he did, swelled and strutted like a young pheasant in pin-feathers.

With the servants there was a liberal display of white in the eyes and teeth, which, however, they tried to conceal, as well as the significant glances which they exchanged. They alone seemed to enjoy the mis-hit, whatever it might be. It was plain that the white people were writhing under a sense of feelings, like or unlike, which had been thus unwittingly provoked.

Mr. Slicer was dumb at first; then he exclaimed, slowly, and with a peculiar emphasis on each word: "Come here looking after liberty? The devil, you did!"

After this, for a moment, comes a dead pause. Then the little Ernest, who had slidden from his chair and gone round to the other side, folds his fair arms across his father's knee, and looking up into the face of Mr. Slicer with those beautiful, honest, mother-eyes, asks, "What made him come here for *that*, father? Didn't old Jeff, and didn't Pretty Millie *run away* for THAT?—Freedom—wasn't it, mother?"

Mr. Slicer put the child aside without an answer. Was it because he *could* not answer him? Glancing at the servants, he said, if I pleased, we would defer this subject until after dinner. I was still more amazed than I had been before. It is plain that there are some things among these people, which are not to be spoken of.

I have been in several of the Turkish Courts, where a slight inaccuracy, or an unfortunate turn, might cost one his head; but I never have felt myself in such painful constraint before.

On retiring to the drawing-room, after dinner, Mr. Slicer began by saying that he never admitted such topics in the presence of his servants—that he didn't very often meddle with them, himself; but now he felt called on to make a demonstration. He thought some people were better than they appeared; and some people appeared better than they were. But if anybody listened to nigger stories, they'd find themselves in a bad fix, anyway, no matter where they came from.

His wife regarded him with a pleading, almost tearful look. The gentlemen seemed to anticipate by their expression what he

was going to say, which they also approved in advance. Just at this point Mr. Slicer was called away; and the gentlemen took leave. I retired to my writing, though I fancied that Mrs. Slicer wished to speak with me; for though the social intercourse of the two sexes is quite free among this people, at least so far as married women are concerned, I cannot but feel myself treading on delicate ground—especially since this last occurrence. Not knowing what mines may spring beneath my feet—as mines there seem to be somewhere—I am fain to content myself with that better part of valor, which is named discretion—as our good friend, Mr. F., has so often advised us.

I am interrupted; and wishing to close this before going out, I bid you a hurried

Adieu;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER IX.

MR. SLICER'S THEORY OF SABBATH DUTIES.

Specific Uses of the Sabbath—Impiety of Birds and others—Special Rights and Duties of the Day—Morning Service with Mr. Slicer—A Remarkably Original Sermon—Afternoon Service with Mrs. Slicer—Impious Charities—True Social Relations of the Sexes—Momentary Reunion—Zindie and her husband—A Second Walk—Sim, the Negro—His Eloquence—Morning-Beauty and Joy of Nature.

FAUBOURG ST. MARY'S, April 11.

BROTHER HASSAN:

This is the Sabbath of the Prophet Jesus, and with some of these people is considered very holy. My Host is one of those who so regard it. He is very zealous, as it seems, in all the observances and forms of his order. He paid me an early visit this morning, as I hoped to explain what had been left quite in the dark, in regard to the affair at table, of which I have already spoken to you; but I was disappointed. Between ourselves, I do not believe he wishes to speak of it; for he has had several opportunities, but shows no disposition to improve them. He directly, however, informed me of the purpose of his visit. It was to instruct me concerning the obligations which I, his guest, might consider myself as owing to the day.

He said there was a great deal of looseness and license in regard to the Sabbath, not only in New Orleans, but even at the North. There was a band of Reformers, so called—of Fanatics and Incendiaries, he called them—who were disposed to set all its claims aside. But he, for one, thought that they would be forever binding. He looked at the matter economically. He looked at everything in that light. In fact, he

considered it as much a man's interest to serve God on the Sabbath, as it was to serve himself the remaining six days of the week. Some people, indeed, thought that one day was too little to devote to religious purposes; but if God hadn't thought different, he wouldn't have fixed it so. And to return to the point he started from, if a man could make his calling and election sure, and take a good clear title out to go to Heaven at the last, by attending to religion one day in the week, it would *pay well*. Some people pretend to say that these services are very pleasant; he, for one, made no such false pretension. It is pleasant for a man that's accustomed to business, and knows it will do him good, to have things all done up, fair and square—everything in its right time—everything in its proper place. He might be strict in his notions. He presumed he was; but he allowed nothing to detain him from church on Sunday, that could be any way got over. He never allowed any work on that day about his premises, but works of absolute necessity, such as flogging, and hunting fugitives, and things that couldn't be put off without loss or danger. He particularly liked to have all the flogging done up on Sunday. With him this was a benevolent arrangement, because the culprit could rest, and be better able to go to work on Monday. As far as possible, he had all such little things put off till the Sabbath. In fact, it had got to be a kind of Sunday work with him—almost as much so as reading the Bible—to stand by, and count up the strokes. He always liked to do that himself—to see that everything was up to the mark—fair and square. He allowed no dodging. He didn't abate for flinching—not he. He had been an overseer once himself, and knew his duty.

What is this flogging? what is this hunting of fugitives? what is this counting up of strokes, that it should make my blood freeze to listen? He seemed to feel and fear no wrong, as coolly he went on.

He had compelled several of his negroes to give up their husbands and wives, because they lived on distant plantations,

and take other companions at home, on account of the sin of Sabbath-breaking, which they would incur by visiting them in their only leisure day. His own Pastor, and several other good Ministers, had commended his piety for so doing. In fine, he didn't like to see people walking about in his grounds on Sunday, picking flowers and fruits. It looked disorderly. It looked, somehow, as if the Christian religion was in danger of dying out.

He disliked the country on one account, for the birds, and especially the Mocking-birds, made just as much noise on Sunday, as on any other day. It was to have a more devout and rational kind of music that he purchased his great organ, and spent a deal of money, to have his daughter Ellene learn to play on it. The birds couldn't go over that. One of the mocking-birds had actually tried when they first had it there; but the little fellow strained his pitch-pipe, until he really split his own throat, in the determination not to be outdone. Last of all, he expressed a wish that I might attend church with him this morning, and also become a proprietor in its doctrines of saving grace; and make my calling and election sure.

Between thee and me, my brother, what shall I say of this religion, that goes into the holy temple with the leprous garments of Trade—to buy and sell, and make a traffic of its holy things? I must believe that *he* is better than his religion; and yet there are some dark shades in his speech, which I cannot clear up.

But it is time now to prepare for church; and I bid you adieu for the morning.

I have just returned from church; and as walking in the grounds is prohibited, I will forego my *accustomed* exercise, and still sit here at writing. The church is in this Faubourg, and but a little way from here; so we did not have much time for conversation; yet Mr. Slicer was in his best humor with himself. His religion, like his Sunday coat, must be in excellent preservation, since they are kept laid away all the week, and worn only

on Sundays. He kindly expressed a hope that my heresies might be cast as brands to the burning. But I soon saw that in the services of his church, there was not fire enough to keep us warm withal. The preacher was cold and formal. His voice was loud, harsh, and rough-edged; and the singing and music fairly made my ears ache. I followed the sermon, however, very attentively, to see if he said anything about "*shaving*;" for I am anxious to know what relation it bears to their religion, and how far, in the abstract, it may be considered a virtue. It must be something honorable, I should judge, Mr. Slicer seemed so proud of it. I wish also to learn whether flogging, hunting fugitives, and counting up strokes, are especially religious rites that they are set apart to be done on the Sabbath; or if not, whether they belong to the minor or major morals, in the social code of this people.

But I heard nothing of either of them in the Sermon, which was on the subject of Paul sending back Onesimus. Thou art familar with this passage, my brother; for in the house of Mr. F. we read much in the Holy Book of his people. We have always thought that Paul sent back Onesimus to his former master, as he expressly says, "not as a servant but as a brother beloved," and as an affectionate representative of the holy Apostle himself. But our minister took a very peculiar view of the subject. Under his power it expanded wondrously. It was clothed with high prerogatives. It was invested with (to me) unknown terrors. Dark and mysterious threats of Evil were held out over the head of him who should dare to disobey the command, which he interpreted literally; and as I listened to him, I came to think that sending back runaway servants, is the highest cardinal virtue of the Christian Church.

He also held out the very same motives to seek religion, which Mr. Slicer had used in the morning. If I believed these men, I should think that Christianity is a kind of battle of interest, more or less sharply contested between God and man; or, more benevolently considered, it might seem, a kind of one-sided

speculation permitted by the former, in order to sharpen the wits of the latter.

I observed one peculiarity, that will here be mentioned—all the congregation and especially the women appeared to be dressed in their most sumptuous apparel. Indeed, to look around, one unused to such display might have thought himself at a masquerade, rather than in an assembly of worshippers. This parade of fine clothes may be an essential part of the service in an American Church; but to one accustomed to pray in the mosques,* it appears trivial and childish in the extreme. In the afternoon I am invited by Mr. Slicer and his wife, to attend the lady to her own church; for she is a Catholic. At this proposal she looked on me with the same sad, sweet smile, which at first sight had so much attracted me. And with joyful assent, on my part, the arrangement was completed. I see it is time, and must go now to attend her.

Evening.—I must now write you the history of the afternoon. A few moments after I left you, I found an elegant carriage at the door, already waiting for us; and just as I went down, Uncle Mose, the coachman, and Pete, the footman, were assisting their lady to ascend the steps, while Mr. Slicer gave some orders about the horses from the verandah, where he stood to see us off. An exquisite little hand flung kisses to him, as we turned away; and yet, I knew that the act was one of common courtesy, or constrained rather by a sense of duty than a free and joyful affection. The question would then intrude itself—as it had done many times before—How came these people to be attracted together? No two could be, naturally, more unlike—no two more distant than they are to each other; though the wife is evidently solicitous to do even the least of her duties, and the husband seems to take it for granted, that he must, as promptly, meet *his* obligations. He is hard, cold, almost morose—but the lady has all the piquant vivacity of her

* The Mahometans never worship in fine or costly raiment.

race; though I fancy—and that very often—that it covers a deeper current of sadness. She goes about in the regalia of a queen; but all her splendor cannot appease the unsated hunger of a true soul, that loves good for its own sake, but cannot reach it—that craves sympathy, but has never found it—that yearns for a true word and work, but is crushed back into a corroding idleness. Now she will not let me be silent. She explains all that we see and hear.

We pause at the entrance of the avenue set with large trees, through which runs the railroad. The eye traverses its whole length. It was early; and we drove about awhile to see the sights. I perceive by this that the lady's sabbath is not so strict and holy as her husband's. I judge so more particularly from the fact that we visited several poor families, in a narrow, out-of-the-way court; and I observed that a number of well-laden baskets were carried in. Mrs. Slicer apologized very sweetly, saying that these worthy people—I noticed that she did not call them *poor*—would expect her, as she always went to see them before church of a Sunday; and they might suffer—at least from anxiety on her account—if she neglected her duty, which she assured me, was, also, her truest pleasure. How can the husband, with all his high piety, pardon these heresies. Which is the most agreeable to me, I need not tell thee.

But I must again take up the clue of my story. We stop awhile on a beautiful little bluff or high point on the shore of the Mississippi, and look at the vessels sailing through the chain of lakes out into Ponchartrain. I watch them silently, until the rounding surface dips below the far horizon.

I am pleased with my companion, and she, too, is now more free and vivacious than I have seen her before. She inspires me with tenderness and respect. I can see, too, that the old, grey-headed coachman is not insensible to her charming presence. It is, apparently, the first article in his creed, that Missis and her children have not their equals in the world—a point of religious faith, in which he has already found opportunity to indoctrinate

me. He never could, as he once gravely told me, have forgiven Ole Masser for dying as he did, if he an' Aunt Sukey had been sold, like as the others was. What is this selling, and buying, and flogging, and hunting? There are things in America, to me deeper than the mysteries of Egypt. But I again forget myself. I was going to say that even the flippant footman was quiet and watchful in all his duty, as if subdued by an unwonted feeling of respect for his kind and beautiful mistress.

The drive was pleasant, altogether. The light, life and motion of shipping in the bay, the soft shadows, bloom and verdure of the suburbs, where the pavilion-like houses are hid away from the glare so cosily, and the deliciously fragrant air, all conspire to form a paradise of beauty; while the same deep, blue-and-golden sky and sun, which had at first seemed so like Yemen, enveloped and floated over the varied scene, warming and inspiring the whole panorama with life and brightness.

As we drive deliberately along, Mrs. Slicer shows me in the distance, the beautiful villages of St. Claude and St. John's. She points out the principal streets, and squares, and public buildings, and the levée that protects the city from the great floods. I particularly remember the Convent of Ursuline Nuns, between Chartrés and Levée streets. This is an association of Holy Women, who spend their lives in deeds of charity. We are to visit it some day. She also pointed out the Custom House on the square between Canal and Levée streets, the Market House, and the Bank of Orleans upon Conté. This is the State Bank, and it is lodged in a very splendid building. The Charity Hospital, I am told, is one of the most valuable Institutions of the kind in the country. But when will all other Institutions be so true that those of charity will not be needed. I am looking for that. Will it ever come?

At length we stop at the Cathedral, where my lady worships. The building stands at the head of a spacious square, four or five hundred feet from the River. I should have told you that it seems a custom here for gentlemen—that is, intimate friends

and relatives—to give the ladies whom they conduct through the streets, the support of an arm; and this custom in the evening is universal. As I am not yet fully practised in these attentions, the fear of going astray keeps me back; so I stood aside, and permitted the servants to assist their lady from the carriage. Did that fine interior perception, that sometimes acts like an additional sense, and for which I think she is remarkable, interpret my feelings and the restraint they caused; and was she purposely more free, with a view—so like her kindness—of setting me quite at ease? I cannot tell; but almost instantly, as she regains her feet, the slight form timidly approaches me, and the slender arm glides into mine. The act thrilled me—not with passion, but with a divine joy, to think of what that beautiful act had first taught me, that Man and Woman could be so purely true to each other, as to make the zest and aroma of life much more delicate and refined. Christianity has done much for Woman, and much for the world, in perceiving and ordaining this, and all the good that will flow out of it. Manhood and Womanhood are not merely sexual forms; they are corresponding relations, that act and react, so to speak, chemically if not electrically, in the whole volume of their material and spiritual forces. As it is in the body, so it is in the soul; for the principles of union do not attract and sate each other, because they are alike, but because they are different; and hence the two sexes are absolutely and equally necessary to each other. If Woman were merely a weaker Man, she might be divorced from his full companionship, and ultimate destiny, without so great loss. It is strange that Mahomet did not perceive this—that the mind—the soul—the whole mental and spiritual power of Woman, are essential to the complete union, not less than the merely sensuous and physical; so that if Woman had not a soul, it should be the first act of grace in the Divine Wisdom, even to Man himself, that she should be endowed with one; for no otherwise could the common constitution of the human being, be made perfect and complete.

But to return to the little incident I have mentioned. When I saw that truly modest and gentle woman coming to me with such a sweet look of trust, to impart to me the refining sense of beauty and kindness of soul, while she leaned so confidingly on my outer strength, I felt, for the first time, that Man and Woman have duties and offices for each other, of a general and social nature, and hence that no man has a right to seclude his wife—no, not so much as to put a veil on her, so long as her beauty, her modesty, her grace, her virtue, her intelligence, may contribute the highest power to refine, and enlighten, and exalt mankind.

I knew then, for the first time, that Woman has duties, beyond and above those of mere marriage; for I felt that without a word we could understand each other—were true to each other—tenderly and lovingly true—as if the spirits of our own angels had really taken possession of us. It is a beautiful thought; and in it I see the destiny of the Woman of the New World—the Divinity of the new Eras of Peace, and Love, and Beauty, that lie still in the great Future—but sometimes come so very near me.

I forget myself again. We enter the Cathedral. Within a massive simplicity, and the imposing effect generally, remind one of the Temples of Egypt. With the respective dogmas of the two sects I am not well acquainted; but the sentiment of the place was more religious than that of the one we had visited in the morning, which did not appear in the least so. From crypts and niches the Saints smiled down upon us, in marble and in canvas. Monuments and inscriptions told us that the illustrious Dead slept under the pavements; and tapers burning in the dim light, and single figures kneeling here and there, in chancel, nook and alley, the musical chant, the solemn and lofty sound of the organ, altogether, produced a serene and pleasing, and even sublime effect. Here also I observed, as in the morning, a great display of worship, in jewelry and fine clothes; and I questioned with myself, if the spirit of the Carpenter was really

there, whether he could accept the offerings at their current prices.

Just as this thought was passing through my mind, I felt something gently touch my arm; and turning, saw that Mr. Bennett and Theodosia were in the next pew, and the latter was holding out to me a book, open at the service. She was very simply dressed, and appeared to be grave and solemn, yet without the least tinge of moroseness. You are aware how much the Catholic and Protestant Christians differ from each other, not in points of faith merely, but in feeling; and I thought to myself, as I looked upon the father and daughter, whether Mr. Bennett must not regret that they were sundered by this great religious barrier. But as I looked at them again, I could not avoid asking "*are* they sundered by it?" Hand in hand they have come to pay their devotions at the same altar; but has one come only to worship pictures, the other to unfold a formula of the Church of England? No one could have surmised it, as they were seen kneeling together. Their loving hearts, unfettered by creed or dogma, seemed really drawn more closely together for the external difference. With the same serene, deep, and liberal faith, they go out into the life of the same Prophet—up into the bosom of the same Father—while the same Guardian Angel whispers peace to both; and there rests no shadow between soul and soul. How beautiful it was to see them!

It is not a desire for good, but a thirst of domination, that drives men asunder in their so called religious feeling and worship. It is not love, but hatred, that makes men bigots; for among all true worshippers there is absolute unity. After the service I had but a word with my new friends. It is, however, agreed that I am to go to them to-morrow. What that to-morrow, or any other day, will now become to me I dare not ask.

I must leave thee now, for the sun has gone down; and after this time it is permitted to walk for exercise and health, even on this holy day, when the birds are branded as nuisances and

heretics, because they sing. Blessed be thou, my brother; for "those who speak truth shall have gardens where rivers flow. They shall remain therein forever."

Two hours later. In my walk, from which I have just returned, I was surprised to see two human forms start up suddenly from the ground, where they had been sitting. They appeared greatly alarmed, especially the man, and were about to fly. But the woman, in giving me a second look, turned her face to the light. I saw it was Zindie, and addressed her by name. After a moment's hesitation, she turned back, leaving the man as he was, in the deep shadow, so that I hardly saw him, and timidly approached me. Her face was of an ashy paleness; and her whole manner and speech were anxious and flurried. But I gathered enough to know that they, two, were husband and wife—that they were meeting by stealth—That masser would be very angry, if he knew it—that Master Afric * should not tell masser, nor young Missie Nell—All of which I promised, as, with a silent step, the woman crept away, while I turned homeward.

What curse hangs over these unfortunate people, that relations which are recognized in every other land, are only here, and for them, treated with contempt? Is it really a process of civilization to separate husband and wife? I cannot tell; but there is something in the fate of these two persons especially, that makes me anxious and unhappy. On my return to the house, they again crossed my path. Poor Zindie was bathed in tears; and the face of the man, which I now plainly saw, looked sad and careworn. As they came near, Zindie threw herself at my feet; and clasping my knees, entreated me to buy them—herself and Sim the husband, who was a finely-formed handsome negro. The word was *buy*, I am sure; I could not be mistaken; yet what it meant I am at a loss to conceive. She told me, with

* The negroes on this plantation have conferred on me the name of our common country, probably to remind me of the fact that it is so. Ah these common sympathies are precious everywhere!

the same rapid, sobbing breath, that she had not seen her husband for many months—that he had been with her only an hour—that he must now go away, as no strange—*slave*—I thought she said—was suffered about the place, after nine o'clock. She might not see him again, for even a longer time—perhaps never. She could not and would not live so. She *must* go somewhere. But how *could* she leave poor missis! Missis suffered as much as she, herself.

All the time while speaking thus, she was weeping bitterly. But she suddenly heard steps approaching; and springing to her feet, she darted through the shrubbery. The man went more slowly. I shall never forget the expression of his face, as it turned toward me, with the moonlight shining full upon it. The rich brown of the complexion was blanched almost to a dead-ash color; and it had a look of blank despair, that seemed like a visible wreck of all that is most precious to the man. It was the most terrible look I ever saw.

But I cannot compose myself. The atmosphere of this house seems to stifle—to strangle me. There is a bad breath in it. I must go out, whatever be the consequence.

Monday morning, eight o'clock.—On going out last evening I left the cultivated grounds entirely, and struck off into a wild region bordering on a dense forest. At another time I might have thought of many dangers; but now I was oppressed with that unutterable disgust, that drove me out, with a feeling that I could not live there, and so *must* seek something fresher, truer, purer—in short, something with the breath of God in it. Conscious of nothing but this vague and irresistible impulse, I wandered on, until the edge of the forest suddenly loomed up against the horizon; and I stood under a Live Oak, with a group of Cottonwoods and Cedars, dropping their moss mantles all around me.

The night was clear; but the rays of the full-horned Moon, and the golden stars came down aslant, lighting the wood only at intervals, projecting strange and fantastic shadows along its dim and winding alleys.

I stood still, penetrated with the presence and the power of our beautiful Earth Mother. Nature is always true. And if I had bowed down and worshipped her then, it would have been the holiest hymn to Allah, in whose life is contained the life of all this material being.

As I stood thus, with the burning brow absorbing coolness, and the throbbing heart every moment beating more tranquilly, I thought that one of the shadows moved. It might have been a mass of foliage stirring in the wind. But on observing it closely, I saw that it had a regular and determined motion. In short, it was soon beyond question, that a substantial human form was very near me.

I knew at once that the broad and slowly-moving figure that rose from the ground, and towered up so majestically, could not have been compounded of the lithe limbs and gliding movements of my Host, whom I had more than once suspected, that evening, of lurking in my paths.

Determined, at all hazards, to know what ground I stood upon, in relation to the stranger, I went directly toward him; when, with the clear light which then appeared, I recognized at once the man whom I had but slightly seen before—in short, Sim, the husband of Zindie—a negro, and—shall I say a Slave? So at least it appears. And yet there was something ineffably grand in his whole aspect, as he loomed up loftily among the pines. It was not the massive framework, though it might well have been termed colossal, that so powerfully struck me. It was not the noble contour of the features, which, though truly African, were expressive and manly, showing well how that much-slandered type can be humanized, and sublimed, by a true development. It was not even the fine broadcloth, and fine white linen, in which he was clad, nor the manners of a finished gentleman, that marked his whole demeanor, that held me chained in speechless wonder and admiration. But it was the power and inspiration of Manhood, that pervaded, and filled, and fired the whole, which bound me to him, eye to eye, soul

to soul, as he finally stood before me, in his full breadth and stature, a giant in form and mind. Almost at the first glance I recognized the negro of my dream—the Representative and Liberator of his people. Feature by feature, they were the same—the same also in their magnificent outline and expression.

Eye to eye we stood, until I almost quailed beneath the look that seemed to open in his a glowing furnace with two outlets—so far down that I was lost in the depths of it. And I thought, as we stood so, that there is not—even for the innocent—a more terrible thing than to look an injured man directly in the eye. It might have been a minute—it might have been more—that we stood thus. Then he slowly turned his eyes and deliberately surveyed me. I was relieved when he spoke; for the power of the voice, with its clear, sonorous volume muffled into sweetness, could not be mistaken.

"I know you now," he said, slowly and emphatically. "I know you better than the white master—better even than the white mistress—better than any of the white lords and ladies. What I hear is true. You really *do mean* it."

"But, master," he added, stepping back a pace and regarding me with a look of ineffable sadness, "*you will not find it!*"

Approaching with a sudden movement, and once more fixing on me those searching eyes, he resumed; "If they could feel the rebuke of this—that you are looking for freedom *here*, it would consume them."

"But no;" he added mournfully, again retreating, "There *is* no feeling."

Then lifting his spread hands, with a slow wave-like motion, he said, in those low, searching tones, that had in them so much of power—so much of bitterness—"Freedom! What is it? It is a swamp-light, that will lead you into hidden danger. It is a mirage, that flies as you approach. It is a meteor, bright in the distance; but the boon it brings is darkness and death."

Perhaps there was never a more harmonious union of expres-

sion, in gesture, tones, speech and feature, to produce a grand oratorical effect, and even a high dramatic power, than I at that moment saw in the wonderful being before me. Was it, indeed, a sable Demosthenes, or some unrecognized Roscius, whom I then beheld? I could not break the silence that followed these words, so full of a deep and terrible prophecy, until after a little time he spoke again.

"But the true soul cannot be overcome. I know it," he added, striking his breast; "for there is something here stronger than their chains, or whips, or thumb-screws. It is so far beyond their reach that they cannot quite kill it. But O, master! if you could see how they crush—if you could feel how they torture it, you would know then that if it *could* die it would."

Slowly raising the right arm, with its open hand, toward Heaven, and at the same time lifting his eyes with an expression of the profoundest awe, he said, "There is a God, master. I know it. You know it. But does the white man who trades in human flesh—human souls—know it? Does *he* know it?" Indicating the master of the house near by, with an expressive gesture, he again paused.

"And who are you," I asked, with this wonderful speech—this marvellous comprehension of thought and feeling, this refinement of manner and appearance—this power of the whole being, that magnetizes, and enthralls me?"

"Can you read, master?" he answered, moodily stretching out his right hand, turning it toward the light.

And what did I see there? It was another great fact of my dream—literally, the Branded Hand. I tried to shut my eyes against it. I tried to think it was not there. But there it was. I could neither shut, nor look it out of sight.

He saw my emotion, but not the true cause of it, as he said, laying a finger of the other hand across the letters: "Though the scar is rough and deep, the mere hurt is a trifle. There are deeper and more incurable wounds than this."

He paused suddenly, for he saw how much I was affected.

Grasping mine with that very hand, till the prominent scars seemed to burn into my flesh, he added, "God bless you, master, for this kindness. But it pains you, let us forget it."

"By no means," I answered quickly, "I pray you read me this riddle; I desire nothing more."

"These letters, 'R R,'" he answered, withdrawing the hand, and holding it again to the light, "are commonly interpreted 'Runaway Rogue.' They who can look deeper, see as legibly written, 'The Price of Freedom.' This is what I, and many others, receive for the bare hope of it."

"How so?" I asked.

"We cannot safely talk now, master," he returned, "but one thing is certain, you will know more than you wish."

Then laying a finger across the scarred palm, he said with that same deep, caustic bitterness in his tones, that I had observed before: "By this sign, a slave. By these signs"—passing a hand over the surface of his own arm and face, and touching his crisped hair—a negro—an African." After a little pause, he added, with a scorching sarcasm of look and voice—"and first-cousin to the monkey. One explains the other."

"What does it mean?" I asked, in the excitement, forgetting myself, and going beyond the low tones, which our voices had hitherto preserved.

"Not quite so loud, master!" he said, in a scarcely audible whisper, adding after a moment of earnest and watchful silence, "The coil of the snake is wide. It is all around us—everywhere."

"Everywhere!" he continued, after a short pause, tossing up his arms wildly, as he went on. "It is in the cabin; in the big house; in the town—in the woods—in the swamp—over this whole land—everywhere!"

The voice again fell to a low, husky speech as he added: "He is cunning. He moves without shaking his rattles."

"This is all a mystery to me," I answered; "though I think I am beginning to understand it." It seemed then, as if a deep pit opened and yawned before me.

"Read it," he returned, in tones that fairly spun out, with a hissing sound—"read it in one word—'Slavery.' Read it in two words, most horrible of all 'American Slavery!'"

I laid my hand on his arm, for at that moment there was a decided stir in the shrubbery near the house.

"I go now," he said, muffling the whisper, by passing a hand over his lips. "More in Feliciana, where I shall find you."

He seemed to melt away into the woods, so noiselessly had he gone.

I sat down on the ground and tried to compose myself, for I could not yet comprehend all that I had seen and heard. "What is this American Slavery? I asked. Is it a great school for the highest unfolding of Manhood, that such as he could have grown up in the midst? What is it, indeed, that such a heart, such a mind, such a frame, can be held in unwilling bondage?" I could not answer myself, as I so seldom can, when these perplexing features of American life are brought before me. And this is surely the most wonderful—the most appalling of all I have yet seen. Terrible is the shadow of the Branded Hand.

But the grey dawn is opening in the east. Early birds are astir, and the morning star is beginning to fade in the deepening light. Everything is so wondrously pure and beautiful. There is such an inexhaustible wealth of happiness in the world, how can it be so squandered? The sleep of Earth is so saintly—the waking so full of power. Can I believe that in the very bosom of all these beauties—all these harmonies—a thing so terrible—so monstrous—now slumbers, and is permitted to live and grow? O, Nature, how canst thou smile, and sing, and blossom so, while human hearts are breaking, without a voice?

But I must leave this. I return to the house, and being admitted by a servant who is early awake, I reach my chamber without interruption. I throw myself on the bed; but sleep is an impossible thing. After fruitless efforts at composure I rise,

descend, and walk abroad, to cool and quiet my feverish condition, before breakfast.

When you write, commend me to Khadoun Pasha. I shall soon also write myself. I respect and honor him for his generous heart, and especially for the noble sentiment of filial love. I have not forgotten the day when his mother, the wife of Mohammed Ali Pasha, after having performed her pilgrimage, visited him at Medina. He placed a carpet in the middle of the street, and slept outside, at his mother's door. It can most truly be said that the mother and the son are worthy of each other.

I must now close, with but a Salaäm for thee and Youley.

LETTER X.

SHAHMAH RESOLVES TO BE DISENCHANTED.

French Market—Chain Gang—The Indians; their Character, Power, and Destiny—The Silent Letter—The Picture—Triumphant success—Effect on Theodosia—Dreams and Studies—Art and the Artist—An Excursion—The Flowers—Innocent Questions and sorrowful Answers—Shahmah feels his Danger—Returns to Mrs. Slicer's.

VALLAMBROZA, April 4.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I am as you may surmise, at the house of Mr. Bennett. The experience of last Sunday evening has hung over me with a nameless terror all day; and yet there has been enough of life and beauty, if it were possible, to banish it. In the morning I accompanied my kind hostess to the French Market. It was a varied and charming scene, full of the piquant expression, which the French people give to all they touch. The blooming shrubs, the brilliant flowers, the gay and musical birds, the gorgeous colored fruits, the vivacious human figures moving in all directions, and the really beautiful women, made altogether a panorama of continually varying effect, which it is easier to see and admire, than to describe so truly that it may enter on the conception of another. I wanted my little Youley with me, there were such loves of blossoms to give her; and I knew that though the names of the angels that dwelt in them might be unknown, still they would not speak in strange tongues to one who could so truly love and read their beautiful spirit. My little friend, Elize, has pressed a bouquet of them, for the gentle sister, of whom I often speak to her; and inclosed in this I send it. If it fades before reaching her, Youley will know that it is fragrant with the breath of kisses—embalmed with

those indestructible essences of pure fraternal love, that cannot die.

I break off suddenly; for my first packet has arrived. Tidings from home! O, joyful! O, blesséd! I linger on the unbroken seals. What unknown changes may be within them! But I look again at the soft curves I have taught her; and I know the tender hand of Youley—I press it to my lips—to my heart. The joyful tears blind me. Oh, what aromas what essences of that dearer, finer life, do I inhale in the very air that envelops it.

Two hours later. What can I do to-day, my brother, but read and think. Thy letters are like thy speech, intense and suggestive. Sometimes a single word will spring whole mines of thought. And Youley—Youley, the Shepherd Maiden of the Mountains, is now my correspondent—the reader of English verses, and a student in the beautiful sciences which her brothers so truly love! What will not Youley do to make the women of our people truer and happier? Oh, the Future is sometimes so beautiful, with the bare dream of it, I am lapped away into Elysium.

But I forget the scene I was describing, I must return.

The market is in its highest perfection about this time of year; and one may often see half the city there. The crowd seemed to-day to cover nearly a mile. Negroes, mulattoes, Germans, Spanish, and French, all trumpeting their wares in their own speech, or *patois*, created a surprising din, and that of not the most agreeable character; for most of these cries have a strong nasal twang.

But what most attracted my attention was a company of negroes, called the chain-gang, who sweep the Market. Each had an iron collar about his neck, from which a chain passed down the right side to the foot, where it was fastened about the ankle. It was a sad sight to see human beings walking about in iron chains, whether they are worn as a punishment for crime, or whether these men are strangers, who have been thrown into prison, and then sold to pay their jail fees, as I have heard some

times happens. After I saw them, I could not enjoy the gay spectacle, as I did before.

Near by the market we saw a company of American Indians, a small remnant of the people that once covered the land. Silently and surely they are fulfilling the law of Destiny—a law that governs the development and forces of human life. This ordains that the currents of civilization absorb, and finally extinguish the lower degrees of progression, so that a barbarous people can never remain long within the range of a highly developed, and civilized race. So at least I read in the American books and papers. But I confess, I cannot comprehend the philosophy. Is there, then, of necessity, a destructive element in Civilization, or even in Christianity itself? If this is true, the agents and supporters of Foreign Missions must be committing an irreparable wrong by thus invading unoffending, peaceful nations, and sowing therein seeds of dissolution and death. If one is true, so the other must be. There is no escaping it. If it is Civilization that has this destructive effect in the whole, it must, in a corresponding degree, have the same effect in every part of the whole. I must look into this. But meanwhile I would suggest that it may possibly be some covert wrong, that Civilization envelops and conceals. It is evident, whatever be the cause, that these people feel the forces which are acting upon them, and are already falling into decay. But there is a kind of Roman grandeur about them, which seems to indicate that all this power must have a truer use, and a higher end, than has yet, in the economy of ages, been recognized for them. Even the little children are inspired with it; and a boy of twelve years, practising on the Levée with his mimic bow and arrow, will, by every line of his face, carry you back, in thought, to the Roman Senate; while every lineament of his form, in mould and motion, so graceful and perfect, will as truly remind you of the spirit of the Belviderian Apollo, of the life, character and beauty of Greece. Can it be that these indications of a remarkable power have no interior correspondence—that they are never to unfold

the reality, which they now merely shadow forth? To suppose so would be to suppose an impossible interruption between the laws of cause and effect. To say that the peculiar genius, which their organism and character so forcibly suggest, has remained undeveloped for ages, does not affect the argument at all; or it touches, only to strengthen it; for if there had not been a real life in it, the determination would have failed, and the expression died out, long ago. By every sign that can indicate a true individuality of character in a people, these must have their special mission and work to do; and truly will the ages unfold it. Whether it be opened to thousands, or scores, or only to individuals, the concentrated energy will be truly preserved, and will yet evolve itself with that intense action, which has been retarded in the Past, only to be accumulated, and exalted, in the Future.

Saturday, April 17.—I have been in a profound study for several days, and am now able to lay before you the results. It is surprising how that face came out to me, as I had hoped and believed. It was in vain that I invoked it as an abstract appearance; but whenever I sat down to my work, and became absorbed in that, always there came to me those same dark, wonderful, Spanish-quadroon eyes—I feel impressed to compound the idea of their origin thus, because in no other than quadroon eyes have I seen those two characters of intense radiance and melting softness, combined, at least, in their full perfection. But these had more expression and variety than those, as Theodosia's have, in a yet higher degree. When the eyes were well developed as a fact of sight, they seemed to look upon, and magnetize me; and then around them, as a nucleus, the face gradually organized itself; and in one or two cases there came also the whole figure. If I were suddenly disturbed, or returned to the outer thought, by any impression aside from my work, the whole passed off in a rare, colored vapor; and I was inclined to believe it all illusion. But with the first return to the pencil it would reorganize, performing all the functions of

the best of sitters, seeming to comprehend my thought so truly, that it would place itself in the best position, even before I could have had time to speak, had I intended it. In this way I often worked on for hours, the daguerreotype and the dead tress, having become a dead letter, as they would have been if the living form had actually been present.

These sittings were held with closed doors, which I rigidly refused to open to any person; and I kept the key in my own pocket, whenever I went out. The consequence was, that I made rapid progress with the picture. It is now done, and is considered little less than a miracle. And since the finer touches were given to the face by that last and most inspiring look, as of the real presence, and the tone of the whole figure has been deepened by the finish of the background, I have been almost led to think so myself.

Theodosia had, evidently, not very well liked her exclusion from my studio; but she had no idea what I was about; for the Don wanted to see if she could detect any likeness, as it was supposed that she might remember something of her mother. This morning she was invited in, to see the work. At first a strange expression of wonder, almost of fear, came over her speaking face. Then thoughts of mingled pain and pleasure appeared to be revived. There seemed to be a struggle to unite associations of the past and present. The feeling deepened She paused. She stood still. The fair hands were clasped and lifted, the head bending earnestly forward, as if invoking the distant and shadowy idea. Then the whole rapturous truth broke upon her at once. She recognized her mother.

With almost a shriek, she exclaimed: "O, mamma!" and springing forward, she knelt before the picture, bowing herself down quite to the ground, overcome by the too vividly awakened image of the sweet motherhood, that had always come as with the far-off look of an angel, but was now embodied, and made present with her.

No one had expected such a burst of feeling from the sunny-

hearted girl; and it was some time before she could be restored to her usual quiet. The work was equally true to others, who had farther-reaching and more critical memories. In short, the success was perfect. Never did any artist receive more fervid and grateful acknowledgments. I was oppressed by their enthusiasm. The don, who has nothing of coldness or caution in *his* nature, tenderly embraced me, as did also the padré; and I really thought, for a moment, that madame was going to complete the trio. Perhaps the purple hair, and the oblique rouge spots, may have stood between me and the honor, as I involuntarily drew back, though I *do* appreciate her kind intent.

We all sat down around the picture; and for some time there was silence in the room. Theodosia stood gazing at it for some minutes, as if her soul were communing with the dear and mournful memories it awakened. Then, suddenly springing forward, and grasping my hand, she exclaimed: "O, Shahmah! you have given us back dear mamma; and how *can* we love you as we ought?"

The whole action was so simple, so childlike, so full of the sweetest *naïveté*, that even Madame Laurette could not, by the lightest rebuke, show her that such a manifestation might possibly be wrong; and Mr. Bennett felt too strong a sympathy, to dream even of such a thought.

Theodosia is evidently putting forth another, and equally strong tendency, in her newly awakened love of Art. In her nature the poetic temperament, which she inherited from her mother, strongly predominates; and even her regard for science is modified by this inherent power. It is through her fine sense of beauty, that she approaches truth. I have brought all my pictures over here, notwithstanding the trouble of unboxing and transporting them She seems to be thrown into a kind of dreamy rapture over them; and though she knows nothing of the rules of Art, I can see that she regards them critically. It is not sight, merely; it is study. This is due to the strong

mathematical basis of her mental power, which is, I believe, necessary to strength, or real greatness, in any modification of genius. I find that though she is much pleased with heads, she is far more delighted with landscapes. Whenever I open my portfolio, she creeps timidly near, as if in her deep reverence for the majesty of Art, she felt that too free a look is almost profane.

To-day I put up my large oil painting of Thebes; and I wish you could have seen Theodosia, as I saw her, standing before it, with the small hands folded on the throbbing heart, the fine head bent forward, the fair lids with their fringe of darkness, pendant; and every line of her expressive face interfused with the new spirit that possessed her. Her beauty, her enthusiasm, her divine rapture, all gave a character and expression almost superhuman. She seemed to me some youthful Spirit, or embodiment of my cherished Art itself. And here I am, Hassan; here I am, Youley, conscious only of the blisses that flow to me from this mind, that leads and controls me most by venerating mine—by the inquiring thought, that has found my superior knowledge valuable, and necessary to her. Is it best, is it right, is it possible, for me to break away from all this, and say I will not have it so? I ask myself these questions daily—hourly; but I cannot answer them. Will the Fate that has brought me hither, answer for me?

April 30.—Theodosia has become a regular student; and sketches, landscapes, heads, are achieved with a rapidity that astonishes every one, but most of all myself, who best know the difficulties she has mastered.

We have made frequent excursions into the country; but besides servants, we are always attended by either Madame Laurette, or the good padré, and often by the whole party. Yesterday we made a trip some miles up the river, where we get a fine view of the city, with its chain of lakes.

As the heat of the day came on, we adjourned to a little bower of magnolias and China trees, the first of which are now

unfolding their magnificent flowers. They are snowy white, and in some species nearly a foot in diameter; but one, only, the glauca, have I found that is agreeably fragrant. The China tree is now nearly out of flower. There are many creepers. One of them, a vine like that of the muscadine grape, forms large and dense thickets, which it brightens and perfumes with its long, rich, and tufted clusters of rose-white blossoms. The bignonia, a strong shrubby climber, called by the negroes "dad's thumb," has now opened its large, spotted trumpet-shaped flowers—making the grim old swamps gaudy with their flame-colored brightness. The Cherokee rose, with its magnificent white flowers, and its clouds of perfume, is everywhere brightening and sweetening the air; and the beautiful flesh-colored passiflora is just coming forth.

On the lower courses of the Mississippi the bamboo, or cane, grows in such compact masses that the smallest bird could not fly among it. This is especially true of one species, with long and dagger-shaped leaves, not unlike those of the Egyptian millet.

In this perfect wantonness of nature, I have no names for the flowers; but I notice some old favorites, and a great variety of twining vines and water plants. I have also seen, but in a few instances, the palmetto with its fan-shaped leaves, and its vivid verdure. For some unknown reason, this tree always seems to awake in me associations, as of some almost forgotten dream—or perhaps more like a dimly remembered reality.

And it was in such a bower that I sat alone with Theodosia, the great river, with its profound monotony, rolling near by, and our friends removed at a considerable distance; for while the don, who was somewhat fatigued, was taking a siesta, madame and the padré were engaged in the discussion of a delicate point of faith, leaving us to make little sketches, and pursue our talk uninterruptedly together.

There had been a short silence. Looking upon Theodosia,

and thinking of the wide—perhaps impassable distance, that lay between us, I grew sad. She observed it, and asked the reason. But getting no reply, save a mournful shake of the head, she went on with her questions. "You are lonely. Perhaps you are sighing to see your mother, your sister, or your wife?"

"Alas!" I replied, "I have neither wife nor mother; and my dear and precious sister is far away."

"You could not look yourself up a mother, nor bring your sister, by a wish, to be present with you; but you might find a wife, couldn't you? And then, I dare say, you would be much happier."

"Ah, no," I replied, now perplexed, as well as saddened; for I liked not this bringing out my hidden thoughts. "I have much work to do in the world; and I am yet too poor to think of marrying."

"What is poor?" she asked, pressing a delicate thumb and finger against her white forehead, with a look of perplexity; "I do not think I truly understand what it is to be poor."

After reflecting a moment, she said, "Ah, now I remember, when Mamma—Heaven rest her sweet soul!—used to take me to La Misericordia, she said the people there were poor; but everything was so pleasant and nice around them, I never thought it could be an unpleasant thing. Tell me Shahmah! If it is, I will speak to papa; and it shall never trouble you."

Here was a new phenomenon—a girl, fifteen years old, with a fine intellect, and remarkably quick observing faculties, so completely isolated by wealth and luxury, that she had no just conception of poverty, as a common and absolute fact; though it forms one of the most characteristic features in the life around her. I knew that the ever-watchful love, and the depth of seclusion in which she has lived—and from whence every painful and unpleasant thing has carefully been kept, had both contributed to make this ignorance of common life possible; and yet it is a thing one could not easily believe. The abstraction

had also been deepened by the peculiar character of her studies. Being chiefly engrossed by scientific subjects, she has had little opportunity to correct herself, or form truer impressions, by such reading as involves pictures of life, Romance and History.

But however it came, a thought of how that question might, even yet, be answered for her, contributed still more deeply to sadden me, as I said earnestly, "Ah, my sweet Theodosia! may you always remain in this blissful ignorance of one of life's greatest evils, which has paralyzed many a warm heart, and bound many a strong hand."

But if you live with us, as I know papa wishes, you will not be poor then, will you?"

"Ah, no! That can never be. I have to do a great work in the world—a work to which I have bound myself."

"Couldn't I help you?" she suggested. "I love to work. It is very dull to be idle. Pray, then, let me help you."

"No;" I answered. "This will require many sacrifices. It may be a work of great suffering. You cannot help me, otherwise than by permitting me to remember—as I always must—how pleasant it was to find you. It really cannot be, my Theodosia."

"But it *can*," she responded, laying a finger on my arm, with a very positive air. "So you have no mother? That is sad. I have none. And your sister is far away. I have no brother. Suppose I should give myself to you, to be your sister? Then I should gain as much as you; for I should have a brother; you would have a sister, always near; and papa will be a father to both of us. I will run this moment and ask him."

"I beg of you, Theodosia, not to speak of such a thing!" I said, earnestly.

She came back, adding with some hesitation: "You might marry a rich lady. There's the Senhora Clara and the Senhora Marcellina or the"——

I interrupted her. "Do not speak so, Theodosia. It is impossible. I have hands, strength, and a will to work; and if I had not, I could not so degrade myself."

"You think, perhaps, they would not choose to marry you;" she returned, with a puzzled look. "But I know better. They would, indeed. I wish that some good, kind, loving lady, as old as you are, could know how happy we have all been since you came here—and"—— She hesitated a moment, and then with a blush of almost awakened consciousness, added—"what a blessing it is to be near you."

I said nothing; though every moment I grew sadder; and she went on. "I am sure, I do not wish it. I should be very sorry to have you go away, as in that case you must. Indeed, it seems now, as if it would make me very wretched to lose you. It was so wonderful a thing to find you. It seemed just like walking by a great sea, all alone, and finding a pearl, which many had seen before, but had not known it. And it was mine because I *did* know it." Thus she went on, in her perfect innocence, wholly unaware of whither her words were leading her.

We were both silent for a little while; and then she said: "There, I have caught your dolors; and I don't thank you much for it." Thus brightening up again, she continued: "I see now there is no need of that. I will be your sister; and you shall live here, and be my brother. I cannot wait till papa wakes. I will go this instant and rouse, that I may ask him."

Kissing her hand playfully, she was springing away, spite of my entreaties for her return, when a new thought possessed her. Still intent on her benevolent purpose, she came back, and standing directly before me, and looking me full in the eyes, with all the profound earnestness, and beautiful truth of her nature beaming through hers, she said: "On the whole, I think I will not ask papa *that* question. You said, Shahmah, or seemed to think, that a rich senhora might not choose to marry you; and so the thought appeared degrading. I think that one would be very simple, not to choose a companion, that would make one so very happy. I would marry you, Shahmah, in one moment, if I were old enough, and papa, and the padré, and madame, were willing—and— But I have much yet to learn; and perhaps you

would not like to wait." Then seeing me smile, though I felt at that moment as if I could bow down my soul and weep over her, she put her living ruby of a mouth close to my ear, whispering: "Shall I ask papa THAT question?"

There was something in her whole manner so sweetly innocent, so exquisitely delicate, so void of all passion, so perfectly unconscious of anything dangerous, or wrong, or even peculiar; one could see at a glance it was nothing bold or immodest, which thus inspired her, but the kindness of a gentle nature, devising ways and means of happiness for the one to whom it was overflowing with grateful affection. In the simplicity of the child-heart she had reached a deeper want, and uttered a profounder truth than she knew of. Will unfolding time and passion, sear, and crush, or yet more truly unfold the capacity of love, in that pure and sinless heart? How full of terror is this uncertainty, that hangs over the fate of the brightest and the best! Filled with this yearning but chastened thought, with one glance at the duenna, whose back at the moment was turned, I drew the young creature tenderly, but sorrowfully, to my arms; and parting the bright curls, pressed my lips upon her forehead, whispering as I did so: "No, no; my dearest little sister; I had much rather you would not."

"Then I am afraid"—she said, withdrawing herself with some dignity, as if she had at least an instinct of what was due to her sex—"I am afraid"——

"What is it you fear?" I asked, with a sad smile.

"That—that—you do not love me as well as I love you; for I think it would be very pleasant to live with you always; and so do papa, and the padré, and madame, I know. But indeed," she added, as if she were, in her sweet bewilderment, coming still nearer to the truth, "I did not say what I did for *that* reason. I said it because I thought you were sad, and I wished to make you happy. But if it displeases you, pray do not remember it. Pray do not;" she repeated, imploringly.

Then coming close to me, she took my hands, and pressing

them together in hers, she looked into my eyes, with such a truthful, yet deep and tender expression, beaming in her own, as made me feel the danger of being too near; for young as she is, the impassioned feeling with which I at first regarded her continually deepens. Urged by an instinct of honorable action I saw then, for the first time, that I should, by an exertion of the strongest will power, withdraw myself from this enchantment.

Scarcely returning the pressure of those tender hands, I said: "No, my sweet little sister! I am not displeased with you. You never would, nor could, I am sure, do anything to offend me. I am only sad because I must so soon leave you."

"Is that true, Shahmah?" she asked, as if doubting the evidence of her own ears; and then, with her happy faith, she added: "O, no; you are in jest. You do not mean it."

"Indeed, I do," I replied. "I must return this evening; or at the farthest to-morrow, to your uncle's; and in a few days I shall probably go up the river to"——

"O, yes; to Feliciana. And I shall go there, too; for Uncle Simon has a fine estate there; and I have already promised Aunt Elize to spend a part of the summer with her. But I was hoping—and I hope still—that you might stay here—at least till we went up"—— Then she added—her eyes bent on mine, with the same earnest but saddened look; "Shahmah, if you go away, it really seems to me as if I should be *very* unhappy. I do not know what it is, to be sure; but I really think I shall be quite miserable. Indeed, I feel as if I should almost cry now;" and the softest little sob in the world bore testimony to the truth of her remark. Then a fuller consciousness of loss coming over her, she drew her hands away; and going to her father, informed him of the intended departure.

The solicitations to remain—to make his house my home—so long as I may stay in the country or for any time, were profuse, and I doubt not, sincere. But I had reached a point where, to find safety, I knew I must be inflexible.

Could they have known the sacrifice this step was to me, what would have been the consequence? Will men ever be so honest to each other, that a true and pure affection may dare to utter itself, everywhere? Will there be a time when Custom—with its sealed weights and measures—cannot compel us to fly from our best friends, as from our worst enemies; and when there will be no misunderstanding between heart and heart?

But why, in the contemplation of that bright young life, do I have such a sad presentiment? It is as if a dark cloud had swung suddenly over, with none to shelter it from the all-untried and pitiless storm. It seems the lot of genius to suffer. Whom the Gods love they chasten. And is she, also, to acquire that highest mental and moral power, that can only be wrought out of suffering? Even gold is refined by the trial of fire; and the finest virgin ore, comes out purer from the crucible. To every strong character there must be a period of intense trial—a crisis in its fate, over which, if it passes triumphantly, it has little else to fear. With all my hope for her—with all my faith that even this will be good for her—I can have only the instinct to shield and save her, crying out from my inmost soul: "Forbid it, Gracious Allah! or let me—if it must be—suffer in her stead."

FAUBOURG ST. MARY'S, May 2.

I am returned, as the date will show, but I must now hastily bid thee adieu, only desiring that the current of thought, which has reached me, be continued unbroken. I waft myself in spirit toward the temple of the Holy Shrine, and I know that guardian angels are hovering in the air; for the black * drapery of the Khaäba is waving with every breath—waving toward home—waving, with a sign of joy and blessing, toward thee and Youley. So may it be ever.

Salaäm for thee and thine,

SHAHMAH.

* In the motions of the holy drapery, there is an omen, fortunate, or otherwise, according as it waves toward, or away from the object desired.

LETTER XI.

MRS. SLICER TELLS ANOTHER STORY.

Horrible Discoveries—Peculiar Constitution and Genius of Mrs. Slicer—Love of Flowers—The Captive Lily—Unexpected Confidence—Mrs. Slicer's Father—His Overseer—His Sudden Illness—The Forced Marriage—The Orphan Bride—Determination to obey—Servants left unprotected—Loss of these Humble Friends—Shahmah cannot again close his eyes to the horrible truth—His guiding Star is dark and distant.

FAUBOURG ST. MARY'S, May 2.

BROTHER HASSAN:

It is now Sunday again, as you will perceive by the date—late in the night, indeed; but I am too much agitated for sleep. I have heard a story this day, that has filled me with astonishment and horror. Ah, my brother, is that divine Freedom we are seeking, like the Eastern* bird, that hovers forever above the Earth, but never touches it? Are we only to obtain glimpses of its bright plumage, lit by the sunshine of higher spheres, ere the glittering wing is spread, and the beautiful spirit is lost in the shadows of impenetrable distance?

True it is, that in seeking a higher civilization, I seem here to have been thrust back into a profounder barbarism. True it is, that abuses, which Algerians have grown to be ashamed of—crimes, which Mahometans everywhere are beginning to repudiate and outlaw—wrongs and corruptions, which even the most abusive and voluptuous Turk never dreamed of, are here common occurrences. Here is not merely the polygamy of the East, but an undefined, and often incestuous plurality of wives. Yes, here, under the broad shield of the Federal Constitution, men

* The Huma.

are bought and sold—as bits of merchandise—chattels—*things*. Here, in the sanctuary of Jesus of Nazareth, fathers breed their own children for the slave market—educate their own daughters, and sell them into corruption, far worse than that of an Eastern Harem. Will you say that these are monsters, who have grown beastly among the filth of society? But I tell you, nay. They are in good standing, socially and religiously—pillars of the State, and lights of the Church.

But I will give you the story, and let your own judgment decide. I have silenced all suspicion. I have shut my eyes against everything, that seemed likely to shake my faith in the integrity of this Government, and this People. But now conviction is forced upon me; and I cannot resist it.

After tea this evening, Mr. Slicer rose abruptly, and went out, without any explanation, as he now often does, since he finds I am so well at home in his house. The young ladies were engaged, Elize in visiting some poor people, and Ellene practising pious airs on the organ. The children went out to enjoy the freedom, for which their father's absence was a signal; and I was left alone in the drawing-room with my beautiful hostess. I was really disconcerted at the first view; and the first impression was one of flight; for I could not but feel myself wholly unprepared for that confidential intimacy, which the position of things, though perhaps more my own diffidence, seemed to suggest. But the charming affability of the lady soon put me quite at ease, as I am always inclined to be in her presence. I have told you before that there is something about her, which I cannot define better, than as a kind of spiritual aroma, that always exerts a wonderful charm over me; and all my feelings become affected, and more or less inspired by it.

In matters of taste and observation there are many points of sympathy between us. Such is her fondness for flowers. Though not scientific, she is such a true lover of the Beautiful, and has entered with so much enthusiasm into an observation of their life and habits, that she really knows more of them, than some per-

sons of much higher pretensions. I will say here, that she seems to be one of those finely organized beings, where the intellectual power is not concentrated, as in its normal condition; but, on the contrary, seems to be diffused through the whole substance. Instead of acting mathematically, through a series of solutions, it acts impressionally by a reception of the spirit, before the form of the idea can be either seen or recognized by ordinary persons. Thus it often transcends the power of reason, whose results it absorbs as an essence, before the operation of laws can be demonstrated by the tardier, yet not truer mind.

So, as I suggested, we came to talk of the flowers, and to explain to each other traits of the several tribes which were, on one side or the other, unknown. Among these were the large Water Lily—which she had been the first to introduce to me—and its oriental sister, the celebrated Lotus of the Nile.

Suddenly she paused, and said with a point and expression, which I could not misunderstand: "The beautiful Lily is a captive. I have made for it as much as I could of the life it has left behind; but oh, I know it is not freedom. The great cedars, and the deep shadow, and the sand-pipers that love it so well, are not here. It is not the life the lily chose for itself; no, it is *not* freedom."

As she uttered this last word, the small hands were drawn to her heart, with a convulsive pressure, and the soft brilliancy of the large eyes was suffused with tears. I was inexpressibly affected; but I knew not what to say, nor how to conduct myself; for though some reply seemed necessary, I saw instinctively that there was an allusion to things I had observed in her own household, that might not bear investigation. I was guarded against committing, by any remark, those who should be dear to her. The character of her husband, and his relations, must still be sacred to me. But while I was revolving this in my mind, a noticeable change was taking place in her.

With an effort at self-control, which appeared remarkable in one so delicately organized, she wiped off the starting tears; and,

rising, went out into the hall. I heard her tell the little negress, Cu, she might go and visit her mother—that she would send for her, so she might be in her place again before massa came back. Returning, she looked into the adjoining rooms and galleries, as if to assure herself that there were no loiterers. Reëntering the drawing-room, she closed all the doors, and approached me with a steady step, as if, by a strong effort, she had bound herself to a hard duty. The evident preparation made me uncomfortable and nervous; but her earnest look reassured me.

Coming quite close, and laying a hand on my arm, she looked in my face, as if the whole soul were breaking through her eyes, at the same time saying in a smothered voice, but with a deep emphasis on every word: "*Let me trust you.*"

There was something in the look, the tones, in the whole power and spirit of the action, that completely unmanned me. I looked into the depth of the clear eye. It was so full of sadness, and yet so true and pure, I almost forgot the sorrow in the beauty. I took the small hand, and pressed it in my own; for I felt that it was the hand of a true sister. I told her this, as well as I was able, and that I would be worthy of her trust. She then grew calm, and sat down quietly beside me. As she spoke, she was still more composed; for, as she said, the unwonted confidence relieved her. Very soon her voice became clear and musical as ever, though necessarily restricted to low tones.

"Be not surprised," she began, "when I tell you that there are things, that will not be crushed down in my heart any longer. The time has come; and I *must* speak. Pardon me for asking this of you; and be not alarmed, though what I have to tell you may appear strange, and even suspicious."

"I know you will—you must believe me," she continued after a momentary silence, "though I have that to say, which would be otherwise incredible. I am, as you may have heard, the only child of a French family of great wealth and distinction, who were driven abroad by troubles in the old country. My mother

died while I was yet an infant; but the affection of my father, sought to supply the place of her we had lost. All that love or money could give, was unsparingly lavished on me.

"When I was about fourteen years old, Mr. Slicer was engaged as an overseer by my father. Everything throve under his care; and the plantation, which had become greatly impoverished, soon redoubled its value. My father, though in the main, a very shrewd man, had his weak points. Among these were an impatience of contradiction, and an unwillingness to admit himself to be in any error. The new overseer soon saw his blind side. My father liked authority; and he was subservient. My father liked to think that his own ideas were best; and he made him believe even when he laid his own plans before him, that he himself had first conceived of every improvement. The consequence was that the servant obtained entire dominion over the master. In all things the new overseer worked for himself; and with this view, made the best of his power.

"Such was the position of things, when my father was attacked by a sudden sickness. In this terrible extremity he looked round for some one, who might be a protector for his dear and only child. We had lived greatly secluded; and we had not a near friend or relative in the country. Was it strange that his thoughts turned on his overseer, or that the cunning spirit of the latter would be ready, either with suggestion or assent, for such an emergency. Whether Mr. Slicer did really prompt my father, or not, I never knew; but I have had very strong suspicions, founded, too, on strong circumstances, that the patient's cup was drugged by some substance that for a time blinded his reason, and perhaps hastened his death. It is true that my father appeared insane. It is true that he was deaf to all my cries, and beheld my distress, apparently unmoved; though up to that cruel hour, he had never, in my whole life, crossed me by so much as a severe word.

"I was commanded to prepare instantly for marriage with that cold-hearted villain, whom, of all other men, I loathed. My

father even threatened me with his everlasting curse, if I refused. In the fierce excitement, he raised himself in bed, and sat upright. I never shall forget the flame of exultation, that lit his leaden eyes, as the priest came in. He had been afraid of dying before the time. He commanded the priest to use few words, but go on directly, to the binding part. The Church Marriage Service, greatly abridged, was shuffled over. Meanwhile my father took my hand, and gave it into the viper's clasp. It is strange that that horrible scene did not annihilate all recollection; but I clearly remember now, how cold, and slimy, and serpent-like, the long, lithe fingers wound themselves round mine. My father held my other hand—the clasp every instant stiffening, and growing colder. The ice-bolt entered my heart; for the same instant that saw me the legal wife of the man I most hated, beheld me an orphan. Poor, dear father! He did not know it; but his heart and mine broke together.

"How, or why I lived, I cannot tell you. I never could imagine it for myself. But as soon as I was restored to consciousness, I resolved, as far as I was able, to be still a dutiful child, and at least try to do my father's bidding. I recalled every act of love, which, during my short life, I had met from him. I studied day by day, and hour by hour, how I might best obey him. I sought every opportunity to act kindly toward my husband, to see if anything like that would make me love him—make me even tolerate him. I purchased rich presents, learned and prepared his favorite dishes, and planned little surprises for him. I sought, by every means, to strengthen myself in my supposed duty. At times I almost succeeded in making myself forget how utterly loathsome he was. The very thought of him yet sickens me; and I shrink from him with unspeakable horror. And yet, if his character had not opened into such utter foulness—if his heart had not seemed blacker than the heart of a fiend, I might have made his society tolerable to me.

"But one word of justice; for even he has that claim—and then you shall hear what I cannot lock up in myself any longer.

I will, then, say that he has always been kind to me, as he promised my father he would be; and he is even very indulgent to the children. One thing is true, and that is the best of all, he has never annoyed me with any pretence of excessive affection. He is a cold observer of the letter of the law. That is his character. Whatever is in the bond, or what he formally promises to do, will always be strictly fulfilled. He has done everything which he promised my father to do.

"But"—here she drew again the small clenched hand to her heart, with a sudden and violent motion, as she added, in a scarcely audible voice—"our good servants were forgotten. He did not promise to protect *them*. He did not promise to secure to them that freedom, of which myself and my father had often dreamed, and for which we were keeping them, refusing the most advantageous offers of sale."

"Sale!" I exclaimed, with a sudden light breaking in, to explain many dark and mysterious things, as well as to confirm others which I could not believe. "Do I really hear aright? Did you speak of selling?"

"Is it possible," she answered, "that you have been here so long, and yet do not know that you are in a land of Slavery—where human beings are bought and sold?"

I ought to have been prepared for this; but I was not; for still I had found the monstrous thought inconceivable. It conflicted so with my faith in this country—faith in the very existence of freedom, itself—that when the occasion went by, all these things appeared as myths—stories of the night, that were hardly to be spoken in the open day. It is surprising, now I look back, to see how blinded I was, by that invincible will to find here the freedom which I sought. The truth came to me, as if I had never heard it before. The shock was terrible. I tried to get back into the dark; but I could not. There was the shameful lettering, in crimson characters, staring me in the face. "SLAVERY"—"AMERICAN SLAVERY!" It seemed to cover

everything, and even after a few minutes' pause, when she had resumed her narrative, I could not shut my eyes against it.

"Pardon me," she said; "though I see you are greatly shocked, I must go on; for time is precious. Our servants, as I told you, were forgotten in the scene I have tried to picture. I shall never cease to regret this; for though Mr. Slicer may falsify the spirit of his word in a thousand ways, to the formal obligation he is always true. Our household servants, for reasons I have mentioned, were not only numerous, but very intelligent and valuable. They were my humble friends, playmates, and almost like brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, and other near relatives; yet out of more than four score, I was permitted to keep only five of them. This was a business transaction, in which he did not admit of my interference; and so his selling has been ever since.

"Soon after our marriage, Mr. Slicer put on the character of a true speculator—or the jockey spirit, which, I am told, marks the Yankees, especially those of his native State. Every way in which he could make one penny two, from the base truckling of a jack-knife, to the sale of a plantation, he will enter on, with almost equal avidity. Weakness and inexperience he considers his lawful prey.

"But now comes the worst. I have said our servants were valuable. They had lived in an atmosphere of love. All their best traits and capabilities were stimulated and developed. His keen eyes only saw in them so much ready money. They were my friends, the companions of my childhood, whose attention and sympathy had become familiar and necessary to me; yet I was ready to relinquish them, whenever their condition could be improved by the change. There was no end to the speculation. For months I was almost maddened by it. It was cruelly protracted by his tampering, and waiting for great bargains. My heart sickens at the thought. Suffice it to say, that husbands were torn from their wives, mothers and children were forced asunder, and every earthly tie was violated. All this is bad

enough ; but the worst I have not yet told you. There were in our house two beautiful quadroons. I loved them dearly as if they had been sisters; and, for aught I know, they were. They were tender and delicate, my playmates in childhood, my friends in riper years. What do you think he did with them ? He sold one of them away from her husband at a fabulous price, for a life of impurity and crime. Do you conceive of the horror of this thing ? that a pure and good girl, yes a gentle and delicate girl, should have her tenderest affections trodden under foot, and be sold for money to be the slave of worse than brute passion —and yet no law in the land that could, for one moment, protect her.

"The other was Zindie. Of her I have to tell you.

"It was a circumstance like this, which came to my knowledge when very young, that first made me think of the great wrong of slavery. Then my mind was made up, that I would fulfill my obligations as a human being, and clear myself of the wrong of this inhuman traffic. I besought my father continually, until he promised me that, in a very short time, he would provide for the unconditional manumission of all our slaves ; and we were actually looking around for a proper place to effect their settlement, when he was so suddenly removed. Can anything be right, which suffers the fate of even a single human being to be suspended on so frail and precarious a thread ? The best of masters cannot protect their slaves, because they cannot secure themselves against death or bankruptcy; and, in either case, property of all kinds is liable to be sold."

At this point the story was interrupted ; and as I am likely to be engaged for the remainder of the day, I will forward this as it is, though well I know it will grieve thy honest and noble heart. Oh, my beloved brother, we cannot yet make men as we wish them to be.

In haste, adieu.

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XII.

MR. SLICER'S FANCY ARTICLES.

The Foster Sister—Her Sufferings and Wrongs—Minna and Brenda—Their Education and Destiny—Price of Wickedness—Even the Innocent tainted—Mrs. Slicer feels herself Dishonored—Her Duty as a Woman violated—Impossibility of Right when bound by Wrong—Despair of Shahmah—His Star seems to set in Darkness—Reaction—Prolonged Conflict—The Star Reappears.

FAUBOURG ST. MARY'S, May 4.

BROTHER HASSAN :

That the narrative may be unbroken, I return to it at once, as it was resumed yesterday morning. Speaking of Zindie, Mrs. Slicer said : "She is the daughter of my nurse, my foster sister, and nearly of my own age. We were nursed both at the same time ; and never having had a sister of my own, as is very natural, she is the dearest of all. I have told you how all my prayers and tears were disregarded in the sale of the others ; but when he came to her, I stood back on my prerogative, as a wife, a daughter, a friend—the protector of a human being. I told him that if he laid hands on her, to sell her, I would be sold too ; that I would go to the block, and offer myself, and entreat the man who purchased her to take me also ; and I was determined to do it. I believe I frightened him ; for, contrary to my expectations, his inflexible will, for once, gave way.

"Zindie has a husband of her own, to whom she is tenderly attached. She is united to him by all that can make marriage—their own free choice, their solemn covenant, and the blessing of holy priest. Yes ; I myself was her bridesmaid.

Her husband lives on another plantation, and they are not permitted to see each other, under a pretence of Sabbath-breaking. And yet this man, who is so cruelly wronged—so intolerably outraged—is one of the noblest of human beings. In mind and heart, in form and character, he is made on the grandest scale. Yes; negro as he is, I have never seen his equal. I often say to myself that this great power must, even in defiance of all obstacles, have a corresponding destiny; and it is my faith that he will yet live to achieve it. He is not only a gentleman, but actually the most complete and finished gentleman I know. Even the poor negroes, his fellow-slaves—who might, and doubtless would, toward a lower order of character, feel envy, have none for him. By common consent he is called Mr., and that even by the Whites. As Mr. Sim, you will see, and recognize him."

"I have seen this man," I answered, as she paused a moment—pressing a hand to her chest; for the terrible subject not only pained but exhausted her—"I have seen him. I am ready to believe all you can say of him; and even more. But tell me, I pray you, why he is no different in dress and manner, in speech and power, from all others of his kind? By what strange freak of fortune is he thus distinguished?"

"Not now," she returned, sadly, inspiring a deep breath as she spoke; "at Feliciana you shall know all. His story is, indeed, remarkable, and his fortune singular. I have never heard of a case like it. He and poor Zindie have been very strongly attached to each other almost from children up. Judge, then, of the sufferings they endure, in view of this fact, that the Sabbath-breaking is only a pretext, by which Mr. Slicer confirms, and carries forward his wicked plans. The truth is, he appropriates her to himself. When you become acquainted with the customs of the country, you will not be surprised to learn of such arrangements. Do not the almost infinite shades of complexion tell you that this is true?

"You are surprised to hear me speak so coolly. But if you

knew the trials I have had with Zindie—how she first came to me, with that broken-hearted look—how she fell at my feet, and with frightful shrieks and convulsions, confessed what she called her sin against me. Oh, how I wept over her—prayed over her—implored the holy Madonna, to come and save her! I invoked every Saint that was ever known as a friend to woman; but—poor Zindie *could not be saved.* She and I were broken-hearted together.

"Horrible as all this seems, I have really not yet told you the worst. You have seen the two little girls, daughters of Zindie. Their complexion will remind you of their parentage; but I love them truly, notwithstanding they are *his.* You have seen how graceful and delicate—how truly beautiful they are; and they have been nurtured in the love of all that is good and true. But—do you believe me—their own father is training them for the profligate market of New Orleans. He is educating them for mistresses, and for this base and cruel purpose, he has made the little things really accomplished—truly adorned them as victims for the sacrifice. They cannot be taught to read or write, on account of the laws; but they excel in music and dancing; and the best of masters are employed to teach them. Minna, the eldest, has a fine ear, and a very sweet voice. Her execution also is really powerful, by which I mean that it is not only strong, but delicate and natural. But Brenda, we think, will eclipse her, if she goes on as she has commenced. You observe I have named them in compliment to Sir Walter Scott, whose works you may have read.

"I will not ask you what you think of it. Did I not say it was incredible? But this, though it certainly seems so, may not, after all, be the worst; for I have some reason to think that one of these children he intends shall, by and by, take the place of the mother, whom he more and more, of late, threatens to sell. Such connections are said to be not very uncommon; and where the father does not recognize himself in his children,

you can see they might easily be so. No wonder you are horror-stricken; but I tell you we can never find the worst of slavery. If we think we have reached it, something worse opens below. If you attempt to unfold its enormities, you will be led far away from everything humanizing—almost from everything human. It darkens and degrades the mind. It deadens the sense of shame. It annihilates the sense of wrong. I do not know what it is anywhere else. I only tell you what I have seen it, in my own family. It injures the whites more, if it be possible, than the slaves themselves. It makes sad work with the temper. My Ellene and Bullie are victims of it. I see them going to destruction; but I cannot save them; for I cannot change these things, and make wrong right.

"Could you have believed that a father could speculate in his own daughters, and that for the vilest purposes? Could you believe that a father could look upon his pure little girl, with sensual eyes? I have seen both. I have seen him exhibit these children to white gentlemen. You should see how he parades their accomplishments—how he '*talks up*' the great points of his '*fancy articles*,' as he calls them—how he profanes them by immodest personal exhibitions. I have seen these things till I was sickened, and even now I blush to remember them.

"It is thoughts like this, that make me feel I am not an honest woman; for shall I not be clothed in fine silks, and decked with jewels, which are bought with the price of virtue—bought with the price of children, that were born in my own house, and to whom I owed the duty of a mother's protection? I have heard that many women of the North defend slavery; but if you ever hear such words in the mouths of women, anywhere, tell them, on the authority of one who truly knows, what it is. Tell them that no honest woman, seeing it truly, could, for one moment, tolerate it. All that is sacred and true in womanhood—all that woman owes to womankind—revolts at it. It is worse—far worse—than the prostitution of their

Northern cities; for under its legal and religious coverts, it has opportunities of wrong, which those can never have—or having, would not dare to think of! Let virtuous and honorable women still be charitable to the erring; but let them beware how they sanction, by a word, daughter-selling and incest!

"Many, perhaps, may tell you that slavery is a fine thing—that it is good for the blacks, and necessary for the whites; but you should hear the slaves pray to die—pray, as I have heard them, till my heart has quaked within me; you should see the scored backs; you should see the wounds, after the deep cuts are washed in brine—till they fester, and sometimes mortify. You should see the revolvers that are kept to shoot down fugitives; and above all the blood-hounds, that are now and then treated to negro blood, that they may be better trained to pursue them. Is this horrible? Go, read the laws. Slavery does not recognize it as such. You should see—yes, you have seen—how the whites, from little children, become savage with the immoderate exercise of bad, and gross, and worse than brutal passions. There may be, and I know there are, some exceptions, among those who, like my Elize, are so good that nothing can injure them: but these are the common effects.

"I know nothing of want—nothing of labor in any form; but if it were possible, I would give my poor slaves their freedom, though it took from me every penny in the world. The idea of this wrong is intolerable to me. I know that my dear father left enough,—and far more than enough for myself and children; but it has become so mingled with corrupt streams, so infected, that I almost hate myself for touching it; and sometimes it seems as if my very bread would choke me. I would do anything—suffer anything—if I could assist in retrieving this wrong, which my father so unconsciously established.

"But yonder are the little girls this moment coming up the lawn. See their slender arms twining round each other. They almost always walk—and they always sleep so—clinging so together—yet soon to be sold asunder—sold into unknown con-

ditions of suffering, and wrong, and shame. Look at them. See how delicate, and pure, and truthful they are ; yet every high sentiment and feeling of their nature must be trodden under foot—utterly disregarded. Do you wonder that I sometimes almost resolve to make myself a fugitive, for their sake ?' "

Coming nearer, and dropping her voice to an almost inaudible key, she added : " If I thought I could save them from this fate I would dare the bloodhounds and the revolvers, and take them away to-morrow. Do you not see that while I fold my hands, and look on tamely, I am in a position where no honest woman should permit herself to be ?"

She paused suddenly, as the girls entered. It is impossible to conceive of more lovely little creatures than they are. They came dancing in, with a low sweet carol, which had in it both vivacity and pathos, as all the negro melodies do.

" O missis ! dear missis !" and they were bounding toward her with outstretched arms, and their bright and eager faces full of love, when seeing me, they stopped suddenly, and with a timid gesture, were about to withdraw. But Mrs. Slicer held out her hand and told them to come in—that the gentleman was a friend, and would not mind them.

Their French parentage was, I think, perceptible in the fine contour, and grace of every motion, while the Anglo-Saxon was as well determined in the admirable mental organization. The negro had become completely obsolete. You see I have not forgotten the old theory of development in races, which, in company with Mr. F., we handled years ago.

Thus permitted, the little peris paused a moment, each recognizing the mention of my name with a graceful courtesy ; then they went to their mistress, twined themselves around her, and caressed her in every possible way, pressing their lips, or passing their little hands daintily over her cheeks, her brow, her eyelids, her hands, her hair. There was a doting fondness in these actions that would remind one of the negro. But nothing could be more lovely than their motions, or the sweet little voices that

were all the time cooing so tenderly: "Dear missis!" "Pretty missis!" "Good missis!"

I could see how much there was of yearning tenderness, in the way she met these caresses, drawing them both together into her arms. Then patting them on the head, she bade them come and speak to me, saying that she had been telling the gentleman what good little girls they were.

I looked into their sweet and modest faces and into their pure eyes, until the wrong that is threatening them became inconceivable.

Directly after, the young ladies and the little boys came in. I made a plea of getting my accustomed evening walk, and withdrew; for my heart was too full for common-place, every-day speech. I was shocked, paralyzed, overwhelmed by the recital I had heard.

Have I not seen the whole of the Crimson Monster—the incredible savageness and foulness that could not be symbolized by any dream? I have now, at least, reached that point of horror, that cannot be transcended. And thus I try to comfort myself, striving with my utmost to put it away, and reject it altogether.

Can it be that all these dark and monstrous wrongs are covered up under a wicked pretence of freedom? If sons of only the second or third remove can falsify the American Revolution—can repudiate the Declaration of Independence—if they who claim to be highest and purest, are really meanest and foulest—where on the face of the Earth shall I go—not to find the freedom I have been seeking—but to hide the bitter and burning shame I feel, thus to see Humanity so remorselessly and savagely violated in the United States of America.

It is now late at night. I have been sitting for hours in the deep, unbroken silence, thinking of the wrongs which the darkness covers up, and almost questioning whether it can hide them from the eye of God. I have also been thinking of Theodosia—as she seems, henceforth, to be associated with all other

thoughts. And is she always to remain so unconscious of evil, though plunged into its very midst? Will all the wealth that guards—will even the high birth that has walled her in, always be able to exclude contamination, where the whole moral atmosphere is vitiated, and tainted by the deadly effluvia of wrong and crime? Ah, my Beautiful! I stretch out my arms in vain! From this I cannot save thee! A profound sadness has taken possession of me. Have I seen the hope of years expire in a moment? Is the arm of Allah shortened, that it cannot save? Is there no remedy for the present—no hope with the future?

I am enveloped in darkness. Whichever way I turn, there is no opening. The black doors of Fate herself are closed against me. The barbed iron has entered my soul. I am pierced through and through. I feel the wrongs of my fellow man in every lacerated nerve! I bleed afresh in every pore!

But am I to be overthrown? Am I to be slain, *I* who have stood forth as the champion of others? No. I will not believe it; I will not yet allow it. By the hope which I will not yet surrender—by the power which has developed—by the faith which has nurtured it, I will preserve myself, and, in myself, my work. I will refuse to be conquered. I will bind my heart with a strong will, and forbid it to be broken! Is this boiling current, that is rushing through all my veins, a fever? Is this fire, that is scorching at my brain, madness? No. I arrest it. I command it to be still. I will sit down in the darkness and suffer, if it must be; but I will suffer only to be strong. I will gird myself with a truer, a higher sense of manhood. Darkness and cold are round about me; but Truth and Love are within, and they shall light and warm me. Wrong and Violence are going abroad unchained; but I will take hold of the pillars of Eternal Justice, and, in the name of God, defy them. I will unfold within my own soul the Godhood of Humanity. *I* will be, though all beyond may dissolve into its elements.

The great struggle is now approaching. I can write no more.

May 7.—For hours, during such a day and night as may come but once in a life, I have borne up in the conflict, with unabated strength. But now the great cloud rifts are opening. The gloom lifts. I look once more on the night, and behold its beauty. Peace, like an all-pervading dew, distills through the silent air. I absorb it in my whole being, and with it the odor of a divine rest. Love, like outspreading wings of the softest plumage, drops down out of Heaven, and enfolds me. A light from beyond the stars falls over, and penetrates me. My eyes are unsealed; and what was before dark and mysterious, is clear and legible. I can see now that all these mistakes and apparent wrongs are accidents of a day—an hour. They trouble me no more. I cast them under my feet. I rise above—I look beyond them—and evermore toward the Undying—the Eternal.

Now, my own good Angels are present to me. They lead me back to a group, where I behold the Sages of '76. One spirit informs and animates them. The foremost of them holds in his hand a parchment. A bright light plays over the golden lettering; and I read. It is the great Charter of Human Rights—the Declaration of Independence. Out of it comes forth a soul, and clothes itself with beauty. O, Freedom! divine Freedom!—peerless spirit of my boyhood—true angel of my life and destiny. Could I for one moment doubt thee—or tremble for the life of thy divinity? I tremble; I fear no longer. I behold thee rising in thy glory, with the crown upon thy forehead, and the sceptre in thy hand. All nations are offering unto thee oblations of joy—first-fruits of Harmony. Warmed and inspired by thy presence, they are transmuting iron; and out of their rusty and galling chains they are working golden links of love. O, Freedom, holy Freedom! eldest-born of the daughters of God! the black-robed Angels of Death flee from before thee. Thou art clothed with majesty and power. Standing on the highest pinnacle of Time, thou shalt lead the Ages; for behold, the world is thine.

Have not my own Angels spoken to me; and shall I not believe them? Will they not speak to thee, also, O my brother; for truly I know the great sorrow that will fall upon thee, in the reading of this! But let us still hold fast in the integrity of our own faith. Fear nothing. For thee and Youley I still unfold the inmost of my love: but for mankind, also, I must live and work. The salaäm of a great heart, and a true soul must abide with thee forever. And thus I bid thee adieu.

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XIII.

SHAHMAH SEES THE MASTER OF LIFE.

Recovered Strength and Hope—Charming Excursion—Confidential Tête-à-Tête—His Hopes encouraged—A Sacred Trust—Beautiful Gift for Youley—Aunt Sukey and Zindie—Apparent Plotting—Terrible Apprehensions—Genius and Spirit of our Institutions still true—A Remarkable Vision—What are Dreams?

FAUBOURG ST. MARY'S, May 12.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I have been much better since the last writing. My faith is opening more interiorly. I am beginning to look less at outside facts, and more to central causes. But I will now acknowledge the receipt of your package, bearing the date of April 18. By it I find that you are not wholly unprepared for disappointment in regard to our ideas of this country. Your hopes, indeed, were never so high and bright as mine. Strange it is, that in the facts which were only related to you, you could see Slavery so clearly, while I, who have dwelt in the midst of the facts themselves, could not, or would not accept it as a truth.

But I must now tell you of a charming ride I had on Wednesday, accompanied by Mrs. Slicer and the little boys. We took the cockleshell-road along Lake Pontchartrain, and drove from thence to a beautiful magnolia forest. I cannot describe to you the delicious coolness, the deep and softened shadow of these living and growing cloisters, that drop their glistening pillars and throw up their broad green arches with an inexhaustible strength and activity. How beneficent is the Spirit of Woods. But the thick and heavy drapery of mosses has a saddening

effect; and there seems to be a kind of funereal solemnity in the gloom of these gigantic shades.

Passing through groves of sassafras and other shrubs, whose spicy breath scented the air, and along colonnades of live oak, with their broad and spreading tops, we rode far into the wood, and then dismounted.

We sat down on a mossy hillock, with the little boys between us, and the old coachman standing by, and for some time were quite still. Mrs. Slicer, though always sad-looking, is quieter than I have ever before seen her; and yet she has a more determined expression, as if there was a great purpose of some kind silently confirming itself. Since her allusion to the possibility of an attempt to liberate the little girls, I am continually concerned about her. I think of her sometimes at night, imagining the dangers she would encounter, until I dream of the savage bloodhounds lapping with such a horrible relish the blood of the little mulatto boy. But I have had no opportunity to renew the subject; and, indeed, she seems fearful of disturbing it again, probably because I have been so ill. I am told that the family physician was called to me during a period of insensibility; but as he could make nothing of my case, he was obliged to withdraw. What did the doctor know? That sleep was the natural medicine for a tortured and overstrained power.

Something of this we spoke of when we sat together in the shade; and then, though I had at first been dreading to hear it, I was very happy to hear the name of Theodosia. I unbosomed myself completely. I spoke freely of all that I felt and all that I feared. I told her of my repeated resolutions to avoid the family and fly from the danger, and of my strong determination to do nothing dishonorable, touching as delicately as possible upon the way in which they had been overruled.

"I am not surprised at this," she said quietly, in return; "I foresaw that it must be so; nor can I advise you otherwise than by recommending you to trust your own true and honorable heart. But oh, I pray you be careful and sure, before any

decided action is taken. I cannot resist the impression that trouble is coming to that dear child; but to look at her now, so beloved and beautiful, so guarded in the sanctity of innocence and peace, nurtured in the arms of lavish wealth and boundless indulgence, one would wonder where such thoughts come from; and yet I cannot expel them. Let us watch together the unfolding of this beautiful blossom; and if her affections in their mature capacity of judgment, as well as feeling, are really bent on you, it will not be in my heart to say you nay. Neither do I think that her father would object."

"But for me—where shall I be all the time this most momentous of all experiments is making?" I exclaimed, almost with a feeling of horror. "Have I a heart to be passive while its life interests are played with as a child's toy, to be cherished or broken at pleasure?"

"By no means," she answered; "but I have faith that a true love is not, and cannot be, a single or one-sided feeling. Its attributes are essentially double. If there is really one side, there must be two. It is not a selfish or isolated feeling, but a sympathy. Thus, after a time, by a careful and honorable study of what you find in yourself, you will be able to judge of the character of the sentiment that exists between you. If it does not wear out, but, on the whole, deepens, strengthens and craves union, you must answer it, as you will, before God and man, with the truth and integrity of a conscientious and honorable mind. I cannot recommend isolation, because I know it will do violence to a genuine friendship on both sides. My philosophy is, as far as possible, to let hearts be free; and then, it is my faith, that they will seldom do wrong either to themselves or each other. This is, however, applicable only to such cases as exhibit a real affection of some kind, with the presence of proper and well-developed conditions. You see how much I trust you; and I know you cannot abuse the trust. I have spoken to you, as I always shall, with a sister's faith and frankness; and for Theo-

dosia I have a love scarcely inferior to that I bear my own children."

I expressed, as well as I was able, my gratitude for this kind consideration, and inly vowed to guard myself from every word, or look, or thought, that might tend to tarnish the bright honor with which she had endowed me. There was a new tie between us. We were united in that truest and most generous sympathy, the common care of a beloved object.

By this expression, do not understand too much. I am by no means certain that it is a genuine connubial sentiment with which I regard Theodosia. I will, however, try its integrity; and as it is proved to me, so shall it directly be shown to thee.

We sat some time together, speaking or silent; and in the whole spirit of the scene, there was healing for us both.

As we rose to return, she said: "You will go away before long; but as we have a large cotton plantation in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Clement, where we generally spend the summer months, I shall soon see you again. But I may not soon—I may never have an opportunity to speak freely again to you. Whatever happens, I shall be, I am sure, always better for having seen—always happier for having spoken to you. Forgive me, then, if I have caused you unhappiness, by lifting the veil sooner than it might have been. I wished to soften the blow, which, almost from the first moment you came here, I saw was impending. It is true that for my own sake I wanted to speak; but I also intended to do you a service. And once more I warn you to be careful how you meddle with, or touch any of the interests of Slavery—how you even seem to look hard at it. A fierce and insatiable dragon guards all her paths; and I have known of persons even being hanged for the merest question of her rights. You cannot be too careful."

"Why, this is worse than Algiers!" I exclaimed; "worse than Turkey itself!"

"All that may be," she answered, sadly; "but nevertheless, it is true. And now, as it is time for our return, I have but one word more to say. Give this to Youley. I wore it in my free and happy girlhood. Tell her that for her sake, as well as yours, I embalm it with blessings—and with many prayers I invoke for her a happier lot than mine."

She put into my hands an elegant diamond necklace, adding, as she did so: "If she does not wish to wear it, let her not bind herself to the gift. If she needs money, the gems will be a little fortune to her."

What could I say, but that the grace of the act, penetrated me more than the richness of the gift? Can I ever leave one whose spirit is so truly related to my own? No; friendships like this, are beyond and above all accident. They are actual outgrowths of the soul itself; and hence they are, and must be, immortal.

As I was taking an early walk this morning, I came suddenly upon two persons, who were evidently startled by my appearance. They proved to be Aunt Sukey and Zindie. From what I could gather out of their broken and imperfect language, as I approached, Aunt Sukey was making very serious and earnest objections to some rash step, which the young woman appears about to take. I frequently heard the words massa, missis, dogs, shoot, Ketchum, and Bangton, emphatically spoken. The two last, I have since found, are the names of the overseer of Mr. Slicer's plantation, and the sheriff of the neighboring district. Can it be that they are meditating escape, or that Zindie is, with her husband and children, about to dare so terrible an adventure? I think of the bloodhounds, made more savage by the taste of negro gore, only to be set on those tender little girls, that delicate woman, and six years old boy; while the man, though driven to desperation by heartbrokenness, and nerved by the terrible energy of despair, cannot contend, bare and single-handed, against armed troops of men, even more savage and brutal than the dogs themselves. Is it possible that

I have exchanged Algiers, where, in the face of all Christendom, we have renounced Chattel Slavery by land, and Piracy by sea —where, with all our crimes, we make no false pretensions, for a country that cannot protect little girls from being sold into shameful and degrading concubinage; or tender children from being torn in pieces by ferocious beasts? So they tell me; and seeing no appeal for a higher verdict, I must needs accept their own testimony.

And is this the country I have so long and so fondly believed must lead the world in the great march of freedom and civilization? What can I do? Shall I surrender my hope? Not yet. Here has been unfurled the standard of a true faith in God and Man; and here must be many who still adhere to it. Here have been recognized the great principles of Human Rights; and they cannot be—and that within the memory of a single man—repudiated by all. I know how deceptive appearances sometimes are. I have learned from science, itself, how our own senses often betray us into error, which only the truer comparison—the deeper insight—the broader view—may correct. I will suspend my judgment—at least of the whole—and while I live, I must and will hope—hope only for Freedom—that true and perfect Freedom which must yet develop the highest in ALL humanity. Thus I will endeavor to steady myself in this great conflicting whirlpool of doubts and fears; for "surely excellence is in the hands of God; and he will not act contrary to his promise."

Thursday Morning.—Soon after having finished my writing last night, I lay down in a very clear and serene state of mind. As usual, I turned to the favorite themes, which always absorb me when alone. Gradually the thick, dark clouds, which had for some time enveloped them, became rarer and brighter, at length hovering around me, in a kind of luminous shadow, which I soon saw was transparent, and also that it was an emanation of myself, and projected from me like an atmosphere. The luminous cloud became radiant, the rays being intercepted or

intermingled with other similar rays, proceeding from some influence beyond myself. And then I became distinctly conscious, that a being, or intelligence higher than my own had enveloped and pervaded me. Thus I became cognizant of impressions, which I will now endeavor to unfold in human language.

The first idea was that of going out into an open atmosphere, and riding, as if in a car borne by flying auras. I was borne to the top of a high mountain. It seemed to occupy a central point inland, being nearly equally distant from all the great bodies of water.

The mountain, as soon as I alight on it, is lifted up, and with it the loftiest sierras in the great chains around me, until I stand, as it were, in the heavens, with all this vast continent spread out before me. My first impression is a mingled sense of grandeur and symmetry, in its truly gigantic features. The great mountain-chains, stretching almost from pole to pole, the magnificent opening of rivers, the bold sweep of sea-indented shores, the green garniture of ancient forests, prairies stretching out into seas of bloom and verdure, lakes broad as oceans, opening far into the interior, the wonderful capacity of production in the soil, and the inexhaustible magazines of material wealth, opening to corresponding commercial capabilities, combine all the necessary conditions of human life—material and spiritual progress—in the happiest and most excellent proportions.

And all these natural advantages are possessed and controlled by a power as great. Here the common actions of every-day life assume the character of magic on the grandest scale. Nothing is more wonderful than the spirit that moves and inspires this great panorama of magnificent changes. Every clod of the valley, every fragment of the mountain, all powers and capabilities of land and water, are saturated and moved with it. The whole atmosphere is instinct with its life and power.

It strikes its axe into the first tree of the unshorn forest; and at the familiar signal a town springs up. It moors its bark

canoe in some wooded bay of the thousand rivers; thither flock all the forces and resources of social and civil power; and a city is organized. It goes out in every direction, and sows civilization broadcast through the land. It opens canals; it cuts through mountains; it bridges gulfs, weaving as it goes, its network of iron railways. Impatient of the tardy steam, it speaks to the lightning; and telegraphic wires girdle the wilderness, and traverse the depths of the sea.

I ask myself of the destiny of this land, and this people; for the genius of both is written in the grandest characters. The answer comes to me, as it were from a distance; and yet the intelligence, if not the voice, is near, and within me.

"Wacondah speaks. Hear the words of the Master of Life. The eye that looks back to the beginning, can also look forward —but not to the end—for the end is not. Behold the Father of that Unknown Race who have left their tracks in all the land —whose name was given by tradition to the Red Man until the Father was lost sight of, and Wacondah became as a god to the destroyers of his children."

As these words were uttered, the sight became more interior; and then I saw the form approaching, and very near me. It was an embodiment of the grandeur the soul had fed on. Expression fades in the very shadow of its greatness, yet the whole presence was instinct with a beauty and benignity, that came to me with a sense of blessing. But as he spoke the ear was charmed, the eye was entranced, and the soul made captive.

"In the morning of time, before Isaiah sang, or Moses heard the voice of the Great Spirit calling to him out of the burning bush, the word came to Wacondah, saying, 'Arise and go forth to a land whither I shall lead thee.'

"He had drunk the wisdom of Ethiopia. He had opened the mysteries of Egypt. He knew all the powers of healing in the outer world, and saw their relationship to the powers of life. He read the great unfolding scroll of Heaven, and expounded the eternal writing of the stars. He opened the deepest riddles

of the old world; he reached forward into the new; and the past and the future were alike present to him. But to the voice that spake within, he was as a little child. He heard only to obey.

"He arose, and taking his wife by the hand, he went forth. The star of his destiny opened westward. He followed; and it lighted him along the borders of the desert. He traversed mountains; he crossed rivers, still following the light, until he came to the borders of the great Western Sea.

"Still rising and setting, but ever leaving behind it a trail of splendor that was whiter than the sunshine, the star looked over his work, until the great canoe was finished, and laden with necessary stores—yams and water, and the fruits of the fig and date trees. It looked out with unclouded eyes when he entered his great canoe, and his wife along with him. Still he followed, faithful and fearless, though it led into the unvisited depths of the ocean. So he followed the light, from island to island, and from shore to shore, leaving on the earth the first track of human feet, and waking the air with the first vibration of human voices.

"Nothing could hurt Wacondah, because the light of the Great Spirit was shining in him. The Storm looked at him, and passed by. The Whirlwind stooped down, and spent his fury afar off. The rocks and foaming shallows only sent forth friendly currents, to help him on his way. Savage beasts stood silent and still before him. Birds of the air led him to clear waters and nourishing fruits; and the monsters of the deep, with shut mouths and loving eyes, came, as if charmed by the musical dip of his oar, and led him forward to the safest anchorage and the fairest islands. Thus he journeyed, until he was brought in safety to this great land; and the beautiful Star stood like a glory over the western hills.

"Here he rested and lived for many generations; for he had power over the conditions of life; and the days of his being were lengthened out. After a time, his children overspread the

land in every direction. Wacondah taught them the wisdom of Ethiopia, and the arts and mysteries of Egypt. They built great cities and filled and adorned them with all the comforts and beauties of life. They reared great Temples, and sculptured their wonderful history on the foundations and the pillars that sustained them.

"Then Wacondah opened the great book of the Future. He saw the savage tribes coming from the North. He beheld the cities of his children overthrown, their beautiful temples despoiled, their civilization trampled under foot, and the graves of their people rising into mountains of the slain. He was sick at heart, and would not live any longer. The good wife of his bosom had gone long before. But now he saw her standing on the borders of the Spirit Land, and opened the word of departure. So he sat down in the midst of his people, and died with sealed lips; for he could not speak, amid the free and happy, the withering words of doom.

"But he has lived to see great changes. He has lived to see the invaders, in their turn, overthrown or expelled, and the tide of civilization flowing back.

"Now, his eye reaches out into the future, and beholds the destiny of this great land. The peculiar power it is to unfold, is in the broad basis of humanity, which is here first to be truly established. The character of the country and the genius of the people alike determine it. Here the common mind is to be unfolded under the happiest conditions. Here the image of the true man will first be lifted up, as the brazen serpent was lifted up in the wilderness, that all who have suffered from the hand of man, may look upon it and live. Here the engrossing power of the Aristocrat and Royalist of Europe, and the cowering form of the serf shall be alike unknown. Here the true worker shall be honored, and only the idler set at nought. Here is the home of a purer Freedom. Here is the shrine of a nobler Art. Here is the temple of a truer Science. And the genius of the people is as that of the land. It is broad, and

deep, and high, and all-engrossing. They are to become expounders and prophets of civilization and progress. Their destiny reaches out into, and magnetizes, and inspires that of the world.

"As this great country opens itself to people of every nation, so it must concentrate in itself ties that bind it to the kinship of every nation and every clime; and from these there will be radiating lines of love, to convey abroad, and compass the whole world, with messages of light, and freedom, and civilization. They shall open light in the midst of darkness. They shall open refinement in the midst of barbarism. They shall open pure and undefiled Religion in the midst of the darkest Paganism, and the most sordid Bigotry.

"Exhaustless as its streams; impetuous as its torrents; broad as its lakes; high as its mountains, and deep and fertile as its prairies, are the powers of heart and hand, of mind and soul, that shall convert them into the instruments of their own will. The highest-soaring thought, the farthest-seeing eye, cannot grasp, or behold the ultimate of this power. Only the Great Spirit himself, can reach and comprehend it.

"Yet, there are unfolding eras to be seen; and the combined forces that are leading out into them, shall be opened unto thee. Fear not; for the Spirit of Truth is looking through the unclouded heavens of the distant ages.

"Follow the light of her beautiful eyes, and read the wisdom of the future. So shalt thou be led, at last, into a true conception of that perfect Freedom, that is born of Love and Justice—first unfolded in the heavens, but truly to live and reign in the regenerate earths."

"Luminous streams flowed from the form, suffusing my soul with radiance. It enveloped me. It became substantial, and bore me up; and riding in it, as a descending car of glory, I was brought back to earth.

Is this a dream; or, is it a reality? I have asked myself these questions again and again. What is a dream? Is it an

idle, unsubstantial nonentity? Whence, then, are the thoughts and the imagery, that often shadow forth ideas and forms which have no archetype in the outer world? If there is no actual power behind them, how are they projected? Can even shadows be formed out of nothing? Are they not records of that interior life, which the soul is silently unfolding—echoes of spirit voices that are reflected back audibly—as in the silence of the night season, they strike against the rock-girt shores of time? To me they are among the first evidences of immortality itself; for they demonstrate the two-fold power and nature of man. They show the existence of that interior being, whose senses correspond with those of the outer man, and seem to be results of their experience. And because they live and act when the outer senses are quiescent and unconscious, they show also the independence of the interior power. Sleep is a temporary death. If, then, in this state the soul is conscious and active—continually trying its wings in small flights—going, as it were, the length of its tether—does it not show conclusively, that it has a distinct and independent being, which is only waiting for liberation, to unfold its full power? I will, then, believe that the Human Spirit is immortal—not because I have read the word of Zeiloch, or Mahomet, or Socrates, but because I have the light of my own reason, and the authority of my own individual consciousness, which clearly represent to me that interior power, whose form is clothed in the image of Allah, and whose life is an effluence of his life.

The cool sea-breeze of the evening calls me out. I must close abruptly, in order to send this by the departing ship.

Adieu, my brother! Youley, adieu! Do you hear my heart calling—crying in its loneness for home, and home-love? O Beautiful! O Beloved! when will the Wanderer's feet be stayed, and his heart be bound with the silken cords of blessing?

Salaäm—thine,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XIV.

SHAHMAH WITH HIS NEW FRIENDS.

Up the River—The Navigation—Dangers—Mechanism of the Boat—Dignity and Power of the True Worker—Phenomena—Scenery—Baton Rouge—Mr. Clement—Interest and Sympathy—Mr. Poydras—Landing—The Coachman—Ride Home—Reception—Mrs. Clement—The Children—Mr. Van Brouer—Undefinable Attraction—Dr. Bowen.

COTTONWOOD, May 20.

BROTHER HASSAN:

You may be surprised at the sudden change of place, which this indicates; and yet it will not be so sudden to you as it was to me; for weeks will have passed before you come to be acquainted with it. And how may those weeks be laden with yet unknown fate, both for thee and me! I often think of the changes that may occur, while a single letter is going, or returning. Exile would be death to the loving heart, if it were not lifted up by a higher purpose into a higher strength. Yet, with the utmost I can do to sublime my affections, there are times when my loneliness is almost insupportable. If I do not make permanent arrangements in New York to settle there, and send for you and Youley, I shall soon leave the country, and return home. Where, then, will be Theodosia? I dare not ask myself; and yet hourly this cry of my soul is deepening.

But I must now explain the mystery of my sudden transit. On the very evening when I posted my last letter, I found, on my return, a note from Mr. Clement, who, you will remember, is the bosom friend and kinsman of Mr. F——, and, in fact, his brother-in-law. Early on the morning of Friday, the gentleman

himself came, as he had previously appointed, and took me to his beautiful home.

Of my voyage up the river I have not much to say; for I did not come here to describe scenery, but to unfold facts and laws of social condition and experience. Nevertheless, I felt the grandeur of my position too strongly, to pass it over in silence. I had entered one of those immense arteries that feed and propel the vital currents of the world; and with every heave of the turbulent waters, I seemed to feel the great heart-throbs of the earth itself. I was filled with a sense of vastness, which all the beauty and richness of the scenery could not divest me of.

The navigation of this river is yet very dangerous, as one may easily see in the heaps of wrecks, like small hills, which we frequently meet. No other kind of vessel is so well adapted to this voyaging as the steamer, whose course can be changed in a moment. I have watched with intense interest the working of the boat—to see with what fine and absolute certainty it can be directed and controlled. It is a miracle, both of science and art, which, if it could be truly understood, should teach us never to despair; for to the power that has already achieved this, no material bounds can be set.

When do we feel most strongly the pride of manhood? Is it when we see the lordling, or the monarch, lounge or loiter in rich apparel, amid the sculptured decorations of palaces?—or when we see the splendidly dressed ladies and gentlemen that throng the gorgeous saloons of a boat like this? No; but it is when we go back to first principles—to the mind that conceived—the hands that wrought all these wonderful perfections of beauty and power—when we perceive the mathematical thought that reared the arch, and the exalted imagination that warmed the stone into bloom and fruitage, by clothing the marble in sculpture. It is when we conceive an idea of the great Intelligence that first shadowed forth the laws, and the absolute obedience to them, in the structure of the wonderful machinery

that moves the boat—the combination of thought and skill—the mind and hand-work that have wrought this miracle.

Silks wear out and perish; royal ermine is food for moths; gold and jewels may be lost or stolen—but the power that is extracted from a true work is a part of the man himself, and therefore inalienable. Yes; it is the fellowship and the brotherhood of the true Working Man that we feel invests our very nature with insignia of nobleness, such as were never conferred by a merely human hand; for they can only be given by the outstretched sceptre of God. The common goldsmith is a maker of coronets and diadems for such as have authority and money to procure and pay for them; but a great thought made concrete in a true work is wrought out of the substance of the man's own soul—gemmed with the imperishable brilliants of his own virtue and honor—of his own character and power. The true WORKER is the only real nobleman on earth. Would that he could know it! Would that he could see it now, as he must in that great day of light, when the truth shall no longer be hidden! If a man could really feel the grandeur of WORK, he would not be content always to purchase it with his money, or take it at second hand; but he would rather seek to adorn himself by that elaboration of his *own* power, which alone can exalt the true human being.

But I lose myself in thought. I must return to the river, and give you a few points of our voyage. I observed one very singular phenomenon, which I had never noticed before. Sometimes the breast of the water was overspread with immense swells, of forty or fifty feet in diameter, which rise with a whirling motion; and when the boat strikes one it is sensibly drawn from its course. They are evidently caused by some disturbances below; but why they should act so uniformly I cannot imagine.

There are many circumstances that affect the currents, and impede the navigation. To these the sailors have given particular names, among which are "races," "chains," the "tea-

table," the "scare-crow," the "Devil's Race-paths," and many others, which Mr. Clement kindly pointed out to me.

I was also struck with another remarkable phenomenon, and that is the curious effect of sounds heard from the shore, which appear to come from under ground. This is doubtless owing to the fact, that when the river is high, as it is at present, it is, within the limits of the Levée, actually higher than the subjacent shores. For about one hundred and fifty miles, on either side of the river, there is a narrow strip of land, called the "Coast." It is about two miles wide, and of nearly uniform breadth, bounding, with a regular line, the thick forests and swamps by which it is flanked. It is covered with rich and beautiful plantations, and appears fertile as the Plains of Morocco. Many of the villas are really splendid; and one among the noblest of them was pointed out to me as that of Gen. Hampton. The large and massive sugar-houses also present an aspect of great wealth.

This tract is protected from inundation by the Levée, which is an artificial embankment, extending to New Orleans. And when one thinks that all this life, from the city outward, is protected only by so slight a defence, it becomes a matter of question, whether, if these people could get an exact view of their position, during a flood, as from the upper air, they would be content to live there. And yet I know that the sense of danger, itself, like all other things, may become so much a habit, that it will cease sensibly to affect us.

As we rapidly ascend, these harmonious and pleasing objects flit by, like the changing scenes of a panorama. But as the country is flat, the fields similar, and the houses, for the most part, uniform, the monotony would be apt to weary the familiar eye, though, in the first view, it becomes picturesque from the agreeable concordance and mellowness, rather than the boldness and variety of its elements.

Baton Rouge, the capital of the State, and a handsome town, occupies the first bluff we meet on the eastern shore in ascending

the stream. Mr. Clement called my attention to the United States Barracks, which he says are among the finest works of the kind. We are now only about thirty-five miles from our journey's end ; and he promises me a ride over here to see the delightful prospect from the Esplanade, and the charming and extensive views of the Coast which the town affords.

But I should have told you, before this, of the human Intelligence, the interpreter and sharer of all this pleasure. My new host, Mr. Clement, is a moderately-tall, finely-formed, blue-eyed, brown-haired, young man of about thirty-five. Though he is pleasing and attractive to me, I am at a loss to account for the peculiar sensations—or perhaps more properly reflections—that I receive from him. I am never weary of watching his mobile and intensely earnest features ; and with every change they seem to awaken memories so deep, and so far away, that when I look after I can only catch momentary glimpses of their flitting wings, ere they are lost in impenetrable darkness. I worry myself with questions concerning this, though I cannot solve them. But I resign myself to the sweet attraction, and feel myself drawn to him as to a true Brother Soul.

He has a richly cultivated mind, a pleasing address, and, above all, that benign and attractive expression, that so easily and agreeably takes possession of us, and makes us happy—sometimes, too, without being able to give a reason for our happiness. He is a priest of Jesus, in the Episcopal order of Christians, and must, I think, exert a great deal of influence over his people. On one point I congratulate myself: he is the first American gentleman I have seen since leaving Algiers with whom speech is really easy to me. Mr. Slicer and myself often sat together in a constrained silence, which has alike baffled explanation and analysis. Sometimes it seemed as if we did not know what to say ; then, again, as if we had a mutual distrust, but always as if we did not know each other. So it was with the commodore. So it was with every officer on board ship. But I am no longer annoyed by this painful constraint. Here

thought and expression are alike free ; and the fountains of both are clear, and deep, and beautiful.

So on our voyage, the scenery, the peculiar features and the capabilities of the country, general and particular—in fact, almost everything the eye rested on—furnished a topic of discourse. I had never been so happy since leaving Algiers. I felt that my good Angels were truly recording a *white* day. Shall I not here come to be understood ? Shall I not find, at least, an answer to my thought of thoughts—a goal for my great hope—an anchor for my most interior faith ? I will yet believe and trust.

In landing at St. Francisville, I am informed that at Point Coupée, a small village on the other side of the river, with queer-shaped French and Spanish houses, dwelt the late Mr. Poydras, an eccentric and benevolent French gentleman. He largely endowed several asylums and other benevolent institutions, and also left the income of a valuable property for marriage portions to poor girls in that and the neighboring parishes.

All is hurry and bustle in the little Bayou Sara, which is the most important point of shipment for this region, and where the boat now stops. But nevertheless my host easily finds the beautiful carriage that is already waiting for us. Mr. Clement is a good master, I know ; for the shining black face of the coachman was still more shining as he gave his hand, with a low "God bress him !" to massa—adding, in advance of the question, "Missus, an' all, bright an' airly dis mornin', massa ! No forget de day, massa !"

He then paid his respects to me, as the gemman Afric massa was to bring. Is it not remarkable that here, too, the idea of Africa is uppermost. These poor people, also, must claim kinship with me. Is there not something sacred and natural in the ties and obligations of a common country ? Yes ; and it must be so, for the reason that whatever circumscribes brings the line nearer to *self*, which is, and ever must be, at the centre of our

social and affectional consciousness. But when the soul unfolds its largest love, will not all sectional boundaries be obliterated, and the special and particular, with ever-lengthening tendencies, reach out into the universal? So I believe. But I must not forget myself just now; for we are approaching home. Home! Would that name had come to me in its most interior sense! But I am watchful now. We ride through a beautiful country, unlike anything I have seen on this continent, until we are about a mile from the town, and in one of its most picturesque suburbs. We leave the main road, and by a long, winding avenue, skirted with magnificent cotton-wood and tulip trees, arrive at a large and handsome villa, where, apparently, the whole family, of all grades and colors, are assembled to receive us. We alight amid a shower of welcomes, and shouts, and blessings; and having exchanged the proper forms of salutation and introduction, we proceed to the house—not, however, before a beautiful boy and girl, Ephraim and Hetty, had turned their father's pockets inside out, in search of toys and sweetmeats, and made prizes of all they could capture which in the least suited their fancy. I was also pleased to see that each of the children became a centre of attraction to as many little negroes as could huddle round, with whom they were liberally dividing their spoils.

I was conducted directly to my chamber, where, with the assistance of an attendant, who was speedily sent to me, I laid aside my soiled traveller's gear, and having indulged in the luxury of a bath, and an hour of rest, I made myself ready to attend my new hostess, who kindly sent up word, that if I were pleased to do so, she would have me come down and speak to her a while before dinner. I found her in the midst of her little family, and I instantly recognized the distinctive type of her relationship to Mr. F. She is not so symmetrically beautiful as Mrs. Slicer, though I think she may be even more imposing; for what is lost in perfection of outline, is gained in the ever-varying expression. The contour of the head, however, is very fine; and the long, shining, flaxen hair is dressed in a way that is

extremely elegant. It is parted and carried plain from the front toward the ears, and fastened at the crown, while from the back it is formed into a rich bandeau, which is disposed like a crescent just above the forehead. This pure and classic style gives an inimitable effect to the graceful outline of the head, and harmonizes well with the intellectual contour and expression of the whole face. She is Anglo-Saxon, and has unfolded very clearly the distinctive characters of that great and highly developed lineage. I think I can see in her something that shadows forth the woman of the New World. Oh, how beautiful to me is this pure, self-conscious Intelligence of Womanhood! If it can only be true to itself, what may it not accomplish? I am beginning to lose my faith in man as an inspiring agent, or first mover of Good, and to look toward woman for the opening of that great energy that is to be the salvation of the world. Why, I know not; but this thought is unfolding ever more and more certainly, and I believe that it is a prophecy which these people will be the first to confirm.

But to return to Mrs. Clement. Her whole organism and expression not only speak of a high cultivation, but of earnest thought and deep feeling; while at the same time, pervading all, there is something systematic, which is a fruit of discipline, and indicates mathematical tendencies. I have never before seen these traits in a woman; but I know that they pervade her whole being. I can detect them in the very tones of her voice; and yet it has not that beguiling music which I feel in Mrs. Slicer's, though it is sweet, and powerful, and of great compass. I should think she could use it scientifically, both in singing and reading.

In a few moments I am quite at home with her, and we are in a confidential discourse of family affairs, which I could so well give, and she was so happy to receive, of the household of our dear friend, her brother. Mr. Clement sits near by, cutting and turning over the leaves of a new pamphlet he has brought home the city. Meanwhile, we are so absorbed in the favorite

theme—the brother and the friend—that we hardly observe the entrance of others, until Ephraim and Hetty, the boy and girl of ten and eight years old, rush upon their father, as if they were going to devour and exterminate both him and his pamphlet at one swoop. They climb over his neck, his arms, his shoulders; they stand on the back and arms of his chair; and tipping his head, or bending it awry, they kiss him from every possible point of approach. It is exhilarating to see them. We stop talking to enjoy the scene—the mother, for her own immediate blessing; I, to think of Theodosia and paint yet unknown blisses on the bright hopes of the future.

Mr. Clement could not resist them; but in spite of the matronly remonstrance that their father was very tired, he allowed himself to be drawn away to the shaded verandah, where the sweet voices ringing all round the house soon announced that they were in full operation at a game of romps.

Going to the door for a better view of the exhilarating scene, my eyes fell on the most remarkable figure I had ever seen. It was an old man, of that noble cast of head and face which Time, the destroyer of merely outside fairness, only refines and makes more beautiful. The form was but slightly bent with age; and the gently curving outline only seemed to soften and give benignity to a presence which otherwise might have been too lofty.

He had risen from his seat in a small summer-house when the children came out; and as the head leaned from the lattice for a sight of them, and the long, white, silken-silver hair swept forward from the shoulders, the light that fell on his face was like a gleam of sunshine over deep water, for at the same instant it brightened the surface and revealed the depth.

As he hears my approaching step, the head turns directly toward me. I shall never forget the clear, deep blue eye that met mine with such intense glances. I knew that it was reading me. I felt that I was recognized. But who was he? Did I behold the reëmbodiment of some ancient sage, or a living man? I had barely time to ask myself these questions, when Mr.

Clement came forward and formally presented him to me as his grandfather, Mr. Van Brouer. But how strangely the Mr. sounded in connection with such a presence! I should as soon have thought of applying it to Confucius or Brahma. Perhaps it was this feeling of intense veneration that made me instinctively shrink from his proffered hand. I would have bowed myself at his feet to kiss that hand; but I could not take it with the cool clasp of a common-place ceremony. Did he read my thoughts? I fear not, for at my dissenting gesture he gravely drew back, and, apparently without any further notice of me, turned away. I am afraid I have committed some great blunder, or perhaps wrong in this; but delicacy forbids my asking any one. Meanwhile, the Sage does not avoid, but simply excludes me; and yet I feel that I must, and shall be drawn toward him.

Soon after this introduction, that seems to have resulted so unfortunately, we were called to tea; and there I was made acquainted with the youngest brother of Mrs. Clement, and the baby of the family, as he himself directly added, at the same time waggishly stroking an immense red moustache, as an illustration.

He is less like Mr. F. than the sister, though I can see some of the general characteristics—the broad, high, intellectual head and finely cut features, belong to the same generic order of character—but with Dr. Robert Bowen, which is the name of this half-brother, the whole face is suffused with a humorous expression, strikingly different from that of our friend. But there is a heartiness and straightforward earnestness in him which I like extremely, while his happy and good-natured remarks are very amusing, and the life of the company everywhere, as his sister, who seems to be very fond of him, herself assures me.

They were left orphans; and this was really a babe at the time. He never has forgotten the affectionate care of his young nurse. He may appear trivial sometimes; but I saw him to-

night, when he thought that no one was observing, lay his head on her bosom, and, folding his arms about her, kiss his dear sister-mother, as he confidentially calls her, with much affection. I know by this he has feeling, notwithstanding his apparent levity. He should not have thought to hide it from me, for I like him all the better for it.

I have also discovered another pleasant thing about him. As we stood near together, a little while after tea, a plant with which I was not familiar attracted me; and unconsciously I opened the flower. My first surprise was to see him leap up several feet, and then precipitate himself into a patch of herbage that grew between us and the border of the avenue, shouting at the top of his voice, "Eureka! Eureka!"

Little Ephraim and Hetty, who had drawn their father away to an arbor, came leaping through the shrubbery, as if the shout were a challenge to their own love of fun. They plunge into the midst, roll and tumble over him, and in a very unceremonious manner pull his hair, ears and nose, especially his moustache; while he thrashes about with his arms and legs, and good humoredly tries to drive them off.

Presently up comes Mr. Clement, and directly after, but more slowly, Mrs. Clement, leaning on the arm of Mr. Van Brouer, all looking to learn the cause of such a remarkable demonstration. I did not understand all that was said; but Mr. Clement told me that he (the young doctor), had discovered, by the way I took hold of the flower, that I was a botanist, which was, as he declared, "to use a Miltonian phrase, 'Heaven's last, best gift,' and worth half a score of Eves to the surly old bachelor"—as he was determined to make of himself.

Hence we naturally fell into a comparison of notes, which I believe were mutually satisfactory, ending by an engagement to explore that wonderful region of flowers, at our earliest convenience, and with every opportunity. How much there is here of interest! Have I not opened into a new life? The name of the place seems to be truly an index of its atmosphere,

both out and indoors; for nothing can be more lovely than the spirit of this family. It seems a natural outbirth of the air and sun—the blooming earth and beaming sky of this delicious clime.

Having thus announced my arrival, I must leave you for a season, in order to make better acquaintance with the scenes and things and persons around me.

The cool west wind is blowing over my forehead, and whispering a salaäm. I would convert it into a carrier dove, and make it bear blessings to thee and Youley. But whether it will do my bidding or not, I know this, that our spirits are not alienated from each other. There is no mountain-range so high and far reaching—there is no ocean so broad and deep—but the love-winged soul can pass over it, in safety and freedom. Thus do we visit each other; and I know it is not a dream.

Thine ever,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XV.

SHAHMAH ENLARGES HIS POLITICAL SPHERE.

Home Memories—The Scarlet Bean—Retrospection—Horrible Discovery—The Southern Whig—A Mortifying Dilemma—Democratic Meeting—Stump Speeches—A Great Speech—Hoosier Courtesy—Return to first Principles—Questions without Answers.

COTTONWOOD, May 26.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I should first inform you, before I again forget to do so, that it is the name of Mr. Clement's estate, which I now shall set at the head of my letters, with the date; and I can tell you that it is well named; for I have never seen so elegant specimens of that remarkable tree, as grow around this home—in groups, groves, and singly. Nature is here bountiful, indeed. But have I eaten of the fruit of the lotus,* whose beguiling sweetness can make us forget our native land? Ah, no! It was but yesterday that I saw a little scarlet bean lying in a basket of shells, among the playthings of the children. Its bright black eye seemed to look at me through the light of home. In an instant I was carried back to the border of the forest, where I had gathered those fruits, when a tiny boy, and hoarded them with a miser's care; for they would sometimes bring me a few asperos among the jewellers and gold-workers of Algiers and Tunis. I thought of that proudest day, when my karob † fruits

* The ripe berry of the Zyzyphus lotus has a taste like gingerbread. It is said to cause forgetfulness of their native country, in those who eat it.—ED.

† The small scarlet bean, which is the fruit of the Karob tree, and is familiarly known among children as the "Black-eyed Susan," is, from its uniformity of size and substance, used in the East for weighing precious merchandise, as gold and diamonds. Hence the term karat, and the expression of a karat of gold, or a diamond of so many karats.—ED.

had grown into a pure gold sequin; and I lost myself in a dream of delights, where I saw my true open-sesamé unfolding all the treasures of the future, with visions of knowledge and power that rose up giant-like from earth, and took hold of the heavens. I thought of the long rides over the desert, when I had grown larger, and went to Fezzan to sell my store of coral to the merchants of Bagdad and Bassora, and get the news of the world, where travellers from remote regions were clustered together in the great oasis. The spicy winds of the east blew over me as I thought of my return home—of the wild races, and the fierce trial of speed, between Yethra,* my matchless heirée,† and the fleetest barb of the Arab robber; until at length the shadows of Felizia dropped their protecting plumage over the weary boy.

How freshly came back to me that evening scene, when I kissed my Desert Bird for the good service she had done me. Once more her long neck bent to my caressing hand; and as her beautiful head leaned against my shoulder, the tranquil eyes looked lovingly into mine. O, Yethra! my fleet! my faithful! shall I ever forget thee? It is thou that leadest me back to boyhood, and my sister's cabin; and there, in the fullness of this exiled heart, I throw myself on the ground, and, once more clasping her in my arms, weep like a little child.

I recall myself, only to hear that I am now summoned to breakfast, after which I am to have a ride with Mr. Clement, to Jackson, a small town, or village, some distance back in the pine woods, where there is a college, in which he has some interest. Heaven send that the great subject may be opened

* Yethra—a star. The favorite dromedary always has a proper name, as much as any other member of the family.—Ed.

† The Heirée, or camel of the desert, is extremely swift. It will often travel nine hundred or a thousand miles in seven or eight consecutive days, and sometimes two hundred miles in a day. There is a saying that when two travellers meet and salute each other in the desert, before the "Alik salaäm" replies to the "Salaäm alik," the flying heirée is out of sight. Dromedary means swift, and is by Diodorus applied to a single race of the species—the one alluded to above, as the heirée, or camel with but one hump.—Ed.

now. But I shall not give the remotest hint of what is in my mind, unless it is called for, even if I am choked for the want of speech.

Two hours later.—I have been disappointed about the ride, Mr. Clement having been suddenly called away to attend a funeral; but in the meantime I have to tell you that I have made a discovery, that fills me with alarm and terror. I have, in short, just learned that all these people here—I mean in this family—are Whigs. How could it be that Mr. F. would so deceive me? How could it be that he would inveigle me into any acquaintance with a party so deeply disgraced? But I am so excited by this discovery! My brain seems to have caught fire, I will try to calm myself, and look at the whole thing fairly, on both sides. But I must first tell you how I came to be apprised of this. After breakfast, the morning papers were sent me; and without looking at the head I began to read one of the leading editorials, whose title had caught me. The tone and spirit were much like what I had been accustomed to in the "True Democrat," except that I perceived there was rather more dignity of bearing in the article; and the style also was more gentlemanly and courteous, so that I said to myself, at once: "These American editors are beginning to mend their manners." But I leave you to imagine my horror, when, on turning over the sheet, I read in large characters its name; "The Southern Whig." I looked over the paper, and was still more shocked to find that the very names of those about me were printed in legible characters, making part of a list of "*distinguished citizens*," who were to attend a convention at Baton Rouge—the avowed object of which was to save the country from the hands of the Democrats who, although the terms and mode of speech, were somewhat less scurrilous, were boldly represented as being no less knaves, villains, tyrants, and especially fools, than the Whigs had been in the other papers.

I had supposed that the articles I had seen were unanswerable —and that no decent Whig would dare to show his head, after

they had come fully before the public. But what do I now see? The most important of those articles are answered, and the tables even more than turned. The charges are rebutted. The word falsified; the lie, with newly envenomed fangs, is thrown back into the very teeth of the accusers. And not only this; but new charges of more daring outrage, more flagrant breaches of trust, more insidious and unmanly frauds, at once provoke and challenge investigation.

Is not this a dilemma, indeed? One of two conclusions is now forced upon me—either that the great body of the American people are slanderers and liars, absolutely void of conscience, or else they are really as bad as they represent themselves. To believe the last, would be to place them, at least in a moral point of view, far below the plane of barbarism; and to admit the first, would be a poor compliment to Republican civilization. This is but a sorry thought for one, who, having dreamed of them for years, as a nation of godlike power and grandeur, has now travelled almost 2,000 leagues, to sit at their feet, and learn that wisdom whose spirit had inspired their lives, and whose form had become concrete in their institutions—and how shall I be able to resist the great equipoise of evidence, with its two equal forces, which, however much they may clash against each other, always unite to prove the unworthiness of all. They struggle, and fight, alternately gaining the ascendency, only the more at leisure to control, and abuse and hate each other. Are these the legitimate fruits of Republicanism, or the necessary results of freedom? If these things really are true, why should I not return, and lay my hopes for mankind at the feet of the Dey, the Bashaw, the Bey, or perhaps even the Grand Seigneur himself? I might find a more careful attention to the edge of the axe—more summary modes of judgment and punishment; but there would be nothing so mean—so degrading—as this lying, this common spirit of slander, which, like a base reptile, spits its venom in the very face of all true freedom, and drags its slimy lengh over the fair character and name of manhood.

Afternoon.—My distress of mind was too great for concealment; and when Mr. Clement looked at me, with his kind eyes, and asked the cause, I could not refrain from a full and frank disclosure. I told him what I had read in the papers concerning the Whig Party, in general and particular, and how greatly shocked I was to find, that very day, that himself and other members of the family, should belong to a party, which I had seen represented as so notoriously bad and dangerous. It was not that I did, or could, believe *them* bad, but because the friendship I really felt for them, was hurt by the least implication of wrong. It would not bear even one unkind question of those in whom I had so lively an interest. Nor was it this alone; but I felt the degradation of the American people in these manifestations, though I could not fully understand them.

He said he could see how a person unacquainted with their national character and peculiar modes of action, might fall into just such opinions; and though he, by no means, pretended to justify such proceedings, yet he hoped it might not be found quite so bad as I had feared.

I thought he smiled slightly, as I told him my conversation on that subject with Mr. Slicer; but it might have been only the bland expression, for which his face is very remarkable. It passed in a moment, leaving only that grave sweetness, which has always been so attractive to me. Nothing disconcerts me so much as these American smiles, which, although they are often very broad, I so seldom understand.

Believing that we were alone, I spoke with entire freedom, as I always can to him, at least on such subjects as have been brought forward. I was telling him how I had expected a revolt of the people, on account of these exposures, when Dr. Bowen came from under the curtain, where he had been concealed all the while, and burst into a perfect roar.

Mr. Clement slowly passed a hand over his face, from the forehead down, and then looked very gravely at him, when the doctor, glancing out of the window, exclaimed: "That old ne-

gro will be the death of me! he is so comical!" at the same time laughing still more violently.

We looked out to see what it was; but found nothing to laugh at in that direction. I had an uneasy feeling when the doctor retired, holding his sides, as if he would go into paroxysms. I cannot conceive what it should all mean.

Mr. Clement then politely excused himself; but before he withdrew, he invited me to attend a meeting of the True Democracy this afternoon, saying that it might clear up some things for me, at least on one side I shall now see how the American people make and control the machinery of government. My ideas, however, have had too many sudden prostrations now to be raised to the highest pitch. I must bid you adieu for the present.

11 P.M.—I have just returned from the meeting; but I have little to say. I would gladly dismiss from my mind a scene, which, if not disgraceful in American eyes, was at least disgusting in mine. Would you believe me, my brother, when I say that I have never, among all the barbarous tribes of the desert, been in any assembly before, where, in point of dignity, there was so wide a departure from all true manliness, as I have been witness to this very night. A chief of the Foulahs or Tibboos would feel himself insulted by such conduct, as the chief magistrate of this free American State witnessed, and, in a degree, entered into. I sometimes think that there is a little *too much* freedom here—at least of a certain sort.

The principal speaker, a Mr. Ranté from Alabama, was introduced as a staunch democrat, and one who stood very high with the party in his native State. The speech consisted mainly of a disjointed mass of charges against the Whig party in general, and their candidate for the presidency (Gen. Scott) in particular. There was a great deal of talk about the peculiar freedom of the South, and its special right to invade the freedom of others. Gen. McDuffie had said that "slavery was the cornerstone of the Republic"—and to be sure it was, for the reason

that it was there when the Republic was first established, and *it was there still*—that was what he called settlin' the question. He had a great deal to say about the compromise of 1850, and the underground railroad. He strongly recommended penal laws against printing, speaking, or even thinking, anything that was not agreeable to the South, and quoted high authorities for the same. I frequently heard the names of Clay, Calhoun, Wise, and Webster, associated with epithets and phrases that made me indignant for the tarnished honor of these well-known American statesmen. How the living men must have blushed to hear! And is there no one to defend the illustrious dead against such slanderous associations? These and similar thoughts rushed over me, as the speaker rambled on, apparently without any definite idea of what he was driving at.

He accused the Whig party of having fraudulently come as near to the resolutions of the democratic platform as they possibly could without using the same words. It was all hypocrisy. Hadn't Greeley, the great mouthpiece of the party, openly declared it? What did he say? "I shall support the nomination; but I spurn—I spit upon the platform; and no earthly power shall make me support it." And why? Because it was friendly to the South. He was happy to say the heart of the old democracy was in the right place—sound to the core. But as for Scott, he was no better than Greeley. He wasn't, in fact, so good; for he was a greater hypocrite. All he wanted was to get the reins of Government into his hands, and then he'd ride over the prostrate neck of the South; or if ever he meant to do them any good, he was such a blunderin' fool he couldn't. (Hisses and cries of "Down with him," from the crowd.

Then the unfortunate General was held up in ridiculous points of view, as it appeared from the hearers relapsing into good humor, though I was not sufficiently well read in slang to understand them. The greatly abused candidate was still kept in his "bad eminence," and turned over and over. He was represented as an egotist—a fop—and, as it seemed to me, a fool.

Whenever anything particularly scurrilous was said, some wild man about the place—a kind of savage they called Hoosier—would interrupt the speaker with shouts and exclamations. "All right!" "Go on, old hoss!" "Knead him up!" "Give him a mellerin, I say!" "Go it, Jerry!" "Dig on, Buffalo!" "Hand over, old Fuss'n Feathers, that 'hasty plate of soup!'" "And let him season it with the rich Irish brogue!" was immediately added. Cheers and laughter; shouts, cries of "Go it, old hoss!" "Hear, hear!"

This is sufficient to give you an idea of that part of the scene. When the speaking was over, there was a general call outside, to "licker." Just out of the door, in what they call a crackey or common luggage wagon of the country, was a five-gallon keg of whisky. The drink was drawn into a gourd shell, and passed round from one to another, each taking the tobacco from his mouth before he drank.

Mr. Soulé was called for; and when he came forward he was loudly cheered. He is a Frenchman, and said to be the greatest Democratic leader in the State.

Then a group of a dozen gathered round a gentlemanly-looking man, to whom I had been introduced as Mr. Walker, the Governor of Louisiana, all urging him to drink, at the same time paying him various highly-flavored compliments. One of them gave him a slap on the shoulder, that really made him wince, at the same time calling out: "Come 'long, old hoss! I say you're a Buffalo; come 'long, then, an' licker like a man!"

This is really too vulgar for writing. I drop the curtain. Would that I could also let it fall between me and my remembrance.

It is not that there are no better men in the Democratic party—it is not that they have not many honest, honorable, and highly educated men among them; but it *is* that such men and such measures, are permitted to bear sway. These Hoosiers, as Mr. Clement informs me, are native Americans,

though it was difficult for me to believe it. The term was originally a sort of nickname for the inhabitants of Indiana, it being called "The Hoosier State," and is now used in a more extended sense, to express a certain very marked and peculiar type of character, which has been developed in the West, to which it bears much the same relation that Yankee does to the East, representing merely the native white man of that region, with whom the right of self-government—that is, of taking part in the government of the country—inheres. But is there no means of civilizing this home-born sovereign, so that in time he may be prepared, or prepare himself, for his high office? It is a rule that every important work must involve a certain preparation. Is *this* the only exception? Are governments to be put into the hands of men, that have almost no human control over themselves? Are the destinies of a great nation—the destinies of the world—to be trampled under the feet of a savage American? If it is so, humanity itself calls for a concentration of the despotisms in one head, since the monster of a million heads only covers the land with petty tyrants. When there is a fixed position and impersonation of the tyrant, we know where and how to meet him; but here, tiger-like, he may leap out from the first jungle, and settle the question for himself, with a revolver or bowie-knife. We see by this that hostile and turbulent parties are not peculiar to Ghadames. One finds "Weleed and Wezeet"* everywhere; and if they are not here so closely walled in, they are at least as bitter and unrelenting as can be met with anywhere, even among the most barbarous tribes of the desert.

Returning, we were mutually silent and moody; even the happy face of the young doctor was clouded over. We were too deeply mortified for social enjoyment; and each seemed to be best suited with his own thoughts. Do not think that I have

* The names of two hostile divisions of the same people in the Oasis of Ghadames, on the borders of Sahara. The separate wards of the city which they occupy, are guarded by high walls, the gates of which are kept closed in time of war.—Ed.

lost all hope—even of my great hope. There must be some remedy; and for this I shall seek, with the determination of one who is neither to be dismayed by difficulties, nor foiled by opposition.

Friday.—This is our holy day; but not too good for that true speech, that I would ever maintain with thee, my brother. And now, to make amends for the barbarous stuff I have written in the beginning of this, I will give you a view of my really comfortable position. I have resolved not to decide any question prematurely. Yes, though every American forgets and repudiates the Charter which his fathers have bequeathed to Humanity itself, I will stand back on the grand old platform, undismayed, knowing that whatever is good and true in laws and government, must first come there for benediction.

Being suddenly called on for a walk, I will close this, leaving descriptions for my next.

And thus, salaäm,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XVI.

SHAHMAH IN HIS NEW SURROUNDINGS.

Reviving Happiness—Order—Comfort—Letter from Home—Herborizing—Mr. Van Brouer—The Attraction and Mystery deepen—The Chamber—Prospects of the Country—Plantations—Woods—Cane-brake—Anticipated Confidence and Freedom—A Dream.

COTTONWOOD, May 28.

BROTHER HASSAN:

Everything is so smiling and cheering about me, in this new home, that I cannot resist the charm. I am much happier than I have been. Do not think by this, that I am surrendering myself to the evils I meet. On the contrary, my faith was never more true, nor my hope stronger than it is now. Strange as it may seem, there is evidently a mutual distrust, and fear to speak on the subject of slavery between myself and the members of this family; and yet I know that I am gaining their confidence, and entering into their spirit—in short, that we are, slowly it may be, but surely approaching each other. I feel and know that we must soon meet, face to face, and soul to soul; and then the question of questions must be brought up. Meanwhile, the sense of home is gradually returning.

I am naturally susceptible of that strong local attachment, which makes it really painful to me to leave any place where I have known either mankind, happiness, or misery. Shall I find here the good sister that Mrs. Slicer had become to me? I have often asked myself. But the question is now answered; for Mrs. Clement is equally kind and attentive, while at the same

time, her superior self-reliance and discipline, encourage and strengthen me.

I break off suddenly to announce the arrival of a packet from home. And Youley—my little, laughing, romping sister Youley, has become a solver of problems, a maker of herbariums, and a student of atomic affinities! And what rich rewards will she bring to me, for all the care I have had of her? I dare not estimate them.

I am interrupted by the entrance of the young doctor, who has come to take me on our first expedition among the flowers. He promises also to introduce me to several strangers of distinction among them, that are now to be found in full feather. Is not this a rare life that I am living? Ah, Theodosia! pardon me. I do not forget thee.

Evening.—I have returned from our walk greatly enriched. Remember I shall preserve duplicates, and send them by every good chance, as well as specimens of the minerals and fossils I may overturn in these rambles.

At tea I was even more struck with the appearance of Mr. Van Broner than I had been before. He was still silent and abstracted, often turning toward me with those deep-blue, wonderful eyes, that have such a power over me, I can hardly preserve myself from being drawn to him altogether, notwithstanding his apparent coldness. What is this strange influence, and whence does it proceed? Who and what is he, that I should feel so drawn to him? I ask myself in vain. There he sits, or stands, quiet, stately, withdrawn into himself, taking little apparent interest in things about him, except now and then to play with the children, at least when I am present. And yet he always has for me the same mysterious attraction. I know that my mind must enter into that mind—that my hopes must become a part of his—that, sooner or later, I must yield to the influence, and open my whole soul to him. But how shall I overcome this perfect immobility of will, in which he seems almost consciously to hold me? or how shall I subdue the

coldness which now apparently amounts to repulsion? I cannot say how or whence; and yet I know that the answer must come.

But I will turn to a subject of minor interest, and yet not unimportant to one who has developed a love of those refined comforts, which are the fruits of civilization. I allude to the conveniences which I find here. Though in some respects far less costly and magnificent, this home surpasses that of Mrs. Slicer in the elegant fitness, which more especially promotes the pleasing sensations of use and comfort, and is, in fact, a reflex of the order and system which are so conspicuous in the character of its mistress. Nothing here is vulgarized with the idea of mere show; but everything exhibits the highest perfection of ornament, by its adaptation to some specific use. I mean by this that nothing passes out of bounds, or is perverted from the simplicity of its original design, for the sake of exhibiting a larger amount of gilding and sculpture.

I look around my beautiful chamber, and see this idea illustrated in the neatness and elegance of all its appointments. Everything looks so quiet and comfortable, as if it had got to itself a pleasant habit of being so. I was studying the capabilities of this really luxurious retreat for an hour this morning. The galleries on either side, give me a wide range of prospect. In one of them I get the rising sun; and this also affords me a fine view of the beautiful country on the east of us. I have seen nothing like it since I came into the State. It is a rolling surface, marked by laurel-covered hills, and beautiful groves of cottonwood, sassafras, and magnolia, with here and there an old patriarch of a plane tree, whose bark has grown hoary with the age of unknown centuries. But the woods are mostly made up of water oaks, a strongly marked species, with narrow, lobed, dark, and really evergreen leaves. Mingled with these are tall magnolias, with leaves from four to six inches long, and of a very deep and glossy green.

The cane-brakes are very peculiar features. The cane of the

cane-brakes is a very tall, arborescent grass, with stems from fifty to sixty feet high, and exactly resembling bamboos. At top they have a large number of slender, small branches, with numerous broad leaves, six feet long, or more. The stems are set so closely together as to be absolutely impassable. What richness the soil must have to sustain such a growth!

Much of the ground is very swampy, and forests still occupy a large portion of the parish. Between these masses of forest are, every now and then, large openings, often a mile or more in diameter, where the land has been cleared up; and here we find the planter, living in a very moderate, often insignificant, two-story white house. This is generally set near the public road. These plantations are, however, mostly contiguous along the great roads. At some distance from the mansion are the negro huts or quarters. These are usually built in a double row, and at a distance make quite a passable appearance in the cheap respectability of a liberal coat of whitewash; but a nearer view dispels all Arcadian illusions. They are mere hovels, and more dirty and uncomfortable than one would expect to find any human being in the occupation of, at least in this rich and free country. And the appearance of the laborers themselves is such as affords but a poor compliment to the free white American laborer, when we hear that he wishes to exchange places, that he, too, may lay aside all care and responsiblity, and enjoy the blessings of a life of laborious servitude, in return for the poorest food, the humblest accommodations, and the most wretched clothing. This last is especially true of the women. Never before have I seen women clothed so barbarously, and looking so much like barbarians—I will not except even the poor, half-naked captives of the Saharan Kafilahs.* It is indeed a strange sight in this land of decency and propriety to see women clothed in a single garment, and that often both short and scanty, engaged in the stern labors of the field.

* Slave caravans.

The most agreeable feature connected with these plantations is the magnificent hedges by which they are bordered; these hedges are made of the Cherokee rose, an evergreen, half-climbing rose, with slender, overarching shoots, nearly twenty feet long. These stems in time get matted together, forming an evergreen mass, about eight feet high and six feet thick, which, in the season of flowers, is adorned with immense white blossoms. I have noticed among hundreds of nameless strangers, a delicate flowering shrub that fringes the banks of the streams. It is called the Wild Honey-suckle ; and its very fragrant and beautiful peach-bloom blossoms are now nearly gone by.

Some of these plantations, however, and especially those devoted to cotton, are large and rich. The cotton is a branching shrubby-looking plant, in rich lands from five to six feet high. The leaves resemble those of the hollyhock, which you will remember was one of the home favorites in the Algerine garden of Mr. F. It is planted in perfectly straight rows, six feet apart, and kept very clear from weeds. The fields are level, presenting a pleasing aspect of softness and fertility. They are now just beginning to bloom; and they wave in the distance with a soft, white, creamy look, emitting clouds of perfume. Nothing could be more lovely.

Passing round to the corner of the house, I see the thriving village of St. Francisville, with its busy outlet of river communication, Bayou Sara, studded with all forms and conditions of river shipping, and boating vessels. Then, of an evening, I go clear round to the west side, where I have a magnificent view of the river, rolling away with its immense volume of turbulent and turbid waters, and bearing hither and thither, up and down, the labors and the fruits of almost every people and every clime. Here the sunset comes to me so grandly that I often linger until the gorgeous coloring fades from the quaint-looking houses in the old French town opposite, and the twilight deepens around me.

I have now settled it for myself how I can best exclude the

sun and admit the air, or combine both with the best points of view for studying these most wonderful scenes, which are a never-failing feast of beauty, grandeur, and variety.

It is a remarkable fact that I have not heard the word slave or slavery, since I came here. The very name seems to be studiously avoided. It is plain that in the minds of these people (the Americans) notwitstanding their pretensions, the subject of freedom is a delicate one, to say the least; and, as my own experience goes to show, in some cases unpleasant, if not dangerous. I hope I have learned wisdom ; however difficult it may be, I will endeavor to wait patiently for the breaking up of the mutual distrust which, at the least in this family, I feel and know must come. Otherwise, even with all its exterior charms, I could not endure the life I lead. The pent-up thought, which, even in Algiers, has always been so free and active, would finally suffocate me. The truth is, if liberty of speech is not soon to be accorded me I shall dare their hanging; for one might as well be strangled by a cord around his throat as by the actual bursting of the heart itself.

I dreamed last night of Yethra. Theodosia came, as it were, walking over the ocean, and led her to me with a golden bridle. My Flying Star was fair as when I first led her from the pastures of Nedjed*, where her infancy had been nursed by the rich Mother of Camels. But, as I took the silken rein from the hands of Theodosia, my beautiful Bird of the Desert bowed herself down at my feet and died. I awoke with the sobs that almost choked me; but the last thing I saw in my dream was Theodosia herself, standing on a high pinnacle, as of a cloud, and looking down upon me, with a face as calm as that of Manah,† the youngest daughter of God. I cannot dismiss this dream, and it troubles me. Heaven guard my precious!

Adieu,

SHAHMAH.

* This district is known as the "Mother of Camels."

† One of three female angels who are called "Daughters of God."

LETTER XVII.

SHAHMAH'S THEORY OF HUMPS.

Home News—Egypt—True Strength of Nations—Servants of the Family—The Corporal Aunt Phillis—Samson and his Family—Mary Ann—Little Massa—Love and Loyalty—A Pleasant Walk—A Remarkable Organ—Difficulty of Investigation—Shahmah theorizes—Hypothesis of Origin—Robert enters—Levity and Gravity.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I have received with great joy your package and the letters of Youley, giving an account of the successful operations in her mountain school. Yes, my little sister is to know her office truly, as a teacher and elevator of women; and, through these, of men.

The news from Egypt is of the most important and interesting character. Mahomet Ali is adopting the right policy. The time is coming, and now is, when the true strength of a nation will be found not so much in the fortifications and armor of war, as in the arts of peace—not so much in destructive engines, as in productive industry—not so much in the amount of armed forces it can bring into the field, as in the wisdom of its own councils—in the diffusion of useful arts and sciences, and the general intelligence of its common men. These great truths must be illustrated somewhere, for the humanizing spirit of the age demands it; and if not here, as we had hoped, still I know there must be a people, who can, and will, shadow forth and build up, in the face of all men, the great basis and superstructure of a true human freedom and civilization. But I am beginning to see more and more, with every day, that the only moving power

great enough to accomplish this, is in the Working Hand. He who is first to recognize, appreciate, and honor this highest symbol of a true humanity, will be a prophet of good to mankind. The brand must be extracted, and the work made honorable; then will men begin more truly to distinguish and mark themselves *as* men. It is a mistake of the old times, that the strength of a nation consists in warlike armor and discipline. There is more power in one month of free, intelligent labor, than in a whole year of martial preparation.

But a truce to theorizing. I remember now that I have been intending to introduce to your acquaintance my humble friends, the colored people of this family; for, though everything is done for them that can be done here, yet the color and condition, which are made a curse, cannot be obliterated. A particular attention to this greatly wronged and degraded caste, is a point which I should never fail in, because my chief interest is in the capability of the workers everywhere, believing, as I do, that it is only by elevating *their* character, that those great changes in government and social condition which we seek, are to be accomplished.

In this family they have fewer servants; but they are far more active and efficient than those of Mrs. Slicer. They have fewer striking points of character, but more self-control and general intelligence. The most important personages among them are two very aged persons, a negro and negress, brother and sister, who were originally brought from Guinea, and that when they were small children. They have never changed masters, otherwise than in the natural change of heirship; having been first brought over by the father of Mr. Van Brouer, through several generations they have still adhered to the fortunes of the son. Their features have not that strongly marked animal type, which is often seen in the people of those regions, and which slavery, without admixture of races, seems to exaggerate rather than soften. In fact, they have never been debased by their condition, but even improved and exalted by it; for it is easy to

see that the best human traits have been rather developed than obliterated. Their teeth are still in good preservation, though the flesh is much withered, the hair white as snow, and the once shining black skin fairly grey with age.

Aunt Phillis, the negress, does very little except wash dishes, and not that unless she likes. Being lame and unable to move about readily, she is much annoyed by the carelessness and irregular habits of younger members, that often invade her premises. To keep her dishcloth, seems to be the one great subject of trouble and anxiety. Many times a day I hear her querulous, fluttering voice, calling out: "Dar! my dicclaw! Sef'! Nabby, git out dar! Missis, vat you fink? Tief no done dar! I put my dicclaw in my pocket! Oh. missis, missis! come right 'long here!"

Such is the burden of her speech, almost all day. Yet no one is allowed to treat her with the least disrespect or inattention. I have often seen Mrs. Clement run at her call, and wait to hear her harangues, as patiently as if she had been her own old grandmother.

Jubal, the brother, is much more stately and dignified; for he has been the bearer of distinguished honors, from his very youth upward, he having been ennobled by an office in the Revolutionary army. Of the title of corporal, which he still bears, he is very proud. He is seldom called by his name, but is commonly signalized as Corporal Jube, or more frequently as the corporal. His grey-black, wrinkled visage still has an expression of great intelligence and vivacity; though its full feeling is not called forth till he enters the presence of Mr. Van Brouer, whom he still persists in calling "Little Massa," notwithstanding he is now endowed with the grey hairs of a patriarch, and is the father of three generations.

The coachman, Samson, and the cook, Kesiah, are man and wife, both pure negroes, genial and happy in their nature and condition. They present the finest types of the negro character, docility, gentleness, fidelity, and a boundless devotion. In their

Clement has a singular influence over me. I seem to feel stronger in her presence, as if she had some mysterious tonic power. Is it not strange that such an impression should be given by a woman—a true woman—gentle and delicate, both in mind and person? There is, perhaps, something of individual experience—something of discipline, in this. Is it because she is less fascinating, that I am so much more at ease in her company than in that of Mrs. Slicer? I do not think it can be, for the reason that, under certain circumstances, she inthralls me even more deeply. There is a splendor of the intellect in her, that magnetizes and takes possession of the mind. The attraction toward both seems to be very nearly equal; but they awaken wholly different chords of feeling. In fact, they are so unlike, that it is impossible to compare them; and yet they are both so lovely—so truly and purely woman.

I have been for some time going to tell you of two peculiarities I have observed in these American women. For one of them —or the deformity of the *waist* by a severe and unnatural stricture—one may see the *cause* set forth in broad daylight at the shop windows; but for the other, I am wholly at a loss to account. This is a remarkable *hump*, which is situated at the back, just above and between the hips. I do not recollect having heard of it before, or having seen an account of it in the works of any naturalist; and yet it is so conspicuous a feature, that I really cannot see how it should so long have escaped attention. From the nature of the case, I have not been able to investigate the subject so thoroughly as absolute science would require. As far as I have been permitted to observe, the hump does not appear in the female infant; but it clearly begins to be developed at eleven or twelve years of age. It enlarges, as the system matures, and gradually receding in the decline of life, it disappears nearly in the same manner in which it comes on.

In its exterior effects it disturbs the equilibrium of a true proportion in the figure, and thus deforms. If it were not to be regarded as a misfortune, it would be shocking in the extreme to

all sense of beauty and good taste; for it not only unsettles the harmony of proportion, but it protrudes an inferior part of the body at the expense of the superior. It is a law of physics that, all other things being equal, the volume of the organ is the true measure of power in the function; hence the intellect develops the head, but merely sensuous and passional powers are marked by corresponding prominences in the inferior organism. Perhaps this is the reason why the hump is so much smaller in intellectual women.

Of its actual consistence I have not the remotest idea; but from the mode of its appearance, development, and recession, I would venture the hypothesis that it may be a kind of brisket, or fatty formation, like that of the camel, which is, as you well know, a reservoir of nutriment, that is often drawn upon in times of famine. So in these women the hump is protruded in the full vigor of the system, and reabsorbed, as the vital forces decline. There is one circumstance which strongly favors this hypothesis, and that is, the hump is much larger in such subjects as are in luxurious habits of living, where any tendency to an accumulation of fat would naturally be stimulated. This principle, however, does not always hold good; for I have seen the organ of immense size in persons obviously of the lower ranks. I observe all the higher quadroons are marked by this peculiarity; and were it not that many of the negresses have the same, I should think it was taken through their affinity with the white race.

As it is, I cannot satisfy myself by any reasonable conjecture; but one thing occurs to me in support of the brisket theory, and that is drawn from a historical fact.

As this continent was mostly in a state of wilderness when the European settlers arrived, the early mothers might have been furnished with this natural reservoir, as an accumulation of sustenance against times of famine. But however necessary it might have been in the pioneer days of hardship and suffering, it is no longer wanted; and the ancient blessing is converted into a present curse. If I were in their confidence, I should recom-

mend fasting and prayer as a remedy—especially the former, which, if the above theory be true, must have a direct and specific action. A fine sense of beauty and propriety, would surely make these women willing to inflict upon themselves any penance that would be likely to remove it. Nor is this all. There are important moral considerations involved, to which a true woman, as the natural refiner of the world, could not be insensible; for whatever unduly develops the animal—or even an undue expression of it—tends to debase and corrupt the common mind.

It may, after all, be a kind of epidemic, caused by climatic and social peculiarities, and thus at length become chronic. If so, I pray Heaven, that my Youley be not in the smallest degree infected with it, as I am happy to say that Theodosia is not; though this may be owing to her Spanish origin on the mother's side.

If there were no other objection, the morbid consciousness that infects this organ, is so offensive to every principle of harmony and good taste—and, as it seems to me, even of delicacy and feminine propriety—that I cannot forbear wondering how any pure, and really modest woman, should be willing to attract to herself such a train of thought and feeling, as she must, by these means, inevitably suggest—at least to the low and sensual. In noticing the ungraceful, and even disgusting swing, or whisk from side to side, which this organ assumes in walking, I have observed that, in general, it is in proportion to the volume of the enlargement, which in some subjects is immense; and with it appears so much present consciousness, that one would almost suspect a recent origin, or that it is accidental, and not inherent, as I have come almost to believe. I have been studying this phenomenon with great care and interest, and as far as possible, with a true scientific observation; but I cannot yet quite assure myself that it has the old familiarity and ease of nature. And if not, how can it be? These women surely would not willingly *thus* deform and debase themselves! So here is another mystery.

I shall get a volume by and by, that will be the Wonder Book of the world, and more incredible to all true believers, than Tales of the Thousand and One Nights.

Three hours later.—I was interrupted by the doctor, who came in just as I had completed the last sentence; and so, as he is quite a student of natural science, and professionally in the science of man, I laid the matter before him, much as I have written it, adding however, what I had not then written, that if this character is really constitutional and permanent, it would be of sufficient importance to authorize a new and very strongly marked variety of the race.

He listened to me with such extreme gravity, that I really began to suspect him of some sinister thoughts, until I got to the last proposition, when he gave himself up to his mirth, and laughed immoderately. Without saying a single word, he went out, returning in a few minutes with a small oval balloon, that seemed to be made of oiled silk; and though I did not see how it was inflated, I perceived a bit of tape half a yard long on each of the pointed ends. This he threw at me—almost into my face; though what relation it could have to my incipient science of humps, I really cannot imagine. If it is only a jest, it is a very rude and coarse one; and with me, I confess it does not relish in the least. The levity of these Americans, I sometimes think is extraordinary.

Thursday Evening, June 17th.—I have kept this letter for several days, hoping to add something more of interest, before closing; but I seem to have fallen into a strange vacuity of mind. There has been, perhaps, an overaction of the powers; and now I want rest, before nature makes another rally. What it will be for, or to what purpose, or end, I cannot even conjecture; but I feel that there is something of more than ordinary consequence evolving. What is this power of the soul, that is always stretching out into the future—putting forth its feelers, to try the darkness of the great Unknown?

The strange and inconceivable conduct of the American

people, as represented by Mrs. Slicer, Dr. Bowen, and others, has become a perfect terror to me. How there is, or how there can be, a slave in this republican country, I cannot even imagine. I ponder on the subject night and day. And yet, here, where I hoped for so much sympathy—here, in this very house, where I feel that I should, and still must be free, I am yet spell-bound. Still I must hide away from the light all that is dearest and truest to me. I cannot deliver myself from the power of this thrall. Who shall deliver me?

If I am left alone, or my attention is abstracted, even for a moment, I see always before me the form of that strong man, chained, with his scored back, and hopeless eyes; and near by, the fettered and violated woman, with her straining eyes turned on a group in the distance—her children in the hands of the man-stealer—just gone—gone forever. I cry to Allah, day and night, and ask him what it means. Will nothing answer me, so that I may at least believe and *know*, if it is true?

A dense cloud presses upon me almost continually. At times, however, a sudden and surprising brightness breaks in upon me, as there did in my walk with Theodosia this morning. But however happy I am with her, I do not altogether lose the painful consciousness that is always questioning whether I have a right to be so.

I suppose that these crises—these storms and hurricanes may be as good for the moral, as their correspondences are for the natural world, and that when the thundergust has fairly exploded, the atmosphere of the soul will be brighter than before, and all its flowers will bloom, and its birds sing, with renewed sweetness.

Last Saturday I went twenty miles into the country, where I observed some novelties, especially the great water lily, nelumbium. This prince of water lilies grows in shallow ponds and pools, and has a flower from six to eight inches in diameter, and more resembling a magnolia blossom than the lotus or any other of its family. The huge peltate leaves are from one to

two feet in diameter, and these, together with the flowers, instead of floating, are usually raised about two feet from the surface, on thick, spongy stalks.

I should have mentioned before, two of the greatest peculiarities of this region. They are moccasin snakes and "red-bugs." The moccasins are of two kinds, the water and the land moccassin. In many places, after a shower, the former are as common as frogs. The latter are common enough. They are quite as bad as the rattlesnakes, and much more numerous. I have never seen a rattlesnake since I came here; but I have met with quite a number of moccasins. For this reason I have been often concerned about Theodosia's rambling away alone, as she often will; but she is afraid of nothing; and certainly, so far, nothing seems to hurt her. A reptile must be very venomous, if it could.

Both species of moccasin snakes are of a dull, blackish-brown color, lazy and malicious.

But the red-bugs are worse than the snakes. These are represented to be certain little red insects, abounding in the weeds, bushes, and grass, and attaching themselves to anything animal that comes in their way. They bury themselves under the skin, where they produce an intolerable itching, and of course scratching, from whence come sores and scabs. These small intruders are the habitants at this very time, on my own person, of as many as fifty respectable blotches, that give more uneasiness than one would expect from so diminutive a creature. I say *represented* because I have never *seen* any of the gentry, though I have *felt* them to my satisfaction. Robert, in his merry way, often congratulates me upon the unusual facilities which he and I, as botanists, enjoy for making their acquaintance.

The cotton fields are now in full flower; and nothing could be lovelier than an extensive field covered with its rich, creamy wave of blossoms.

But I will not inflict upon you any more of this dullness. Still,

through all these untoward and discouraging circumstances, I do believe, with a great faith, that whatever is best for us must actually, in the fullness of time, work its way outward. Farewell; and may my next carry with every word, to thee and Youley a true

Salaäm;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XVIII.

THEY CELEBRATE THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Shahmah's first Conjugation—The Verb to Love—Robert's Warning—Pine-Woods—The Heart's Mystery—The Great Anniversary—The Corporal's Stories—The Botanists go Down—Picturesque Scene—Storming of Fort Moultrie—Thrilling Effects of the Narrative—Another Voice—Simao Appears—Speech and Exit—Incident—Reflections—Mr. Van Brouer—Home Yearnings.

COTTONWOOD, July 6.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I have not been idle for the past three or four weeks, though I have not had so much time as usual for writing. I have been zealously engaged in several different pursuits, to which I have been for some time wishing to give a more decided attention, than I had yet been able to do. In the first place, by teaching Theodosia the principles of drawing, and overlooking her studies, I am keeping both hand and eye in practice. I am also embracing this fine opportunity of reading French with her; for you must know she speaks the language with the grace and elegance of a true Parisienne. I am, in short, making much progress, notwithstanding the doctor has chosen to keep himself merry about it. On looking into my grammar this morning, he chanced to open to some delicate pencillings of Theodosia, in the margin of the first * conjugation. "Ah!" said he, with a most lugubrious look, the corners of the mouth drawn down, and the brow and lids half scowling, half pendent, "beware of that verb. It has caused more falls, especially to young students, than all the rest put together; and let me tell

* *Aimer*, to love.—ED.

you, on the word of a doctor, that in certain conditions of the system it is fatal."

Robert is a humorist, and so must have his joke; but if he knew how intensely this very thing is trying me, he would not speak so. You infer from what I have said that Mrs. Slicer and her family have arrived, and that she brought the STAR along with her. The padré and madame also came up; but Mr. Bennett, having critical business affairs on his hands, yet remains in the city.

Our whole party, now including that of Mrs. Slicer, have also made a visit of two weeks to the Pine Woods, where most of the planters, who can afford it, retire from the alluvions during the hot season. Here life exists under peculiar and inviting aspects, almost reverting to the primitive simplicity of the pastoral ages. These woods are considered healthy; the clear streams are thronged with trout; the resinous odor is not unpleasant; and the music of this great wind-harp is entrancing. The luscious Pine-wood grape is now ripe. It runs on the ground, often covering immense tracts. The bluish or purple fruit, is large, cone-shaped, transparent, and delicious. I must tell you more of these woods another time.

Do you ask how I progress in the unfolding of this heart-mystery? The truth is, I hardly know how to answer you. Theodosia's manner toward me has changed wholly, since she came here. She is not haughty; she is not reserved; she is not distant, nor cold, but her feeling seems to be, in some degree, compounded of the whole. She is as kind, as truthful, as quick to respond to appreciation and sympathy, as ever; but she now uniformly keeps herself at a certain distance, which I am unable to get over. And this very manner, much as it annoys me at times, enhances her beauty, and heightens the effect of her charms. Never before did I so yearn to come near her; and yet I would not renew that unconscious and unquestioning child-faith, that first sent her to my arms. It is the instinct of womanhood asserting its own. I respect; I honor; I love; I

venerate it; and whatever award it makes, I shall now know will not be of blind passion, but with a thoughtful, conscientious will to do right, in love, as in all other things.

I am becoming more and more a complete duality. Two wholly distinct currents of life are now in motion, one of them involving a great thought, out of which I am to solve the problem of my mission and work in life, the other an affection of the heart, through which I must unfold all that can make my work beneficial or beautiful to me. But this divorce is unnatural. Will the time ever be when the two great forces of our being, mind and heart, can act jointly, so that the first shall be inspired and energized by the last, as that also is intensified and disciplined by the first? Such a time must come; and it will be when there is perfect freedom of development for man, as for all other beings.

The great national festival, as you will see by the date of this, is already passed over. I had looked forward with much interest, before I came to this country, hoping to see the American people enter truly into the spirit of their great jubilee, as it had been described by our friend. But, an acquaintance with slavery and the Hoosier Democracy has rather damped my ardor. In general terms, I will say there was much firing of squibs, and other waste of gunpowder, and an equal explosion of talk, in the form of orations. There was much eating and drinking—much swaggering and bullying—but small likeness to the great archetypal day, in any of their proceedings. I could not shut my ears against the cannon; but I would not unnecessarily put my best hopes to the blush, by listening to their bacchanal toasts, and swelling, hypocritical speeches. I am happy to perceive that the principal members of this family are of the same opinion; though, as yet, we have not spoken freely on these subjects. My unfortunate experience demands caution. I am waiting for them to open these questions, as I know they will; for both in feeling and principle I am daily drawn nearer to them.

The anniversary of the immortal day we spent socially and quietly together, the doctor and myself being mostly engaged in arranging our herbal treasures, which are now rapidly accumulating.

But there was one good thing, of which I must not forget to inform you ; for it was quite in the spirit of the old time. This was a real holiday to the slaves. They were also receiving visits from their friends in the neighboring plantations ; and they were early dressed in their gayest gear.

The great treat of the day, was to witness the rejuvenation and reproduction of Revolutionary scenes, in the narratives of the corporal, who has almost the genius of an Arabian story-teller. He appeared in a full suit of regimentals—the same he had worn in '82, and which he had kept rolled in tobacco-leaves, to be brought out only on the Fourth of July, and other great festivals, ever since. The cocked hat, like the face it shaded, had grown grey with age ; but the heart of the old man was still true to all he had ever conceived of the spirit of '76.

The hero of the day was conducted in state to the southern portico, where the sun lay rich and warm among the vines and shrubbery, and, seated in a wicker chair, placed near the edge of the platform, and fronting the grounds. Near by, in a low chair, her wasted form erect almost to rigidity, sat Aunt Phillis. And there soon gathered the audience—children, white and black, the servants and their visitors.

We could hear the rhythmic volume of the old man's narrative with responding shouts and acclamations, from the gallery where we were working ; but having finished our floral labors, we went down to the east drawing-room, where, from a shaded window, we could see and hear without being observed.

The scene was full of vivacity and picturesque effect, which, in some of its features, would remind you of Ethiopia and the Upper Nile. Unconsciously graceful groups, or single figures, were sitting, standing, reclining on the ground, or leaning

against the trees, while their bright ribbons, their gay turbans and holiday dresses, deepened their hues in the golden sunshine, and like tufts of gorgeous flowering, that bloomed out of the deep verdure, clothed and colored the picture, that was not by any means wanting in the higher character of a true human interest, feeling, and power.

I observed that the leading sentiment of these stories was not of freedom, but devotion to the whites. They were the heroes; and with them lay the great interest; though I noticed there was always a warm response, whenever the faithful servant was introduced on the stage.

The only story I heard in full was, the storming of Fort Moultrie, which the corporal had witnessed, when only a boy of fourteen, he having entered the army five years later.

He pictured in vivid colors, the terror of the Carolinians, when they first heard that the enemy was coming, and dwelt especially on the fact, that dear missis couldn't sleep o' nights, and grew quite pale and thin. To this they all responded, the women with low groans, and rocking of the body to and fro; for missis was to them an old acquaintance; albeit, she had gone out of the world long before most of them had entered it. He told them how little massa was a baby then, and how sorry he was to leave him when massa sent him, with many other negroes, to Sullivan Island, to work on the fort of Massa Moultrie. He described the cutting of the palmetto trees, and the mounting of the cannon; while men and boys showed their interest in the work, by imitative, and more or less violent gesticulations. He described the threatening acts of the enemy, and the quick gathering of the forces on the American side, while many sprang to their feet to be more free in their motions. He told of the arrival of the Ketch Thunder opposite the fort, while breaths were drawn in, and eyes projected, with an expression of mingled terror and wonder. In the deep silence that followed, he illustrated the throwing of the first bomb, describing its effects; and the breath was violently thrown out,

in mingled sobs, and cries, and groans. They leaped from the earth; they tossed their arms; they rocked to and fro, with an intense expression of interest and animation.

He told how the English vessels got fast on the "Middle Ground;" and a new chord was struck. They leaped more violently than before, but with vivid signs of joy; while intermingling shouts of "Ki! ki!" for a moment interrupted the speaker.

He touched another string and woke a sort of romantic interest. He was absorbed, and lost himself in the heat of the action. He told how the bullets and bombs went all round, over and under Massa Moultrie, who was the special object of his admiration. When he described the raising of the broken standard, by Massa Jasper, and told how Massa McDonald, with his last breath, cheered on his men to victory, it seemed as if the very hearts had stopped beating, in the strain to comprehend all of that wonderful scene.

The narrator rose from point, in energy and enthusiasm, until he came to the decisive blow, that finally confirmed the victory, when he was so carried away with the eloquence of his own memories, that he sprang to the ground; and raising his old grey chapeau, swung it in the air, with "Three cheers for dear old Carolina!"

The shouting and the cheers multiplied and echoed from every point; and it was some minutes before silence and attention were permitted to come back again. Then he told them, but more quietly, how the proud English were driven off, and how Congress and Massa Washington, himself, sent letters to Massa Moultrie.

It was then that we were startled by a deep and earnest voice. "Did they send any letters to the black men that helped build the fort, and stood among the rattling bombs and bullets to defend it? What did *they* fight for? Was it to have their wives and children stole away? Was it for chains and slavery in any form? No, it was for love—love of the

masters that enslaved them—love of the white man's heel that crushed them."

By the smothered groans I heard—by the flashing and the tearful eyes—by the uneasy motions, and the rocking to and fro, in all those writhing and dusky forms, I knew that they were stung with a suddenly aroused sense of wrong. No one —not even the corporal himself, who is always so ready with apologies for massa—attempted a reply.

The face of a negro was turned toward me after the speech; then I first recognized Simao, the husband of Zindie, and he as quickly saw and knew me. Physically, he is one of the noblest specimens of man. The broad and massive chest, the strong and well-knit limbs, and the bold and finely formed head, all confirm it. Turning his imposing front directly toward me, he added, "Why didn't they free *us*? Say, master, can you tell me?"

He had the same deep, bitter, despairing look I had noticed before. Is that Herculean frame—that great heart—that truly human soul to be so shaken, and wronged, and roused, and nothing come of it?

As if he could not endure the sight of happy faces, the negro, with a mingled grace and dignity of action that might well have become a Roman senator, wrapped around him his light mantle, which, for some reason or other, I am told, he almost always wears, and slowly walked away.

I too could stay no longer; but I carried the scene away with me, as the subject of sorrowful reflections. Is it possible that souls and hearts like these can be alienated—robbed of humanity—reduced to the condition of mere chattels? But that deep, unanswered question, though now heard only in the writhing of the crushed manhood, has to be met. It must probe the deepest, it must compel the strongest, stretch out into the farthest, and reach up into the highest of all moral, mental, and spiritual power. It lies at the very root of all social right and obligation; and blessed will it be for this country, and

the world, if, in breaking forth, it does not open torrents of blood.

And thou, poor, degraded, wronged and suffering Negro! Is there yet none to recognize thy faith—none to reward thy devotion—none to unfold those powers of self-elevation, which thy fervid nature could so well sustain? Justice must be rendered, or the accumulated vengeance will rise, only to absorb, and overthrow, and devour.

Yes, the question of that poor, despised chattel cannot much longer be avoided. It must be opened by the fireside and the wayside; it must be carried into the pulpit; it must be met in the senate chamber, and finally answered by the great awaking voice of humanity itself. There is no avoiding it. It stands in every path. It intercepts every relation, and interest, and power of life, and progress, and civilization—everywhere demanding justice, and everywhere gathering strength.

I feel that this is true, in the very atmosphere of the age itself, though the precise modes of action do not appear. The whole earth is inspired with it, and the overshadowing love of heaven answers and confirms it.

Evening.—As I passed through the court, in returning to my chamber, I met Mr. Van Brouer. I knew from his position that he had been observing me. I felt that every thought—every emotion had been truly read. I was near yielding to the attractive force, that always seems carrying me toward him, when, as if anticipating it, he waved his hand gently, but with a kind of authority which I could not resist, apparently to me. Afterwards, I thought it must be to the children, who were approaching, and who also appropriated his dismissal. Whence is the mystery that envelops him? Why does he sequestrate himself, as if unusually, at this time? Why does he wear that cold, calm, searching look only to me? Or why and how does he magnetize me with this strange equipoise of attraction and repulsion. I left him standing there, silent, deep, and thoughtful; and though he hardly recognized me, I felt to the heart's

core, the stately grandeur of that form, whose very beauty I could almost bow down and worship. In my agitation I forgot to follow poor Simao, and inquire about the story he promised me, until I found he was gone. My heart is full of sadness, yearning to repose itself with thee and Youley I can write no more.

Salaäm,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XIX.

ROBERT'S HISTORY OF MR. SIM.

Simao visits Shahmah—Some Account of Himself—Fears Separation—Speaks more freely of Himself—Terrible Sense of his Condition—Exit Simao—Enter Robert—Begins the Story—Remarkable Fund of a Christian Church—Death—Exchange—The Benefactress—Bound by Kindness—True to Trust—A Mutual Pledge.

COTTONWOOD, July 13.

BROTHER HASSAN :

Because I know you will feel much interest in the fate of Simao, the wonderful negro, I will give you some account of an interview which I had with him last evening. He came to me by appointment, and we sat alone together in my chamber, for some time both keeping silence. The close sympathy which had already sprung up between us, seemed better contented with that interior speech that was always so true between us, flowing directly between soul and soul, and hardly wishing for or needing vocal expression.

At length he entered upon the affairs which he knew would be interesting to me, and then he spoke with considerable animation, but yet in that deep and subdued tone and spirit that commonly distinguish him so remarkably from his gay and vivacious people.

He is now looking with great anxiety for the arrival of his wife, whom he has hardly seen more than for a few stolen minutes at a time for a number of years; though there was a period when he visited her frequently, and then became the father of the little boy, who is strikingly like him. I have a very strong impression that he meditates escape. Why should I fear

it? for what can be more terrible than a life like this? and yet the idea fills me with horror. He is much afraid that Mr. Slicer will contrive another separation when he learns of his being in the neighborhood. At length these terrible thoughts pressed so upon me that I could not speak.

I was roused from these reflections by his suddenly observing my taciturnity, and rising to go.

"Stay a little while," I answered quickly, "and let me hear more of you. Tell me why in all things you are so different from all others of your kind?"

"Other *slaves!*" he said, with an emphasis that was really caustic on the hateful word. Then lifting his large eyes slowly from the ground, and regarding me with a look of that great sadness that is so heart-breaking, he said: "Good master, I know it pains you to speak it, and yet it must be spoken."

He lapsed again into silence, but after a little while resumed: "All these peculiarities torture, because they distinguish me. And sometimes I am so maddened by the observation and curiosity they excite—so racked by the questions and remarks they call forth, that I almost wish to unman myself, before God and the world, and return, if it were possible, into the ignorant, brutish being, clothed in coarse and filthy rags, to feed on hoecakes in the week days, and by theft, or gift, of a Sunday, to grease my throat with the fat of swine's flesh. The sight of these finer garments—the sound of this proper speech, which I have so truly earned, and which by all natural and moral right belong to me—I almost loathe, at times, praying for anything—the whip, the brine, the brand, the bloodhounds—rather than this refined sense of wrong and loss, that is burning forever at my heart's core; and I know there is nothing in the world that can kill it. There is at times a living fiend in that unquenchable fire, that upbraids and taunts me with my loss, as if I had willed it—as if I were not the greatest sufferer by it.

"And yet, again, I feel such a pride in this untamable strength; for I know that, if left free in limb and mind, there is

not a height on the earth I could not reach—not an honor I might not win. But a sense of these possible triumphs is momentary; and then I see the naked and revolting truth. I cannot even stretch out a hand toward the way I would go, but the cold weight and clank of the chain admonish me. O master! you can never dream how cruel it is to look out of slavery to all a man *could* be, and then come back to the chattel! To look at schools, and colleges, and the platforms of popular assemblies and legislative halls, feeling that only such great means and measures can truly match our manhood, and then to crush ourselves down into the bought and sold—the dumb, powerless *thing*, that is only made for the pleasure and profit of another!"

As he said this, his voice and look were terrible—not from any expression of violence, but from the profound depths of endurance which they disclosed. I was going to question him further concerning the reason of these differences, when he suddenly drew out his watch—a fine, large, gold repeater—and pleading an engagement, took leave; though not without promising to visit me freely and frequently.

I was musing upon this apparent personal freedom—so strangely contrasted with his language, and with all I knew of slavery, when Dr. Bowen opportunely came in.

With but little hesitation I laid the matter before him. He seemed grateful for my confidence (for anything that touches freedom, here, except perhaps Whig and Democratic freedom, must, I assure you, be *confidential*), and pleased with the opportunity of breaking the ice, as he termed it.

He began by saying: "All that you have heard of that man—all you have observed in him, I will be bound to say, does not equal or reach what may truly be said of him. He was born noble, and cannot choose but be so, though it makes his sufferings still more bitter and terrible. His life, so far, has been a strangely eventful one; and God only knows where it will end.

"Joseph Lewis Simao—now better known as Sim, or Mr. Sim—was born in the Island of St. Vincent, one of the Cape

Verde group; but when a small boy of not more than four years, he was sold to a planter who lived several hundred miles higher up the river. His new master was a monster in human form. The crack of the whip, and the groans and shrieks of the tortured, were his favorite music. Bad as he was, his depraved appetites craved for worse than even *he* could reach. He wanted excitement and the most active stimuli; but fourth-proof brandy was flat and stale. He was a temperate man in regard to spirituous liquors; but he enjoyed with a fiendish zest his daily draught of fresh human blood. His slaves had no fear of being sold South—which, as I suppose, you may have heard is the great bug-bear of the more northern and milder regions."

Having simply expressed dissent, by saying that I knew nothing at all about the customs, he nodded significantly, saying, "Time enough—time enough yet, I assure you," and then went on again:

"I knew this man-tiger; and though some of the more liberal might have thought he was a little *too* fast, yet, on the whole, he was a respectable member of society, and of the church in J——, which, by the way, he largely endowed with a fund, consisting of slaves and their children, to all posterity."

I interrupted him with an exclamation of horror; but he quietly resumed: "You must get yourself hardened, and the quicker the better. But I was going to say, the most remarkable thing in the compact is that several individuals, or corporate elements of this fund, are members of the church itself, and actually go to the communion table—the second and lower table of course"——

"Yes," I interrupted again, "and not to partake of the symbols of the body and blood of Christ, but absolutely of their own."

"It is too true," he returned; "but you could not get anybody around here to look at it in that light. There is, perhaps, hardly so zealous a band of Christians anywhere as you will

find in that very church. They are more than half gone mad with the love of God; and will shave doctrines and points of faith as fine and thin of a Sunday, as they do notes and bargains of a week day. And this man—this master of Sim—for then he was not Mr. ——, was more pious than any one of them all, as he had a right to be, having invested so largely.

"He seemed to know instinctively that there was nothing beyond himself that could terrify his slaves. Having met *him* face to face, there was no sugar nor rice swamp—nothing of any sort or kind, that would not be better than the present. So when he would frighten, he clutched at them with a tightening grip, and *never threatened to sell them.*

"But Death, at length, was too much for him. The old fellow fought like a tiger, as he was, with the common adversary; but, for the first time, he was foiled, and came off second best.

"He was tumbled into the ground with but little ceremony; for, truth to say, human nature is yet honest enough to revolt at such depravity; and he had but few friends, though after his demise his remarkable benefactions were made the subject of much nasal and florid eulogy in the Church and papers; notwithstanding I believe that a dryer corpse was never laid in the ground. If it afterward took to moulding, it wasn't on account of the tears.

"The slaves were sold, and among them was our friend, then just emerging into manhood, and described in the papers as 'a stout, active, and likely black fellow, five feet ten inches high, strong and muscular.' But they who wrote this had no measure for the actual man. In an attempt to run away, however, Sim had been retaken; and as his right palm was adorned with the certificate of his enterprise, this circumstance tended rather to depreciate his current value. So, in addition to this, as the times were rather hard, the so much blood, muscle, and bones, with the bellows and engine to work them, which the list of his practicabilities included, went for a few hundreds. He was purchased by the widow of one of our richest planters on the

river just above here; and, strange to say, after having been at first quite disheartened at what she considered her bad bargain, she suddenly came, with a woman's intuition, to see into him, and perceive his value.

"Being naturally a very gentle and true-hearted woman, and knowing something of the horrible life he must have led with such a man, she was determined to overcome the dogged sullenness which for a considerable time he resolutely maintained, and do him good, if need be, against his will.

"Kindness at length did its work. The young slave was warmed, elevated, inspired by it. All the wonderful power of his nature was reached. His devotion knew no bounds. He studied day and night how he might do most good to his excellent benefactress. She perceived this spirit, and recognized it. He was indulged in everything, and there was little restraint put upon his actions. It is not precisely known how he came to read; but his love and remarkable aptness for learning were winked at, if not directly encouraged. He became a scholar, such as is not perhaps to be found in the schools anywhere about. He is an excellent bookkeeper, and a very accomplished business man. He has now for several years been the sole agent and representative of his mistress in her business relations; and not unfrequently he goes to New Orleans with large sums of money—perhaps two or three thousand dollars—in his possession."

"But why, then, does he not make himself free?" I asked eagerly. "Surely it could be no wrong to do so."

"It is precisely this that troubles him. It is because he cannot betray trust. You should hear him speak of it as I have done—so nobly, and yet so bitterly. You should hear him curse the very kindness that only makes him the more a slave. Among all the terrible things I have seen, as far as actual suffering is concerned, this appears to me the worst."

"And yet," I said, involuntarily dropping my voice to a lower key, "I have an idea that he will—*not always be as he is.*"

"And I have the same," returned the doctor, quickly interpreting my innuendo; "and hear you! if he makes any such attempt, be it for good or evil, I am with him."

"Then for his sake and yours," I answered, "and for the sake of that which we are all seeking, I am with you both." Thereupon we struck hands together; and, come what will, we have entered into a solemn compact, to afford each other any helps we may need in the event of such a crisis.

I am pained and perplexed—and the last mystery is the strangest thing of all—that this truly gentle-born scholar, nobleman—a being of immortal consciousness, of infinite hopes and aspirations, whose powers and merits are to be reckoned only by the current standard of dollars and cents, should constitute as a whole, a thing of price—a chattel!

Oh, I am sick! and, were it possible, I would most gladly fly from hither to the bosom of Algiers; for there at least is not to be found such base hypocrisy. Alas, my brother! but for the memory of thee and Youley how could I now live?

Robert, who is to walk over to the post-office with me, waits. I close this suddenly, with a salaäm for all of ours.

Adieu,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XX.

KINDRED SPIRITS MEET AND MINGLE.

Letters from Home—Mustapha—Sufferers of Yefran—An Impression—The Sage—Beautiful Tableau—Involuntary Entrance—Recognition—Reasons of former Repulsion—Mr. Van Brouer cheers and encourages Shahmah—Instruction to Servants—Samson a Landholder—Intended Removal North—Mr. Van Brouer's New York Establishment—Sudden Faintness—Shahmah recovers his Speech—The Doctor comes—His prescription—Demonstrations of promised Pleasure—The Children—The little Negroes—The Mocking-bird.

COTTONWOOD, August 4.

BROTHER HASSAN :

Again I acknowledge the reception of a package from home ; and, as usual, I have noted all its contents with a loving eye. Your account of the expedition to Ghadames thrilled through and through me ; and especially was I glad to hear of our old friend, Mustapha, Rais of the City * of Dervishes, and that, to use his own favorite phrase, "by little and by little," he is recovering his former health. But I cannot trifle, while a thought of the poor sufferers of Yefran † oppresses me with an almost hopeless feeling, as I read a revival of the old story, in the unmerciful exactions of tribute gatherers. So it is there ; so it is almost everywhere. All that I hear and see goes to prove that, in a greater or less degree, this is the condition of the whole world.

My writing is suddenly suspended, by a distinct impression that I should go directly down stairs. I submit myself to the impulse, for in these impressions I have never been deceived.

* Ghadames, one of the largest oases of the Zahara, is called the City of Dervishes ; sometimes also the City of Marabouts—that is, of priests or religionists.

† A group of the Tripoli Atlas range on the road from Tripoli to Ghadames.

Eight o'clock.—Without any special effort of self-direction, I went down; and passing along the gallery, entered the house directly opposite the east drawing-room, which lies in the cool side of the cottonwoods, which only admit, through an opening in the foliage, one broad sweep of morning sunshine. The door was ajar, and I saw that the room was in deep shadow, except what light came in from a narrow opening in the crimson curtain folds, and this was so adjusted as to admit the sunshine that lay along the room, with the rich and golden warmth of its first expansion. I was surprised to find Mr. Van Brouer there at so early an hour; for though I am in the habit of early rising, to enjoy and improve the cool of the day, the family, and even the servants, do not usually appear till some time after.

He was reclining directly in the path of this sunbeam, and with the face so turned, that the whole depth of the light fell over it, while, at the same time, it was inclined toward me. I had never seen that noble head before crowned with such an august beauty. Yet it was not merely the light which warmed the marble forehead, and fell so goldenly over the white hair, that touched the face with such unwonted splendor, but rather an outbeaming, spiritual light, that seemed responding to it.

My first thought was to retire, silently as I had entered; but with the next glance I knew that he was thinking of me; for I read his thought, as it were, in legible characters. With a spontaneous action, which my own will would rather have restrained, I walked farther into the room, and stopped a little way before him.

The face turned directly toward me. He rose from the divan, and stretching out his arms to me, said only these two simple words: "My son." The tones of his voice, so deep and silvery-sweet—the expression of his eyes—the benediction of his whole presence, magnetized and took possession of me. I sprang forward. I would have thrown myself at his feet, to clasp the knees and kiss the hand; but he interrupted me. I was drawn to his arms instead—strained to his breast, and in every heart-

throb I felt that absolute recognition, after which I had so intensely yearned. It inspired, it strengthened me. I felt myself suddenly growing into the measure of that great and beautiful life.

He led me to a chair, and sat down opposite me. I felt as if bound by some wonderful dream, and dared not stir, lest I should dissolve the charm and wake. He spoke kindly to me, and there was a power in his voice that restored the more harmonized feelings of confidence, and gradually the heart-beats became less violent, until at length I sat under the full influence of that wonderful power, quietly as if I had been a young child, looking up into its father's eyes.

"Shahmah," he said, after a little while, "you will not be afraid of me, when I tell you that I know you—and more, I know truly that this is what you wish. I have read your thoughts—I understand your object and pursuits; and let me tell you, my son, that mine have found in them a truer answer than they ever met before. I have had a special interest in studying you—in learning everything that could be learned about you. I know more than you think of your history and experience, especially while in the house of Mr. Slicer.

"I have seemed to repel you; but I have had good reasons for this. I am inclined to place too much confidence in those whom I in anywise attract, and I have not only suffered from this circumstance, but I have lost, by it, both time and sympathy. These are my capital. I do not hoard; but I work with them. I keep them active—I have none to waste, for I owe them all, in the common bondage of humanity. Hence I have learned caution, not from suspicion but from prudence, and it is all the more necessary where my own feelings are concerned, and I am thus more apt to be blinded. I have found that they who are truly attracted, will, in due time, come to me. Believe me, my son, the good we shall open to each other will be truer for this test."

He paused a moment, as if awaiting a reply. I could not speak ; and he went on.

"I know very well what you would say ; for I have felt what it is to be alone—to nurse a great thought in the silence and secrecy of my own soul—to watch over it, and cherish it, for years, reaching out everywhere into the dark for some intelligence, that may answer mine ; yet nowhere finding it—finding instead, that what was so beautiful, and sacred to myself, shows only weakness and fallacy, when brought into the outer light, and before the common eye.

"Do not be discouraged, my son, that the answer seems so long in coming. Remember that I have lived nearly to the closing of my fourth score ; and now do I first meet a full recognition of my claims in behalf of humanity, and that from a boy—a mere child, as it were, whose grandfather I might have dandled as a baby on my knee. Yet in this early character of life I recognize in you, as it were, a reflex of my own aims, hope, faith and works—not in detail, but in essence and power. What may you not do, my son, with this great beginning ? Never fear. Never doubt. All will be done."

He clasped my hand in both his ; and we sat together awhile in silence. But when he saw that speech was as yet absolutely denied me, he resumed.

"All distrust, all fear, must now be set aside. In this family you are free. We appear to you, doubtless, in an equivocal position, as the owners of slaves. But let me tell you that all these good servants are intrinsically free. We have thrown around them all possible guards against any accident, while we continue at the South. They choose to remain with us, and have absolutely refused to go unless we do. In the mean time, we are truly preparing them for freedom—not merely by book learning, but by instruction in such work as colored people are not usually permitted to have, in order that they may be always able to get their own living. We have dared to break the laws

of the State, and obey only the higher law of nature, and right, by instructing our people. Every one of them, excepting the little children, can read and write. These are gross State offences. We are liable to be punished by fines and imprisonment; and in case of agitation of the matter, other, and more serious liabilities, would appear; yet the necessity and the duty were so clear, that we could not justify ourselves in setting it aside for any question of mere policy. We have trusted to the honor and honesty of those we are seeking to serve; and they have been worthy of the trust. Yet by some means the affair is coming out, and is, I think, exciting a suspicion among the neighboring plantations. This we suppose happened through Mary Ann, the poor, unhappy mulatto girl, who does not live here, but is hired to instruct the little girls. She has discovered that our slaves know something of books. Poor child! we are trying to bring matters to bear for her purchase, also; for she is in a pitiable condition. She is a half sister of Simao, who is, in some respects, one of the most remarkable men I ever saw. I believe that his power will yet show itself, in a way that is worthy of him. You remember he spoke here on the Fourth of July.

"Our servants are not only free people; but free-*holders*. Samson is a landholder, a tract having been given us for this purpose, by the noble Gerrit Smith. The deeds are made out in his name, and actually recorded. We hope to get them well settled there by spring; and when we go North you shall visit them.

"It has been necessary for Mr. Clement to remain here, in order to close up the business of his late father; but they will be ready to remove by the end of the next winter; and Mr. Clement is already engaged to fill a vacancy that will then occur in the pulpit of a beautiful New England village, in the native town of his wife. I, myself, am only a visitor here. My home is in New York, where I have an establishment of workers, which I hope will *please you so* well, that you will find yourself,

also, at home there, during your stay in the city. So long as you please it shall be open to you and yours. You have excited the love of a father. You must now let me assume the protection of one."

I am at a loss to conceive how I sat and heard all this, and so truly, too, that I still remember it. But at length the conflicting emotions were too powerful, and I had a dizzy sensation, as if I should fall.

He perceived it instantly, saying: "I was wrong to open all these exciting subjects at once. Let us walk out into the open air."

When the wind blew upon my face I recovered the power of speech; and as he led the way to a sheltered seat, in a retired part of the grounds, it seemed as if a perfect torrent, both of thought and feeling, had been disturbed, and defying constraint, rushed upward. Not a word can I remember; but of all I thought, felt, hoped, believed, nothing was kept back.

"I understand it all;" he said quietly, when I had paused from mere exhaustion. "In a short time you will be all the better for this; but for the present your excitement must be subdued."

At that moment the doctor came up; and without any appearance of that levity, which sometimes so oppresses me, he said kindly: "Forgive me, if I have, at times seemed rude. My sister says you think I have sometimes laughed at you. Do not believe it. It was only at some new and ludicrous points of view I had caught from your remarks. I cannot flatter; and I should not like to tell you how much I venerate the rare traits we have all discovered in you."

He took my proffered hand; but as he did so, started at the throbbing pulses. "How is this?" he exclaimed. "You are in a fever! We must take care of you."

"By no means;" said Mr. Van Brouer, pleasantly. "Do not speak of it. It is only a little too much excitement of the system. He will be better directly."

"Then I recommend homœopathic treatment—more of the same," returned the doctor, laughing; and herewith, as a true functionary, I prescribe a trip to Baton Rouge, which all of us have been proposing to ourselves to-day—that is, brother James, Alice and myself. What do you think, patient? Will it help you?"

"I like the medicine much," I answered; while at the same time Mr. Van Brouer said pleasantly. "Go to work then, boys, with your new-fangled notions. I, in my old-fashioned, allopathic ideas, was going to recommend a counter-irritant. Do not be alarmed," he added, seeing me cringe at the suggestion; for having lately, during odd moments, been dipping a little into medical books, I had a kind of remote vision of a blistering plaster.

"Do not understand me literally," continued Mr. Van Brouer. "I was merely thinking how one strong feeling could expel another, or the two, meeting, balance and arrest each other."

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Clement appeared. The moment I looked in their faces, I saw that they understood the general recognition. Each of them took me kindly by the hand, Mr. Clement saying pointedly, at the same time: "This might have been at first, as well as now, if it had been thought best."

"Yes," returned Mr. Van Brouer, "it was all my fault; but I shall do my best to make amends for the delay." Then turning to Mrs. Clement, he said: "I am happy to see my daughter looking so well, for our excursion to Baton Rouge to-day."

Hetty, who had been following close behind, caught the last sentence, running back to Ephraim, with a hop-skip-and-jump, to tell him of the promised pleasure. The boy answered by swinging his hat in the air, with three hearty cheers, a demonstration that was not lost on the little negroes, who came in as volunteers, with a variety of shouts, whistlings and titterings, all in the clear, musical tones, peculiar to the race.

The contagious mirth did not stop here; for a mocking-bird, that was perched somewhere in the magnolia tree, suddenly went

off into such wonderful strains of melody and mirth, both original and imitative, that all conversation was suspended. He laughed, he shouted, he whistled, he sang, his vivacious motions keeping perfect time with his sprightly strains. He fluttered his wings, he darted up and down, he danced from spray to spray, never losing a single note, or being false to the time in a single motion. Then the whole power and spirit of the scene—the bloom, the verdure, the bright sunshine, the clear dew, the balmy air, the running water, and the very essence of all other song, seemed to be fused together, in one rich warble, that rose and swelled, and mounted with the soaring wing, higher and higher, until the last slender note of that more than lark-like song, was lost in the air that still seemed inspired with it, so gradual and distant was the close.

For some time there was a profound silence; for our thoughts had risen to the heavens, on the musical pinions of that matchless strain. I had never heard anything like it before, even from that wonderful bird.

In the meantime we were called to breakfast, and here, as I see the carriage at the door, that is to take us to Bayou Sara, where we are to find some down-bound steamer, I will hastily bid you good-morning, only waiting to close this, that I may post it to-day.

I should have told you that Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Slicer have exchanged calls, and I am happy to see there is a growing intimacy between them. It is strange that, with all her childishness, Theodosia is always of our party, even when the younger members of the family do not choose to join us; but I know that in mind she is remarkably mature, though in heart, fresh and unsophisticated as a little child.

I have met Zindie once, alone in the grounds, where I had opportunity to speak a few kind words to her. Poor soul! She much needs comfort, for she is suffering greatly from some cause. Mr. Slicer has not yet arrived, having some great speculation, as

I was told, yet pending in the city. Heaven send it may not be of the wrong I most fear.

If Youley were but here to-day, how much pleasure it would give me, to introduce her to Theodosia, who is already greatly interested about her. But I will not allow in myself this idle wishing. Whatever is best for us, Allah will surely send.

Adieu;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXI.

SPECIAL FEATURES OF THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.

Trip to Baton Rouge—Site of the City—Its chief Features—Capitol—Asylum for Deaf and Dumb—Garrison Grounds—Market—State Penitentiary—House of Gen. Taylor—Asylum Grounds—Ride into the Country—The Party rest—Fine Position and Prospect—An Arrival—Lewis Paine—Slavery how and how far Sanctioned—Only Protection that of Property—Ineffectual and Insecure—The Position of Owner and Owned trying and unnatural—Sarah Grimke—Madame Lallorme—Atrocious Murder—Another Victim—Indecent Exposure—Female Chattel—Subservience of the Churches—Divorce—Negro Wit—Honorable Testimony to the Character of Southerners—The fortunate Quadroon—Exultation—Envy and Jealousy—Unwomanly Consolation—Great Bundle of Wrongs—Elastic Power of the Negro—The Children come in—Return.

CORTONWOOD, August 9.

BROTHER HASSAN:

We have had the trip to Baton Rouge, according to appointment; but in spite of the charming passage down, the fine views we got from the bluff and esplanade, and the friendly intercourse, which, after all, best pleases, the day has left a tragical impression, that will be forever associated with it. This is not merely because Theodosia was not present, as we had expected; though I own the unaccountable absence chagrined me. But you shall hear.

As this town is the political centre, or capital, of the State, it was a point of courtesy to show me round a little. Baton Rouge is built on a bluff, nearly sixty feet above the ordinary height of water in the Mississippi, extending over both slopes, as well as the bluff itself. The warehouses are below the bluff; and when the Mississippi is high, the sidewalks are washed by the water, which, at other times, is at least a hundred feet distant, and twenty feet below their level.

The town is built irregularly and closely, and has a mean and cheap appearance. The most noticeable features are the Capitol of the State, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Garrison and Asylum Grounds, the State Penitentiary and the Market.

The Capitol is a splendid building of white stone, so conspicuously placed on the top of the bluff as to be visible for miles up and down the river. South of that, on less elevated ground, is the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb—a fine large building, also of white stone, with two large wings. The market-house stood deserted and empty, as it always is in the middle of the day, being thronged with buyers and sellers only in the early morning.

About one quarter of a mile north, are the garrison grounds. A path, bordered by a grove of China trees, leads through them, up to the barracks, which are large, mean-looking, brick buildings. A little at one side of this, in a grove of China trees, stands a small house, occupied by Gen. Taylor when commanding here, and where he lived when elected President.

On the other side are the arsenal grounds, with immense piles of balls in front, all kept in the neatest order. A little back of the town is the Penitentiary, a very large, white-washed, brick building, nearly in the form of a square, but without any architectural character or pretensions.

Our observations were here cut short by the advancing heat of the day, and we were driven directly to our ultimate destination. After leaving the city, we soon plunged into a thick wood, stretching along for nearly two miles on both sides of the road—in a mass of sombre green, broken here and there by the glossy-bright leaves of the magnolia, which, in the season of flowers, would be adorned with, now and then, an immense white blossom. The undergrowth consists of shrubs, and largely of vines, especially grape-vines.

The fields now begin to show cotton ; and, intermingling with the later blooms, the rich, white tufts are seen everywhere bursting from the pods. It is a beautiful sight. In some points

of view, the dark verdure of the plant only makes a ground on which its spotless plumage drifts away, bending to the breeze like a field of waving snow.

At length we came to a very steep descent; and having crossed a bridge, ascended a much higher hill than that on the other side. It was a beautiful promontory, or bluff, fronting a small bayou, that makes up into the land a short way from the town, though in what precise direction I really cannot tell. It had the several advantages of giving us a good shelter, a charming prospect of the country, of being open to the river, and thus of admitting cool air, with the noble view, and at the same time of affording no shelter for interlopers—the last being not the least, as there were good chances for making our session rather confidential. As this cool and pleasant retreat consisted of only three or four large trees, well draped with vines, and was approachable only from one narrow path, we had but to assure ourselves that no intruder was there, and to post Samson under a small oak, that commanded a view of the path for some distance, to be completely fortified and established, to all intents and purposes, in our own castle.

We found the most comfortable and convenient seats for Mr. Van Brouer and the corporal, which, by improvising a little upholstery work, were yet further improved. This was done by covering two niches, that were scooped out in the rock just wide enough for easy-chairs, with the dry moss of the country, that hung in heavy festoons from a large oak near by. Here we established our aged ones, grouping ourselves around on less elaborate divans; while the children, including the two little ones belonging to Samson, were put under his care; and he whiled away the time by teaching them to weave garlands and crowns from the bright flowers and the glossy oak leaves.

But hardly had we got well established when we were interrupted—but this time very happily—by the approach of a young man, whom the doctor most cordially recognized as Lewis Paine. He had known him at the North. This person struck

me instantly, as being of no ordinary experience or character. He is rather tall, and well formed, both in face and limb. But the expression was what most affected me. It was of a great will to dare and suffer. This was shown in every feature, and especially in the dark eyes, which, at times, were lighted up with an almost unearthly fire. My impressions were true; for I found, on his being introduced, that he is now but just released from an imprisonment of six years in the state prison of Georgia, for the crime of assisting a slave to regain his freedom. He appeared broken-down and languid, from the natural reaction of this protracted and terrible excitement. He was not much inclined to speak, especially of his own bitter experience; but after having explained that he had accidentally learned, on stopping for a few hours in the town, that his old friend was to be found here, he had come to bless his eyes once more, as he expressed it, with the sight of a free-born and free-souled son of Little Rhody (that is the State of Rhode Island, one of the "Old Thirteen," which you will remember my friend William the Sailor, spoke of so proudly).

Being cordially invited to join our party, he threw himself on the turf; and there he lay, looking out over the country and river, and up into the air and sky, as if the unrestrained vision itself had given him the most intense and delicious thought of freedom. He spoke only now and then, and but a very few words at a time, so that we were disappointed in our hope of hearing his story. But he is on his way North, where he intends to publish a full account of his life as a liberator. So we shall see, if we do not hear it; and may we hear this also, that the true freemen of the North will recognize his claim, and every one meet him with the outstretched hand of a brother. Mr. Van Brouer says that the anti-slavery people, who form a very strong party of that region, will doubtless take him under their protection, and assist him, as far as possible, to regain the steps he has so boldly and nobly lost.

I was greatly pleased with the benediction given by our aged

friend. "Is this the way," he said, taking the young man's hand, and warmly pressing it; "is this the way we are to reward our best patriots? No, my son. Go to them, and tell them, that if they owe anything to the fugitive, they owe ten times as much to you; since you have not struck for your own freedom, or your own good, but perilled and lost all, for the hope of helping others."

I saw that the dark eyes glistened, as the young man turned himself away, and through the tears I read something of the human affections that were crushed in that great struggle, which yet may not be entirely over.

"Does this beautiful country look like a land of slaves—a land of violence and wrong?" said Mrs. Clement, after a little while, in which, I believe, we had all been thinking much the same thing.

Her remark opened the way; and seeing that I should not now lay myself liable, I first briefly explained to Mr. Paine my special interest in the subject, and then asked: "How *can* there be slavery in this country, that was so truly dedicated to freedom?"

Mr. Clement then explained, how the great evil had crept in under the colonial government, and that after the Revolution the slaveholders claimed the right of protection, for what they were pleased to term, their property.

"The country," he said, "was then exhausted by the long and unequal struggle, and any division at that time would have been disastrous. The slave power was at that early period immature; but it showed something of its present character. It demanded for itself what it would not allow to others. Concessions were made; and a Constitution was framed, having one clause that is claimed by the South, as its peculiar guaranty; and they who had gone to war about a miserable tax on tea, by implication, at least, recognized, as an integral feature of their institutions, the black-and-crimson mark of chattel slavery."

"How?" I exclaimed. "Do you say, indeed, that the Con-

stitution of the United States sanctions slavery? Have I, then, read and studied that noble instrument with such utter blindness?"

"It would take a very close scholar, unless his eyes were first anointed with the verjuice of American slavery, to discover any direct support of that institution," said Mr. Van Broner. "However, such support is claimed through one rather questionable clause, that has as strong a bearing upon domestic servants, and bound apprentices, as upon slaves; but nowhere is there any direct sanction. We shall not, at the present time, go into the discussion of this great principle, but simply make you acquainted with some of the outside facts. By and by we will take up the whole question, in all its bearings, and try it by every law, natural and legal. I can tolerably well appreciate your feelings, when you discovered the existence of American slavery; for though I had always lived under its influence, I discovered its enormity for myself; and then, I can truly say, it was inconceivable to me. The unrobing of that hideous form—which I had believed so fair—the casting out of that foulness, which I had seen solemnly indorsed with all the sanctities of Law and Gospel, was my first real and independent work in the world. It was a terrible struggle with my affections, my faith—with all that had been most precious to me; but I carried myself bravely through the fire; and since then I have always worked the better for it."

"But is the condition of things so bad as has been represented to me by Mrs. Slicer?" I asked, beginning also to enumerate the facts.

"You need not specify," said Mr. Clement. "We have heard that story, and can not only vouch for its entire truth, but for a thousand enormities which it does not include."

"You will not wonder at this when you look at the foundation," said Mr. Van Brouer. "The slave is a 'chattel personal' in the hands of his master, 'to all intents and purposes whatsoever.' This idea is strictly represented in all the details of

slavery. The slave can nowhere be protected as a human being; because the very act of enslaving robs him of his natural rights and position, and thus he is utterly disabled. The protection of property is all that he can legally claim; and they who have seen vicious or passionate men, in their blindness, injure themselves, both in person and property, well know how insufficient and insecure any such protection is for a human being. There are a few laws; and there is public opinion. The first are more than nullified by the great statute that lies at the base, and makes a chattel of the slave, and also that which rejects the testimony of all colored persons, when brought against white persons; and for this very reason the protection of the *other* comes too late. For since no testimony of the slave, or any of his companions, can be accepted in his own behalf, and since the law actually admits the fact that a slave *may* 'DIE of *moderate correction*,' it follows, that only the bare, abstract wrong can be admitted to testify of itself; and this must be very nearly, or quite, in the form of death—or in sufferings even more monstrous and horrible, before it has the least chance of being admitted."

"It is not so easy a matter," observed Dr. Bowen, "to maintain anything like a common sense of justice, to say nothing of kindness, where deeply scored backs, festering wounds, and brine lotions, are essential features of the system."

"Are these incredible things really true?" I asked; "or am I dreaming?"

"They are more than true," said Mr. Paine, "as I can testify by a thousand facts."

"And they are so grounded in irreversible laws, as, under certain conditions, to be necessary results," said Mr. Van Brouer. "When you put a living, and feeling, and intelligent form into the hands of a man invested with irresponsible power, and tell him that it is, to all intents and purposes, his own property, to do with it as he pleases, what could you expect, in all ordinary cases, but that a great sense of wrong on the one hand, and a keen love of despotic sway on the other, should continually

nourish the root of bitterness that springs up between them, and exhales its deadly miasma over both. Not to be unjust and oppressive—not to be even tyrannical and cruel—in this unnatural position, would claim that the master should be almost more than human. How, then, can the human chattel be otherwise than robbed of all social and legal protection?

"The insufficiency of all that is claimed by the advocates of slavery, in the form of public opinion and direct legal protection, will be shown by incidents that are transpiring all around us," said Mr. Clement. "I am a Southern man, and, as my good friend, Sarah Grimke, has so beautifully said: I 'was dandled on the knees, and nursed in the lap of slavery;' but I cannot conceal, either from myself or others, my utter abhorrence of the whole system. I will give you one or two facts in point: Madame Lallorme, a woman-monster, who lived in New Orleans, a few years since, seems to have had an inextinguishable love of cruelty, for its own sake. She fattened on the tortures she inflicted. She had a deep cellar, where she took her victims for punishment, far away from the light and feeling of the upper world. There she kept many of the miserable creatures, writhing and festering in the damp darkness, until at length she had become either more bold, or less fortunate in her horrible work; for one of those dying screeches, being left unsmothered, cut its way upward, and struck, and hurtled on the outer air. The whole city was alarmed. Investigation opened a scene of inconceivable atrocities. Public opinion denounced the rank-hearted monster, and drove her from the country; but it could not restore the lives she had sacrificed, the brutal injuries she had inflicted, or the happiness she had so wantonly destroyed.

"In this State, also, and not far from here, a master actually hacked his slave in pieces, chopping him up, limb by limb, even to the toes and fingers, and deliberately throwing the parts into the fire, before he struck directly at the fountain of life. But public opinion could not put him together again, and annihilate

his tortures, and restore him. Retribution came too late to save the victim, as in these cases it generally does."

"In my professional capacity," said Dr. Bowen, "I have been eye-witness of things hardly less cruel and monstrous. Not long since, I was called to a dying slave, who had been flogged nearly to death under circumstances so revolting that, even now, I sicken at the thought. It seems that she had left her work in the cotton-field, because she was so ill as to be utterly unable to keep up. She was followed; and in spite of her protestations, dragged to the stake, and most cruelly flogged, as you may judge, when I tell you that a somewhat premature birth actually happened, while she was yet under the lash. I was called to see her, just as she was gasping her last; for, as a piece of property, she was then to be saved, if possible. I never shall forget the look of that dying woman. Bending her eyes on me as I entered, I saw that they were filled with the torture of that horrible and most unnatural struggle of death with the full power of unimpaired life. Clenching me at the same time with her hard and horny hands, she exclaimed: 'O massa!' with a shock that nearly took me from my feet. In that terrible struggle the last groan burst forth; and she was free. They put her and her dead baby into a hole together, and covered them up, away from their own sight; but the memory of that scene will be graven on my soul to all eternity."

There was a pause after this for some time; and then the doctor added: "I have been engaged as a surgeon in one of the hospitals during our late war with Mexico, and have cut off legs and arms with something like composure; but I tell you I cannot endure the sight of a slave under the lash. I have seen them flogged with a whip of, perhaps, six feet long, and nearly an inch in diameter in the largest part of the lash. This is, I assure you, a formidable weapon, especially in the hands of a strong man, who knows how to use it, and will cut through to the bone at every stroke. I have seen backs whipped up

almost to a jelly, and have actually fainted away at the sight. I tell you that if there is a feeling heart anywhere, these scarred backs would be the best anti-slavery preachers."

"There is another thing," said Mrs. Clement, "to which I am astonished to find my own sex insensible, and that is, the shameless exposure of the person in flogging women and young girls."

"That is because the slave-woman is regarded as a chattel," said Mr. Van Brouer, "both by the enslaver and his apologists. Hence, otherwise good and pure women, do not recognize in her the common obligations of female virtue. A woman chattel in the hands of a man who has been made beastly by his position, is not likely to fare better than one of the other sex; and if she has a single spark of that modesty which is inherent in woman, the sooner it is smothered out of her the better—at least for her present comfort. The worst of it all is, that these things, monstrous as they may appear, are not mere accidents, without any essential relation to the root of the difficulty, but they may fairly be considered as the natural fruits of the system. What can be expected better than this, where, on the one hand, there is a total disfranchisement of the human being, that virtually annuls all legal and social protection; while, on the other hand, the master is clothed with irresponsible power, and that, too, under circumstances that tend directly to corrupt and degrade both the slave and master, and thus array them in a position of the most deadly antagonism to each other."

"All these details are horrible indeed," said Mrs. Clement; "and although they sicken me, I will not turn away from them. I often think of what Mrs. Child, one of our most excellent writers, has said in the view of them—that we 'should not let our nerves be tenderer than our consciences.'"

I was overwhelmed with horror and sat dumb. It was some time before I could speak; and then I could only exclaim: "This is worse than the traffic of Sahara."

"Yes," said Mr. Van Brouer; "I am well aware of that."

Then, after a moment, he added: "The inhumanity of barbarism dwarfs in the shadow, and stands abashed, before the utter savageness of a slaveholding civilization."

"I have read the teachings of Jesus; and they are words of love," I answered. Why then do not his Church and his people cast themselves into the work that properly belongs to them, and try whether these great legal and social wrongs cannot be corrected by a moral and spiritual power?"

"It is precisely this," returned Mr. Clement: "because the slave is as truly disfranchised in the view of the Church as in the eye of the law; for the so-called religion has almost always followed in the track of the temporal power, and indorsed all its proceedings. Strange and horrible as it may seem, there are churches whose funds consist either in part or wholly of SLAVES. They are grounded in the corruption—utterly immersed and buried in it. All the churches at the South, and many at the North, are sold to slavery. If even the northern pulpit had been free and true, as it should and might have been, slavery would have been dead at this very hour. Nor are the churches content with an incidental support of this dehumanizing wrong; but, under the highest sacerdotal seals and sanctions, they issue their bulls for its defence and support, as in the case of the Savannah River Baptist Association, who violated the sanctity of marriage in its behalf. In defiance of their own formula, which declares, 'What God hath joined together let not man put asunder,' they decree, that when slaves are separated by their masters they may marry again, without any violation of church obligations; thus directly inciting them to incontinence and disregard of the marriage tie. And not only this, but, by strengthening the hands of the masters, they throw the ban of the Church in the scale against whatever sense there may be of moral purity or genuine attachment in the slave."

"Yes," said Mr. Paine, "marriage is at best but a temporary union among slaves; for the parties that are married to-day may be separated to-morrow. There is no divorce recognized among

them but that of the master's will. Or, at least, I recollect only one exception.

"A middle-aged negro, by the name of Jake, being asked how many wives he had married, answered, 'I's had five.'

"'What! are they all dead?'

"'No; I 'spec dey's all 'live.'

"'How so? Did you get divorced from them?'

"'Yes, massa; I has dat.'

'"Let us hear, then, how it was.'

"'Why, you see, when I's sold, I spec dey put it in de bill o' sale; for I neber sees Dina any more after dat.'

"The case of Jake illustrates the condition of a large majority of the slaves."

"And yet, after all this," said Mr. Clement, "masters seem to expect that their slaves will be perfect models of virtue and propriety."

"Notwithstanding their own invasion of these laws is to be seen in the endless shades of complexion in the servile race," observed Mr. Paine, "nothing is more common than to hear them complain that their slaves are thieves, liars, and licentious. They never seem to know that these vices in the slaves are, for the most part, but the merest shadows of similar obliquities in themselves. The slaves are truly not only often licentious and profane, but they are arrant thieves and liars. Falsehood and cunning are the universal resort of weakness, provided there are no higher moral restraints in the way; but, after all, stealing a pig is not quite so bad as stealing a man, if the white people could but come so to regard it. The slaves are often shrewd; and hoodwinked as they are in many respects, they see much further into the fallacies of massa's religious pretensions than he would be likely to suppose. I recollect once that a slave, on his return from meeting, was asked by his master how he liked the sermon.

"'I don't like such sarmons 'tall, massa; for dey a'nt de trufe.'

"'What, you rascal! do you accuse the minister of lying?'

"'I don't like ter do jes' dat, massa; but he didn't preach de trufe terday; dat much *is sartin.*'

"'How is that?'

"Here the slave began to shy off at a respectful distance, as he answered: 'He says, I can't sarve two massas—dat I would lub de one, and hate de oder! Now, I sarve you and Massa Ben all my life; and de Lord knows I hate you bofe.'

"The wit in that case, as it is in some others, became a shield for the back."

"It is true," said Mr. Van Brouer, "that these crimes do not attach to Southerners by virtue of their character, but of their position. In all cases, I believe, where the trial has been fairly made, the Northern man who really enters into slavery, either as owner or overseer, is far more cruel and intolerant than a native Southerner."

"I know that is true," said Mr. Paine. "I like the Southerners. They are warm-hearted, and sincere to their friends; free, hospitable, and courteous to strangers. They have traits that I both honor and admire. I know that many of them bitterly deplore the curse of slavery, and would be glad to see its exodus, even if they lost all they have in the world by it. But these, unless they have great wealth, are often as helpless as the slaves themselves; for the reason that they cannot liberate them in the State, and have not the means to remove and provide for them elsewhere. I know that there are truly humane and conscientious masters, and, I believe, many such. But the good master is liable both to death and bankruptcy; and in either case he cannot protect his own family, or at least the servile part of it."

"This testimony, young man," said Mr. Van Brouer, "considering the position which you occupy in regard to the South, is as honorable to you as it is to us; for, with all my animadversions, I must be ranked among slaveholders, whether willing or compulsory be my relationship. I know that there are many

who are most earnestly looking for ways and means to bring about the great remedy."

"Did you observe as we came down," asked Mrs. Clement, "that gentleman on board, with the two handsome young quadroons?"

I had noticed them, and therefore responded to her question.

"We had quite a scene with them in the ladies' saloon," she resumed; "and though, in some respects, it was ludicrous, it made a strong impression on me. These young girls, it seems, had both been slaves of the same master—or, I should properly say, they were, though one of them had been raised to the position of her late mistress. She exultingly displayed missis' rings, and missis' watch, and said that she now could wear all missis' clothes—that they were *her* clothes—that missis' place was her place. She *was* missis, an' that yaller Jule was a nigger, just as she used to be. But *she* wasn't a nigger any more; she was *her* missis.

"'I spec 't'll be some time afore *I* call her missis!' retorted Julia, sulking for a moment; and then with her great quadroon eyes, glowing like liquid fire, she added: 'I won't call her so! I be shot if I do.' Being encouraged by the interest she excited, she went on: 'If Ann hadn't a been one o' my old mates, if we hadn't a worked togedder so long—an eberybody said I's pearte'n she, 'twouldn't ha' been so bad!

"Then she burst into a violent fit of weeping, while the ladies drew around and tried to comfort her. They told her to hold up her head and look smart, that *her* turn would come next—that some gentleman or other would make a missis of her. Perhaps, indeed, she would be even richer than Ann, and have finer clothes, a more elegant watch, and a handsomer gentleman. They had heard of just such things happening before.

"I knew that some of these were Christian women; and I have no reason to think that they would tolerate the least departure from a true feminine propriety, in persons of their own color; and one of them, I know, is really squeamish in all such things, and is very zealous in the support of missions, and moral reform

societies. Did they think that the slight tinge of negro blood had actually destroyed the soul, and with it all sense of moral obligation or accountability, in these poor, untaught children of shame? If not, how could they take the responsibility of such teaching? It must be that they were carrying the principle out to its ultimate, and that slaves in their eyes are not women, but simply so many pieces of merchandise, or they could not have been guilty of this."

"It is truly so, said Mr. Van Brouer. Look at this human chattel," he continued. "See what a huge bundle of wrongs he, unwittingly it may be, binds together with his own muscle, and cements with his own blood. He has hands to work, but they cannot hold the fruits of his own labor. He has strong and earnest domestic affections; but his wife and children are not his own. Poor and miserable as it is, he loves his home; but its sanctity is continually invaded. He is liable to be torn from it at any moment, and hurried off to unknown distances, and unknown scenes. He has a mind, and often a great desire to unfold its power; but books are armed with heavy penalties, and shut against him. If treated even with tolerable kindness, he has an all-absorbing devotion to his master; but the good master coolly barters him off for some other kind of stock, and perhaps, without a single adieu, turns his back upon him and his unknown purchaser, forever. He has naturally a quick sense of moral obligation, and very earnest and lively religious feelings; but in the false position in which he finds himself, it is impos sible to cherish either. Every distinct process of chattelizing, not only dulls his moral sense, but offers a premium for ignoring it; nor can he pray, or preach, or worship in any form, without being in danger of continual interruption. This power stands between him and his own self, and perpetually forbids him to do anything that pleases himself, simply because it is pleasant; but whatever is dearest he must be ready to surrender at the nod of *that white* man, whom he calls master; or at the beck of any *other white* man who, in the absence of witnesses, may choose

to injure or torment him. It circumvents and surrounds him everywhere. It pervades his whole substance, corporeal and spiritual. It takes possession of him and makes him what he is, a vicious, thieving, lying, miserable slave."

"And yet," said the doctor, "I believe that no other human being, but the negro, would have one tithe of his virtues in the same condition. He is constitutionally joyous and elastic; and his love of music, with its genuine inspiration of happier moments, harmonizes the terrible discords that would otherwise tear him in sunder. In such circumstances the Indian would die, and the white man would become a brute."

At that moment the children rushed in, with their flowery crowns, green garlands, and bright faces, making so strong a contrast to the sombre hue of our thoughts, that it seemed difficult to recall ourselves; and it was only when Samson, following close behind the romping troop, mildly suggested that the day was getting to be very cool and fine, that we took note of the passing time, and actually turned ourselves to the question of enjoyment for the remainder of the day.

In the meantime, the corporal wakes, yawns, and stretches himself, and Mr. Paine bids us adieu, though he had been kindly urged to return with us, and rest awhile before he goes North.

Have I not found the monster of my dream, the Crimson Scorpion of the South? I often think of that experience, whether dream or vision, with a feeling that there is something more earnest and real in it, than I am yet aware of.

I know I should give you some better account of our trip, as an outside circumstance; but I am in no mood for description, after writing all these sorrowful things; and trusting soon to give you something brighter and more cheering, for this time

I bid you adieu.

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXII.

LOGIC DILUTED—PREMONITIONS.

Approaching Festival—Ride with a Clergyman—Mary Ann the Mulatto—A Wrong without Remedy—Tremendous Responsibility—Gospel of Jesus—Does it sanction these things—Gospel of Humanity—Transcends that of Mahomet—Essence of Christianity—Golden Rule Christ's own—Name of Christian repudiated—Concession—Visit to Theodosia—Weeping—Fears—Tantalizing Distance—The Walk—She reveals the Cause of her Despondency—Cruelty ignoble and degrading—Theodosia's Sorrow for the Slave Woman—Desires Free Speech and Action—Better News.

COTTONWOOD, August 19.

BROTHER HASSAN:

As I went down this morning, Mr. Clement called me to him, and said: "You have heard much of the wrong and shame of slavery; would you like now to have a glimpse of its joy and glory?"

"If there is such a thing," I answered, "I should be most happy to witness, and confirm it to myself."

"Hear, then, what we are to do. Our people are to have a dance to-morrow evening, with unlimited freedom to invite as they please. This arrangement has been in agitation for some time. We intended to give you an agreeable surprise. I should tell you that we expect Mrs. Slicer. She declines bringing her poor little slave girls, about whom she is so anxious, in which decision we heartily concur. They are refined and delicate; and she should not needlessly expose them to inferior and lower influences. But all the young ladies and Zindie also will be here; and if we have any power to control these things, she shall find opportunity for speech with her husband. Though a slave, he is a true nobleman; and they are much attached to each other. But now I see we must go to breakfast."

Afternoon.—I have been riding with Rev. Mr. Wells, the

clergyman who now fills the place formerly occupied by Mr. Clement. He is an intelligent and agreeable man, and apparently very candid. He took me to his beautiful plantation, a few miles off. Just as we turned into the avenue, I was surprised to see Mary Ann, the mulatto girl, come down through the grounds, and stop short in the path before the carriage, waiting till we came up. She looked frightened and distressed, and did not seem to recognize me. Stepping to the side of the carriage, she spoke to Mr. Wells, who, I find, is her master, requesting a private interview at his earliest convenience, and then ran away into the shrubbery.

As she disappeared Mr. Wells said to me: "Poor girl! I know very well what she wants. My overseer—for you must know I own a plantation here—is continually making improper proposals to her. She is greatly annoyed and distressed by this preference, and is often coming to me, with a request that I will interpose my authority. But I cannot help her. You see she is good-looking; and I believe she is truly a virtuous girl; but I cannot shield, or protect her. If I dismiss this overseer, who is, in many respects, a comparatively humane and liberal man—I may get one so brutal, as to flog her into submission. She will give way, sooner or later; for she must."

I ventured to observe that, although Mahomet was very liberal in such matters, leaving the Faithful, with full freedom to settle these things for themselves, I should be unwilling to assume such responsibility, myself, inasmuch, as I had come to believe that women *had* souls, and that without any regard to the finely graduated shades of complexion I had seen in this country. Therefore, though I might be what he would call an infidel, I could not dare to injure them, because "he who wrongs a human soul, wrongs God, in whose image it was made."

"He did not seem in the least offended, but said rather hurriedly; "True, true; but you do not consider the climate, and that we *must have slaves.* It is impossible to live without them."

Then I asked if Jesus did, in any way, sanction, either by his

life or teachings, this thing, which I had heard of and seen, as chattel slavery.

He seemed to choke a little for a moment, and then said: "Really—really—but Paul, you know, sent back Onesimus."

"I am acquainted with that writing," I replied; "but I can see nothing in it like that you have mentioned, unless, indeed, you may fairly consider that Paul himself, and Philemon to whom he wrote, were of the same grade with that class you of this country are now enslaving; for he expressly defines that the servant shall be received not as a servant, but as a brother beloved—as *himself*. If you have, in any of your sacred books, higher authority than the word of Jesus, I would like to be informed of it; I am tolerably well acquainted with that. But if I find that *this* is true of him, that he sanctions man selling and woman flogging, it would weigh hard against his testimony in some other things. Excuse me. I have truly asked for information. I find the word of Jesus—not less than his life—so beautiful, and so good, that, although I still believe that Mahomet was a great prophet, and I know he has done much good in the East; yet the desire of my soul seems so truly to ascend, in passing from him to Jesus, that I feel as if my faith would be incomplete without that higher gospel of humanity, which I find in his written Word. But I tell you honestly, that these slaveholding Christians are great stumbling blocks in my way; and until I am assured that their peculiar faith does not make any part of Christianity itself, I would not take the name of the Holy One, though it were ten times more holy to the outer view, than it now appears."

"Oh," he said, "you do not appreciate the change of customs since the Christian Era has been introduced. The whole condition of society is now so entirely different."

"Why not then have a new dispensation and a new gospel?" I asked very simply; "for if that of Jesus is so nearly worn out, as to be no longer applicable to the present wants of mankind, will not Allah surely send another?"

"We consider such a suggestion profane," he answered quickly, but at the same time with a troubled look. "You naturally have prejudices," he added, "and cannot, indeed, take a fair view of this subject."

"I did not *intend* to be profane," I answered. "The thought seemed forced upon me. But as to incapacity or prejudice, it may be just as you say. Still, I can see this, and it seems to me very clearly, that the great Word of Jesus, 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you,' *should* not yet entirely have lost its force, as it appears to have done. Many of his other words had been spoken before by Brahma, by Confucius, by Zoroaster and Socrates. But this was peculiarly his own; and it distinguishes him from all others, as the greatest analyzer, both of human words and actions; for this rule contains not only the essence of all true integrity, but the actual substance and complete sum of all social regulation, both of law and gospel. If I thought that Jesus could now repudiate it, I should denounce him as a backslider; yet upon what ground it is so coolly set aside by his followers, I have not been able to discover. It is plain, literal, and positive. And yet I know, if it could be really understood, it must be not only high treason, but rank heresy, to this people, who, in sheer self-defence, should expunge it from the text. I do not see yet how they can, of right, have even the name of Christians, when they thus repudiate the most important and characteristic teaching of their Great Master."

He did not reply, though invited to remonstrance by a respectful pause; yet he manifested some uneasiness as I resumed: "My friend, Mr. Slicer, of New Orleans, is rigidly pious. He does not like to hear the birds on Sunday, because they do not sing psalm tunes. He cuts up backs as a Sabbath exercise, though he will not allow husbands and wives to visit on that day, who have no other time to see each other. He himself told me these things. Do you think that Jesus would indorse his proceedings, or similar things, whether happening on week-

days or Sundays? Do you think that Jesus could go abroad, here in the Southern States, and preach his own gospel without being lynched—or that he can, in the actual present, be greatly attracted to those churches, which, in their sacerdotal capacity, traffic in human beings, and speculate in the souls that were given into their hands to save from the power of Eblis?

"Pardon me," I added, seeing his brow became more and more clouded. "I did not, indeed, intend to cherish an illiberal and narrow spirit. Allah forbid. And if I had not seen that you are more generous in your faith than some others, I should not so have spoken."

He turned; and looking me in the face, earnestly, for a moment, he whispered; "The fact is, you are more than half right. But what *can* we do?" He pressed my hand warmly as he spoke. This was just as we went in; so we had no more opportunity to speak together on the subject.

And this is the saddest thing of all: that really right-hearted and sensible men should also be enslaved—condemned to wear the chains, which from their souls they must hate and abhor. If one could have but a tolerable sense of manhood, as it seems to me, any position—any labor, anywhere—would be less degrading and servile than this.

But I have an engagement with Theodosia, and must leave you.

Three hours later.—I have just returned. To my surprise I found Theodosia had been weeping. She did not like to acknowledge it; but when I insisted upon the fact, she said, "Ah! I fear papa has trouble there, alone in the city. How I wish I had not left him, though he almost drove me away!" And then she burst into tears, weeping immoderately for some time. I tried to speak to her, to take her hand, and comfort her, as I would a sister; but she resolutely held me at a distance—not by any marked unkindness, or even indifference, in [illegible] manner, but by simply feeling, and thus making me [illegible] it such a thing would not be pleasant to her. Her

words were kinder than ever. How she contrives to do it, I cannot imagine: for she seems to be void of all art, as she is of secretiveness; but she *does* sometimes wear a veil over her thoughts. That child-heart is no longer transparent to me. You cannot imagine how this tantalizes me. Sometimes I think there is a whole fountain of woman's tenderest love beneath that veil, and that she only keeps it spell-bound, that it may not gush out unaware; and then I almost believe there is nothing there, and that I have been an idle dreamer to suppose that one so gay and happy, so brilliantly endowed by birth and fortune, could ever think of loving me, an unknown foreigner, sprung of a comparatively degraded and barbarous people. Whatever it may be, I am kept perpetually anxious; but instead of finding my interest in her diminish, as I sometimes almost wish it might, every varying word of hers stimulates and exalts it; for in all I see, more and more clearly, the purity, the strength, the almost divine beauty of the character.

We walked out in the grounds together; for now, by a common consent, I am left to escort her, even without a chaperone, if the Padré or Madame is otherwise engaged. We sat down on a sloping bank covered with the beautiful blue-grass, which is the only species that forms a compact turf here; and for some time she busied herself in plucking flowers and pulling them to pieces abstractedly; looking, the while, so full of newly stirring tears, that I grew seriously alarmed.

"Tell me," I said, "dear Theodosia, what is this that troubles you? Has anything unpleasant happened to your father?"

"I cannot tell you, for I do not know what it is myself," she answered, turning her large, sorrowful eyes full upon me. "I think that something has been troubling papa for some time. To-day I have had a letter; and though he carefully guarded himself from saying anything that could cause anxiety, I know that things are not going well with him."

Then looking about to see that no one was near, she put her mouth close to my ear, and whispered: "You know Uncle Si-

mon. He is but a half brother to papa; and sometimes I fear not even that. He has been persuading him to enter into a great land speculation; and I am afraid that he will cheat him —rob him: Aunt Elize is afraid of it, too. He isn't any too good."

"And *has* it come?" I thought to myself. "Has the cloud come?—is the storm gathering at last that is to break on this lovely and defenceless head?" She seemed to understand something of the thought that was thus passing in my mind, or by a chance she replied to it.

"I do think it is so," she said. "I do believe that something terrible is going to happen to me. I am sure it is not altogether papa's letter; for I have been so oppressed all day, it has almost seemed as if I should die. I often think of the poor slaves, and all they suffer. Uncle Simon's overseer is very cruel, they say; and I believe it. I heard him whipping last evening. I wanted to go over and speak to him, and beg him to desist; but Aunt Elize would not permit me. The shrieks sounded like a young girl's voice; and they were dreadful to hear. I have dreamed of them all night. O Shahmah! I am beginning to find out what *poor* is. It seems as if I had lived an age in the last four months, I look to myself so strange and old! O Shahmah! well as I love papa—well as I love the Padré and Madame, if I thought they could be so cruel, or permit any of our people to be, I believe I should hate them. Oh, I detest it so much! it is so mean, to strike the helpless and unarmed!—it is so despicable to strike a woman! Tell me, Shahmah, if you are seeking a truer freedom, how I also shall find it. I want to be so free, that when I know a thing *is* wrong, that I can *say* so—that I can do more than this, if I choose, and try to make it better!"

Was this the careless, sunny-hearted child of a few months ago? How, and whence, had come this intense development of thought and feeling? I regarded her with astonishment as she went on, even more earnestly than before:

"There is one thing certain; WE shall have to come out of

this. I have not kept that dear mamma, to love and pray for, so long, to sit down quietly now and see women whipped, and every naughty thing done, that I am ashamed to think of, to say nothing of wicked speech and bad looks. If I should do this, I should be the *meanest slave of the whole*, because I *know it is wrong*."

There was a terrible truth in her words; and the emphasis at the close had the most intense and scorching power.

Having thus relieved both heart and conscience by this burst of indignation, she resumed, more quietly: "I have thought much of the slaves—especially the slave women—for the last few weeks. I never knew much about it till I came up here, for we have nothing of the sort at our house. Everything is pleasant there. Aunt Elize never told me anything, because she said I was too young to be troubled. But I am not too young to think, and see, and feel. I am not too young to be shocked and disgusted, and wronged at what I see, nor am I too young to say I will not do this wrong, nor have it, nor allow it. Though but a child yet, I am to be a woman myself some day. Last night I lay thinking of it; and I promised before God, that I never will permit or consent to anything that involves indecent treatment to other women."

She seemed inspired. Her face was radiant; and she was actually transfigured before me. "Oh," I thought to myself, "if these Southern American law makers and law expounders had had but the clear sight, and the real integrity of this child, the evil would never have grown to be so terrible as it is. She was quite still for a moment; and then, with an expression of profound meaning in what she said, thus continued: "I must learn to work for the poor slave women; for henceforth my destiny is bound up with theirs." As she uttered this, a shudder, amounting to a paroxysm, ran over her whole figure. I saw it pass on until the whole substance of her form shivered so that I was really alarmed. All I could ask myself was—"Is it come?"

Almost at that moment a servant entered with a letter. "Ah!"

she exclaimed, "it is from papa;" and though her cry was joyful, I could see a deep anxiety in the now pale face, and the trembling hand. She did not leave me long in doubt, but, putting it in my hand, said: "It is all right, notwithstanding my fears. Papa seems to be getting everything very well for himself. Now I shall be so glad and happy all the evening! It was so kind in papa—dear, dear papa!—to write twice in the same day, to relieve me of all anxiety. Oh, how glad I am he is so good!"

The tears came in her eyes; and as she ran away to hide them, I called to her, saying I would go, leaving the ladies to the doctor, who had arranged to call and escort them over; for I had promised Mrs. Clement to give her some assistance in her preparations. As I walked homeward, I was filled with wonder, not unmingled with anxiety, about Theodosia. But I could not feel very much concern for her, although it seemed to me certain that a day of trial was approaching. I could only say to myself—"This is a brave heart; and if it has to suffer, it will suffer bravely."

I close abruptly. However swiftly this may go, my soul goes before, to thee and Youley.

Adieu,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXIII.

THE NEGRO HOLIDAY.

Delightful Evening—Negro Music, its Character and Power—When will Love always Speak Truly, and the Affections be Harmonious?—Marriage a Science of the Soul—Mrs. Slicer—Simao and Zindle—Dancing begins—Whites join—Pat Juber for Music—Whites tire—Wonderful Feats of the Negro Dancers—The "White Eye"—Lemonade instead—Scene closes—They retire Singing, but more sadly—Reaction of Festival Seasons—Sadness of Leave-taking heightened by the Rarity and Uncertainty of a Return—Meditated Escape—Walk Home with Theodosia—Beautiful Night Scene—The Indian's Song—The Negro—Song of Atkah—Shahmah hears, reflects and questions of his Hope.

COTTONWOOD, Aug. 23.

BROTHER HASSAN:

A slave festival in the United States of America is a unique affair; and doubtless you would like to have some account of it.

The night was altogether as pleasant as one could desire; for it was steeped in moonlight, which, in this climate, is so delicious. After Mrs. Slicer, with her party, and some other of our guests, came, we all went out on the bluff, to hear the music of the slaves, singing as they approached; for many of them were coming from over the water. There is a kind of entrancing power in negro music, which I never felt in any other. It is, as it were, the essence of sweet sound, distilled in the alembic of tearful memories. It affects the nervous system like a species of intoxication; and, as I listen, and absorb it, the brain reels with a delirious joy, and at length becomes utterly unconscious, while the spirit, escaping from its thrall, gathers strength and freedom, which it brings back into the burdens of life; and thus it

becomes possible to bear them. I have myself passed through all these changes in listening; and I am sure that their music must have an equally powerful effect on the true musician who produces it. It is the concentrated experience of a deeply feeling and suffering race, thus unconsciously uttering itself. There is something of this in their gayest songs. The pearl melts in their cup, and the vivacity of their wildest strains has a tinge of sadness; for the dancing spirit that is flitting through their gayest notes, has always following after it a shadow of the sweetest and truest pathos. It is the bird-song, that goes beyond the bloom, and verdure, and inspiring breath of its spring loves, to picture the sere leaf, the descending gloom, and the death of winter. It is the human heart-song, with its joint burden of smiles and tears, mingling and dissolving into each other. The history of poor, degraded Africa is written in the music of her enslaved children; and because it *is* so truly written there, they will bear up, bravely as they do, in their dark ages; and through its harmonizing and subliming spirit still struggle on, until they reach out into the truer and happier life of the future. Much of my hope for Africa is in the refining and inspiring power of her own music.

I had heard many of these songs before. They were mostly the simple incidents of their own experience, wrought into melody of note and verse by their own untutored genius. Heard in the distance, the musical periods rising and expanding over the water, they had, altogether, an inimitable effect; and gay as they seemed, I believe there were tears on the cheeks of some of us, who sat there and listened. Theodosia was also much affected by the music, and occasionally joined in it. I could not resist the thought that it seemed native to her. Then first I discovered what a grand volume of power and sweetness her voice is. Though the Padré and Madame were both present, she kept near me most of the evening, showing very quietly that she preferred my escort; and as every one else appeared pleased with this arrangement, I also could not but rejoice in the deep

and placid sympathy that she brought to my side. She was neither gay nor brilliant from the reaction of her sadness; but she seemed penetrated with one grateful thought. Her manner was subdued, gentle, tender, and thoughtful. I never had seen her so beautiful. When will the great riddle of the sphynx be truly read? When will love be so true to itself and its object, as to solve the profounder mystery of human hearts? Not until the life of the heart is so full, and free, and perfect, as to unfold in complete unison with nature. It cannot be that perfection of concords, or harmony, exists, of necessity, only in the lower series. In due order of time, according to their rank and power, it must also extend to the higher. Then marriage will not be a game of chance, but a science of the soul.

Mrs. Slicer still looks pale and sad. When the dancing commenced I escorted her to the green, though not with the bashful fear I had formerly felt, in thus tendering a common act of politeness.

The ground where the dancers were collected was a fine plot, well sheltered on one side, and open toward the river. It was level, and covered with a soft, mossy turf. There were rough benches ranged around for the white people, or those who preferred them; but the slaves sat, or reclined, in various groups, their holiday dresses and lively looks showing well in the full moonlight, the whole composing a highly picturesque and beautiful scene. But how could I remember anything of what I had heard, and not reflect, to quote from our favorite Moore, that

"The trail of the serpent was over it all."

My first thought was to look for Simao and Zindie. Just as we sat down, Mrs. Slicer gently touched my arm, and following the direction of her finger, I saw them standing together, hand in hand, apart from all the others. They were watching for us; and never shall I forget the eyes of Zindie, as she first looked toward me. There was something so much deeper than joy in

them—something so truly pure, beautiful, and womanly, that I sighed to think how unworthy of her, was the judgment even of her own sex, which had virtually placed her without the pale of womanhood. I also observed more than I had done before, the really magnificent proportions of Simao. He was standing perfectly still, with the massive front turned toward me, as if he were attracted so, and at the same time knew, and had pleasure in the thought, that I was reading him. His frame is almost gigantic, yet it is even elegantly formed; and I never saw a finer combination of strength and grace. The forehead is large and well developed; and though he appears to be a full negro, he has the lighter skin, and finely-cut physiognomy, that often distinguish the Nubian race. Without a doubt, some men are born noble—if all are not—as I would be glad to believe; and if there ever was one so distinguished by birth, I am sure it is he. Dignity, suavity, and that true greatness of soul, that cannot compromise itself, appear native to him. If his future history is not a remarkable one, it must be because circumstances are inexorable.

While I was making these reflections, Zindie had come over to speak with her mistress; and having obtained permission to withdraw, she and her husband went a little back, where they could speak freely, and sat down together, with the little boy between them. I dared not look at them, and question of their fate; but Allah is more merciful than men; or I should faint with the sight.

But now the dancing began in good earnest; and as the lines were kept open fronting the white people, our view was unimpeded. The doctor, and a few white young men of the neighboring plantations, mingled freely with the company, and joined in the dance. As they were disappointed about the violin they had expected, one of the negroes stood on a little eminence in the middle back-ground, to "*pat juber*." This is much the same thing we have seen among the negroes of Nubia and the Upper Nile. One foot, resting on the heel, is brought

a little in advance of the other, and the ball is made to strike, or pat in regular time; while, as an accompaniment, the hands are struck smartly together, and then upon the thighs. In all the sounds, and the motions that respond to them, there is such perfect time, as only the negro could preserve, with these simple means. As they became excited, the music increased in speed, rising, at length, to such a degree of velocity, that the whites could not keep up. Then the negroes surrendered themselves to the madness of the pleasure; and the most surprising feats were performed.

Their eyes roll; their arms toss; they fling themselves into the most extravagant and unheard of gestures. They bolt; they leap into the air; and striking the ground, with a hair-breadth exactness to the descending pat, they whirl with such a dizzening rapidity, it makes one's head swim to look at them. But they remain

"Still holding out to tire each other down,"

until at length the "juber" cup is exhausted; and they are forced to surrender.

I was happy to see that no intoxicating beverages were allowed; as I find, indeed, that no such thing is admitted in the big house itself. One old negro, however, called for a sip of the "white eye;" but he received instead a cup of lemonade, which Mrs. Clement and the doctor had prepared for them, as a special treat, at their own expense; for, as I am informed, the rule is, that the slaves shall provide all these things for themselves.

As they came, so they departed, singing—but less cheerily than before. The close of a festival is always saddening, not only because the brilliant bubble, with its moment of joy, has vanished into thin air, but there is a reaction of the over-excited sense of enjoyment, which always must produce a corresponding depression. But when the festive season makes an era in the dark life, when it is, perhaps, looked forward to for months,

with a straining hope, that takes in the probability of disappointment; then, indeed, the exhaustion of the cup of joy—that may never be filled again—or may be filled instead with the very dregs of bitterness—is saddening in the extreme.

I tried to put myself into the place of these poor slaves, as their sighing and weeping songs came back to me; and I could then truly enter into the spirit, which, at times, seemed sobbing in their strains. And how much of bitter experience—how much of bitter expectation—were infused in them, Allah only knows.

I saw Zindie and Simao a moment before they left, which was somewhat earlier than the others. Mrs. Slicer asked me to go to them—she is evidently very nervous and anxious concerning their fate. We found them still sitting together, hand clasped in hand, with the little boy, now fallen asleep, lying in his father's arms. He rose as we approached; and, putting the child on the mother's lap, took the hand which I involuntarily extended to him, and pressed it silently, at the same time looking into my very soul, as it seemed to me, with an expression so searching that I almost shrank away from it. How different is this from the usual character of the light-hearted and garrulous negro. I feel as if in some way my fate was bound to his. He appears to magnetize and possess himself of my faculties. Whence, and how is it? I cannot answer myself; but I seem to foreknow that something important, if not desperate, is springing up between us.

I had also a sad thought in bidding adieu to Theodosia, whom I attended home by a footpath across the grounds, she choosing to walk, while her friends preferred riding. She appeared quiet and composed, but evidently more thoughtful than I had ever before seen her. The under notes of her character are waking; and much as I thought of her, I am surprised to see how deep and powerful they are. But why this waking in the life of a happy, careless, and idolized child? Is it an unconscious evolution of strength against the day of trial? As flowers close their

petals before the fall of heavy night-dew, or storms, or the too ardent sun-shine, why should not human spirits, also, have an instinct of self-protection, by which they may be forearmed against approaching evil? I think it must be always so, when they are true; and as they approach a perfect integrity, will this inner light unfold itself.

After having bidden me good night, Theodosia turned back and said: "Shahmah; I am much stronger than I was; do you know it? I shall never be again the thoughtless child, that first spoke to you in the presence of the Lily Queen. I am going to be a woman now. I see that I have work to do in the world; and what ever it is, I know I shall be strong and brave enough to do it."

Her words have haunted me ever since. Why do all these dark presentiments so cloud and oppress me?

It was quite late when I got home; but I was still disinclined to sleep; and after lying awhile, I relinquished the vain attempt, and rising, went out into the gallery, that commanded a view of the river. Everything was still. The palpable curtain of the moonlight, hanging almost from the zenith, only waved a little, as now and then a soft brush of wind stirred the trees, displacing the shadows that their branches cast upon the ground; and even the hoarse boom of the flowing water, eased away in the distance, as if the trolling river were going to sleep with its own singing.

The infinite sadness, which seemed to inspire the scene, took full possession of me: and yet the sense of suffering—of cruel disappointment—of sympathy with inconceivable or unknown misfortunes, when distilled through that balmy air and silent moonlight, appeared delicious. As I sat thus, surrendering myself to the sad luxury of a feeling so intense it absorbed reflection, a single strain of music seemed to rise up in the middle of the river, and then wander away, as if lost in the distance. Again the sad and sweet refrain was more prolonged, and came nearer. Then I saw a light bark canoe shoot out from a point on the

opposite side, and approach the nearer shore. Though the distance was too great for me to distinguish features; yet I knew by the beauty and swaying grace of the figure, now standing erect in the boat, that it was an Indian. The tuft of hair at the crown, with its tall crest of eagle plumes, now strongly defined against the unfolding light—all declared it. He was silent for a short time; and then in a deep, musical voice, to which the chiming waters made a grand accompaniment, he sang the following:

THE CHEROKEE.

"Hark! the White Man's axe is ringing
Sharply round our forest homes!
There his pale-faced wives are singing,
And his Thunder Spirit roams.
Sinks the chieftain's heart in sadness;
Once 'twas strong as heart could be;
Nothing now can wake its madness!
Meganee! O Meganee!

"Moon and stars, with all their brightness,
Light our happy homes no more;
For a tide of ghostly whiteness,
Sweeps the Red Man from the shore;
Earth is dark, and full of sorrow—
Rolls beyond a darker sea—
Could I some bright bird-wing borrow!
Meganee! O Meganee!

"Is the Chieftain's heart enchanted,
That it melts in woman's tears—
That his spirit, once undaunted,
Pales and shrinks with coward fears?
Now his vengeance, filled with sadness,
Turning traitor seems to be;
But it cannot wake his madness?
Meganee! O Meganee!

"On his brow the death-dew gathers;
White Man's shadow clouds the morn,

"And the ashes of our fathers
Now must feed his springing corn.
Bow is broke and spent the arrow.
Oriola now can see
Open grave, all deep and narrow!
Meganee! O Meganee!"

The spirit of this lay was a pathos so intense and vivid, that I could feel the great heart-pangs dissolving in it.

But at the very moment when the last strain, like a dying bird, sank into the bosom of silence, there was a responding note. It was a great human cry of anguish and despair, such as I never had heard before, and pray Allah, I may never hear again. It came in one single burst of weeping, wailing, agonizing sound. I was absorbed by it—lost in it—till the dip of oars once more roused me to a sense of what was passing. Then I saw another boat leaving the shade of the eastern shore, and pushing off into the stream.

By the broad and manly front, the brawny arms, the noble head and the defiant air, I at once recognized Simao. He also, I think, saw me; for one naked arm was tossed over his head, as he turned away toward the other boatman, who remained standing erect, and almost statue-like, in his canoe. Nothing could contrast more strongly with his stony stillness, than the impassioned gestures of the negro, as he sang the very song we have so often heard in the desert, though differently clothed. It carried me back to the slave Kafila from Bornou, and all the wrongs for which I came here seeking a remedy. I knew then, that he addressed himself to me, and as I listened, I bowed myself down, and wept like a little child.

ATKAH.

"Fair is our country, the Valley of Yariba,
Blooming afar o'er the sea;
There the Joliba River in music is flowing,
And the yam, and the date tree, and millet are growing;
Where are we going, Rubee?

Merry and musical—where are we going?
To sing the glad songs of the free,
And dance where the sweet night, with moon-beams of silver,
Is writing our Atkah,* Rubee! †

"But alas! to our country, the bright vale of Yariba,
The man-thief came prowling; and we
Saw not his dark shadow—'twas creeping behind us,
As he sprang like a tiger, to seize and to bind us—
Where are we going, Rubee
Sinking and sorrowful—where are we going?
Out in the slave ship to sea!
Even though death-pangs of horrible anguish,
Send us our Atkah, Rubee!

"From the home of our youth, where the children of Yariba,
The first golden sunrise can see;
We have come where the man-thief walks ever before us,
With his evil eye on—and his lash coiling o'er us—
Where are we going, Rubee?
Heavy and heart-broken—where are we going?
Where can the weary ones flee?
Out on life's desert, colder and darker—
Gone is our Atkah, Rubee!

"But as death-shadows creep o'er the vision of Yariba,
Once more we are happy and free;
We worship again in the shade of Mazamba,
Where the sunlight is streaming with plumage of amber—
Where art *thou* going, Rubee?
Ha! now we defy thee! Forsaker of sorrow—
And our broken chains hurl back to thee!
We go to a God, that is truer and stronger;
For death is our Atkah, Rubee!"

What a history! I shuddered in my tears to think of it! As the rounding swell of sound dropped, and, as it were, became immersed in the deep silence of night, the two boatmen, at-

* Bornou, and other central African slaves, call the document of freedom—or as we should say here, "Free Papers—" by this name.—Ed.

† Name of the principal God in Central Africa.—Ed.

tracted to each other by the kinship of a common suffering, moved off together; and the last thing I heard of them was the deep dip of the chiming oars, that seemed still to speak of the intense and terrible sympathy that bound them. What testimonies are these to lay at the white man's door! If Allah, indeed, can hear, or see, how will he be able to meet them? Is civilization to be extended, and established, only by means that transcend the savageness of barbarism? When I hear the great desert-cry for freedom, repeated here in the United States of America, with a far more terrible truth and power, what can I say for my own hope? Where shall enslaved and bleeding humanity look for justice, when the man-holders of Republican, Christian America, are more remorseless than the Pagan speculators of the desert! Is it possible that these people, who have so small a sense of justice, can also be entirely devoid of shame? Have they no regard for character—no idea of respectability in the eyes of the world? Are they already so low that they cannot comprehend the meanness of hypocrisy? Alas! for them, when the veil is lifted—as lifted it must be—and they comprehend the enormity of their crimes—crimes that should make them stand with covered faces in the presence of their posterity, for history cannot be smothered by a man-stealing mob! It is impartial, and must give in its true verdict. If they do, indeed, believe that the spirit lives after the death of the body, how will they dare to enter the presence of their dishonored and indignant fathers? I look upon these people with still increasing wonder. Their anomalies are so glaring that they startle and terrify me.

I must leave you now, being engaged to go out herborizing with the doctor. The integrity of nature is my only comfort.

Salaäm;

Thine

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXIV.

SPECIFIC CHARACTERS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

Theodosia's Request—Anecdote of Madame de Staël—The Southern Liberators—Professor Cassuite, Capt. Brande, Mr. Wells, and others—Presence of Women in these Discussions beautiful and important—True Offices of Woman—Importance of the Subject—The Scripture Argument—Negroes inferior—Fever spots on the Nose—Organic Dissimilarity of Races—Specific Characters defined—Hybrids not permanently Fertile—Color, Organic Proportions, and Texture of the Hair, remarkably subject to Change——True Specific Characters—Anomalous Structure—Remarkable Instances of a Change in Color—Dondoes—Jews—Remarkable Instances of Persistency of Color in Lower Animals—Reasons for Infertile or Inferior Offspring produced between hostile Races—Men universally recognize the Human in each other—Discriminating Interest of Theodosia—Pleasing Intelligence—Repeated Processes of Refinement—Mrs. Clement's Theory—Mission of Womanhood—Arabic Proverb.

COTTONWOOD, Sept. 15.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I was not only surprised, but delighted, at a request that I received from Theodosia this morning. It was that I should ask Mr. Clement to permit her to be present when we have our talk about slavery. Think of it! a girl of fifteen, living so far, without a care in the world, now unfolding an interest in these forbidden and terrible questions, that try the strength of the sternest. And why should it not be so? why should not—and ought not women, who are the greatest sufferers by this coil, to inform themselves of its condition and character? Madame de Staël answered Napoleon well, when he said that women should not meddle with politics: "Sire, in a country where women are put to death by the laws, women should know the reason why."

I have just received a call from Mr. Clement, who said, as he came in: "I have some good and important news for you. It is this: some of the more independent and liberal minds of the

South are beginning to be roused concerning this matter, which we have termed the 'Peculiar Institution,' and we have actually formed a society for the purpose of investigating its condition and claims, pledging to ourselves and to each other mutual secrecy, forbearance, and aid, in the free expression of our several opinions, and the consideration of such remedies as may be proposed. We are, as yet, few in number, and somewhat weak and vacillating in purpose; but as we meet on the ground of mutual good faith, we may yet open some means of relief which may be acceptable to the South, and thus insure coöperation from those who, of right, are most concerned. To-night, a few of the members will be convened here; and of you would like to be present, you may perhaps arrive at a clearer idea of these perplexing matters, which are knotty enough to foil the most experienced, wisest, and even the truest among us."

I was greatly rejoiced at this, and lost no time in preferring the request of Theodosia, with which I could see he was well pleased. I waited with considerable impatience for the arrival of the hour, which was appointed at ten in the evening, in order to insure safety as well as freedom from interruption. But earlier in the evening the several members began to gather in—some of them having ridden many miles, and others even representing the liberal spirit of distant cities.

In presenting me to his guests, Mr. Clement said, that I had been informed of the objects of the meeting, in which he was happy to say that I deeply sympathized. He further remarked, addressing the company: "Though we may look at this great evil from different points of view, yet we all regard it *as* an evil, and are, I am persuaded, all honest in our desire to see it removed."

He then introduced Professor Cassuite, of one of the Southern colleges, Capt. Brande of Charleston, a nephew of Mr. Van Brouer, and Mr. Raffe, a Kentucky planter. I was also happy to see our clerical friend, Mr. Wells, who has so many excellent traits, that I cannot but rejoice to find him entering into these

questions. There were others also; but these I have mentioned represent the principal types of power, the remaining half score doing little else than reflect and echo their opinions.

As this is but an initial movement, and at present without any regular organization, the business was not conducted formally; but the whole thing took a friendly and social turn, Mrs. Clement and her young friend sitting quietly among us, which, to my Oriental eyes, was quite a striking feature in the case. But if woman has a particular element in her nature, which is not possessed in so high a degree by the other sex, why should it not have its influence in all the affairs of life? All history, all testimony, unite to show, that in the love-spirit or principle, woman is greatly our superior. Why, then, should we ever consent to divorce this genial, energizing, and refining power from its natural relations, with the sterner reason and the harsher attributes? These questions are new to me. But in the special power and office of woman, as the truest teacher of civilization, there are such profound mysteries—such world-wide thoughts—such heaven-high majesties, opening to me, I cannot content myself with superficial glances. I must go down into their depths; I must reach out into their capacity; I must rise into their altitude, for nothing less than this can be right for me, as a human being. As a son—a husband—a father—I must know how these beautiful relations can be most truly preserved and most highly exalted.

But I wander from the main subject of the discussion, which I shall give you from documents furnished by a very rapid and elegant reporter, who fortunately was of our number. It will have interest for you, not only because it gives a strong outline of several different aspects of the case, representing, as I am told, large classes; but for the additional reason, that the smallest feature—the simplest phenomenon—in a position like this, becomes of the deepest interest to one who is studying, philosophically, the natural capacity of the soul to grow up into, and maintain its own proper freedom.

With this view of the principles involved, not even the slightest feature can be trivial or unimportant. Having become fairly roused from the beautiful dream of years, in which we were constantly looking forward to this country, integrally and collectively, as the absolute manifestation of that great human truth, on which its institutions were founded, we are now brought to consider an anomaly, unparalleled in all the ages—the existence of chattel slavery growing up side by side, and intertwined with these very institutions, based as they are upon a declaration of *the inherent and inalienable right to freedom* IN ALL MEN. Nor is this entirely the worst, for we find an equally monstrous feature in the popular religious sentiment, which accepts those who are literally reeking with the blood of the slave, as true disciples and followers of him, whom they have signalized as the Prince of Peace.

In opening the conference, Mr. Van Brouer said: "As Southern men we have come together to consider our own affairs in our own way; and this is well; for thus we may prevent the unpleasant, and often injurious interference of such as find it very much easier to tell what is well to be done, than they would to do it, if they were actually involved in the mesh, which, whether we know it or not, is daily tightening around us. All of us, I believe, have come to consider that slavery is an evil; and that it is daily increasing in magnitude, we need not look far to see. It becomes us, then, not only as men, but as Southerners, to act with a due regard to the great responsibility with which we are clothed. We cannot much longer ignore our duties to the slaves, the non-slaveholding whites, our servants, our families, and ourselves."

"That there are difficulties attending this condition," said Mr. Wells, "must be admitted; but that the existence of slavery in the abstract, or as a whole, may properly be called an evil, I, for one, am free to question. We have the highest Scripture authority for believing that God not only permitted, but commanded his people to make slaves of the strangers round about."

"I think," said Mr. Clement, "that you will find it extremely difficult to make out even a single text that would sanction anything like chattel-slavery, and the wrongs that grow out of it. Where is the Scripture that says one class of men may properly absorb all the rights of another class—or that would confirm the violation of marriage, and of all family ties—or that would permit woman-beating, man-selling and man-stealing, with all the tendencies of undisciplined, but wholly irresponsible power, to fearful and unlicensed abuses? No crime is so severely denounced throughout the Hebrew Scriptures, as oppression. And as a remedy for even the comparatively mild form of the evil known among the Jews, the unfailing year of jubilee came round twice in a century, to extinguish all slavery throughout the land. The most odious features of our system, chattelism and perpetuity of bondage, were there unknown, and therefore *could* not be authorized by any prevailing form of slavery. But I question the propriety of introducing here the Bible argument. We will take that by ourselves, either in speech or writing; and I will then pledge myself to give you fifty words against our system, for one in its favor. Questions growing out of the peculiar civil and social relations of the present are, as it seems to me, vastly more weighty and important, for us now to consider."

"I tell you what it is, Cousin Clem," said Captain Brande, who is certainly not remarkable for fineness of thought, though he appears honest, "you can't make anything of a nigger. I've spent about fifty years in pretty close acquaintance with them. In fact, I know them, by and large. They have speech—so far they differ from monkeys; and that is about all."

"And yet, that fact of speech, is not such a trifle, after all," said Doctor Bowen. "Articulate language is a result of intelligence; and it is never known apart from human reason. But I see that Mr. Wells has not yet finished his argument, and give way."

"I can at least measurably support that sentiment," said the reverend gentleman, addressing the captain. "I consider the negroes, intellectually and morally, as an inferior race, and so far below the common level, in all the most important characters of a true human being, that I question very much whether we have any right to set them free, on the ground of their sheer incapacity of self-direction."

At this the face of Captain Brande lighted up with even unusual warmth. He is a pulpy-looking gentleman, with a fair, and almost transparent complexion, marked with blotches and stains of red, which, at times, are almost confluent in the face, and turn to purple in the nose. Whether these marks are natural, or not, I cannot quite decide; but I have seen a number of such faces since I came here. I remember they were quite numerous at the political meeting of which I have spoken. And it may be that they are caused by the terrible excitements growing out of this contest—a kind of fever, which becomes chronic, and at length fixed in the system. It does not seem to attack persons of a high moral power; though I have seen many who are intellectually superior, quite infected by it.

But to return to the captain. He is remarkable for saying very shocking things in such a pleasant voice, and with such a smiling countenance, that he seems the most amiable of men, even while advocating the most atrocious deeds. Is it familiarity with crime; or is he so constituted that he has no conception of moral guilt? There was a glow of genial good-humor in the face, and in the large, mild, blue eyes, as he responded to the last speaker: "That is true, every word. I see it, and enough of it—any particular day that you might mention. I'd just as soon shoot a nigger as I would a skunk."

I saw that Mr. Raffe, who is, in all things, the very reverse of the captain—tall, lean, bilious, irritable, severe and uncompromising—was greatly moved at this speech, and was already beginning to reply; but Mr. Cassuite, who is said to be very

learned, and is a professor of natural history in a Southern college, got before him.

"With the organism they have," began the professor, "nothing better could be expected of them. In fact, I can so far agree with the captain, that sometimes I almost question whether they are, in truth, actually human. But it is obvious, and absolute, that if they are, they represent not only a distinct type, but a distinct species, and that so far below the level of the Caucasian race, that the links appear extremely slight, and not, in fact, appreciable.

"In the crisp hair, the black color, the low forehead, and projecting jaws, we find more strongly defined differences, than between many nearly related species of lower animals, as in the the dog and horse tribes. And if we add to these the disproportionate length of the fore-arm, the high calves, and the flat feet and hands, we have a strong array against the theory of unity of origin. Dr. Peter A. Browne, who is a nice experimenter on human hair, will tell you that in its intimate structure negro wool is as different from common human hair, as it is in its outside appearance. The shaft, which is either elliptical or flat, is set in the cuticle at a different angle from that of any other race; and it is shown to be a true wool by its felting, which the hair of the white man will not.

"The senses of taste and smell are very gross in the negro; and there are other parts of the structure, besides those mentioned, presenting equally remarkable differences, all more or less indicating a paramount degree of the lower animal."

"You think, then, that the negro is not really a man?" demanded Mr. Raffe, somewhat sharply, the yellow of his cadaverous visage deepening almost to orange. "But go on," he said at length, after an apparent struggle with himself; "let us hear."

"Doubtless I may shock both your piety and your prejudices," resumed the professor, bowing rather stiffly in acceptance of the

call; "and yet I must be honest and dare to assert my true belief, that the human race are neither derived from a single pair, nor to be classed as one species."

"How would you define a species?" asked Dr. Bowen.

"I should say," returned the learned gentleman, "that it is a certain group of individuals of any kind, that, having a common origin, are related to each other by certain congenital and permanent characters, in which they bear a resemblance among themselves and differ from all others."

"Very well," said the doctor; "and what may be considered the most important marks of such a group?"

"One of them," answered the professor, "is that its distinctive characters are permanent; and another, that in a cross with any other species, however nearly allied, they do not produce fertile offspring, or at least, not permanently so, as in the mule. If occasionally offspring is produced by hybrids, the power is soon exhausted; and the forced and unnatural link perishes. This you may think is at war with facts, in the case of the mulatto and other mixed human offsprings. Nevertheless, I contend that they too are hybrids. Much might be said to show that the children of such parentage, either in the course of a few generations become extinct, or revert to one or the other of the original types."

"Whether we consider the negro as an equal brother man, as an inferior or distantly related man, as a half brutish being, or even as wholly a brute," said Mr. Raffe, "I hold that, seeing him suffer as we do, we are bound in all honor and in all conscience, before God and before man, to vindicate him, and by every possible and proper means to seek an adjustment of his wrongs. I believe that slavery is sin, because it not only violates the rights of man, but the will of God; and as such, I hold no parley with it. On that ground, I go for immediate and unconditional emancipation.

"Let these speak for me," he added, "and say if humane or just men should suffer even brutes to be subjected to such hor-

rible cruelties ;" and he held up several instruments of torture, that make me shudder, even yet, when I think of them.

"Permit me a word with the professor," said Dr. Bowen ; "and presently we will give our attention to your views of the case, which, in the main, I believe are just." Then turning to the learned gentleman, he said : "I think that you and others who maintain that doctrine assume quite too much to be on sure ground. In your attempt to make out a plurality of species, you have chosen those characters which are everywhere remarkably subject to change, such as color, the texture of the hair, and organic proportion or form ; but you say nothing of really specific characters, such as the number of fingers, toes and teeth. These, as a rule, are alike in all men. Yet, occasionally, there is such an anomaly as the growth of supernumerary fingers and toes. Prichard tells us, on the authority of Maupertius, that there were two families in Germany who were distinguished for several generations by six fingers on each hand, and the same number of toes on each foot. Yet no one thought of a different species on this account.

"The changes in color produced by domestication in animals are very remarkable, and even its persistency in the human being is far from being so great as is by many imagined. There are whole tribes, or clans, both in Africa and southern Europe, who, living in more mountainous and milder regions, are comparatively fair, differing remarkably from their undoubted congeners in lower districts. Black people have become white, and white black. Instances of true whites having been born of undoubted African parents are not uncommon. These children are called dondoes, and they are found in all parts of Africa.

"The Hindoos, though confessedly of Shemitic origin, are often black ; and among those thus changed are Brahmins of the highest order. But of all people, the Jews exhibit the most remarkable instance of this phenomenon. Though descended from one common stock, and prohibited from intermarriage with other people, they exhibit every variety of color. Smith and

Prichard tell us that they are fair in England and Germany; brown in France and Turkey; swarthy in Portugal and Spain; olive in Chaldea and Syria; copper-colored in Arabia and Egypt; and black at Congo in Africa. Yet in all these cases they exhibit their remarkably distinctive national countenance. Color is not, therefore, a permanent type; and the presumption is, that, as a general thing, it recedes, and will more recede as development and civilization advance."

"And there are instances," said Mr. Raffe, "of a remarkable persistency of different colors among the same species of animals. I quote on the authority of Prichard, Blumenbach and Eubæa. By them I learn that in Guinea the dogs and common fowls are black as the people; in Normandy the turkeys are all black; in Hanover they are almost all white; all the swine of Piedmont are black; those of Normandy white; and those of Bavaria of a reddish-brown. And yet a hog is a hog, and a turkey is a turkey everywhere. But if there were any selfish interests involved, we can easily see how one might come to have as many species as it might be a matter of convenience or policy to form."

"That is very true," said the doctor, "and all these points strengthen the position which I believe to be unassailable—at least, by any effort of strict reason. It appears almost absurd to argue it at all. But, Professor, if your theory of reversion in hybrids to one of the parent types *is* true, it should be shown by facts, drawn from individuals, whose origin is placed beyond a question. But this principle has never been fairly tried; nor could it be without a longer period of observation than the life of one individual could furnish, and a freer course of experiments than human beings could well be submitted to, in order that absolute relations should be clearly traced from one generation to another. But, in the meantime, facts on the other side are multiplying, and demonstrating themselves all about us.

"There is one point worthy of consideration," continued the

doctor, after a little pause ; "it is this, that though a pair of mules may propagate mules, yet they cannot produce either an ass or a horse. Such offspring will not have all the distinctive characters of either parent, and will be, in fact, less harmonious than even the inferior. But the offspring of the mulatto, or the Zambo, is as perfect in its specific characters, or, in other words, as truly human, as that of the most advanced representatives of the white race."

"But, admitting the objection," said Mr. Clement, "I conceive of very good reasons, why such offspring might be either infertile, or have a tendency of reversion to one type or the other, according to circumstances. In the first place, a union of any two individuals belonging to hostile and unequally developed races, cannot be either free or harmonious. And thus, by the invasion of a natural law, which declares that such unions, in order to *be* marriage, must be in some sort free and equal, the beauty, and power, and perfection of the offspring must be in various ways affected. Nature is a more rigid tribute mother than many believe. She demands every penalty due to violated law, and everywhere asserts, and claims her own."

"But how did these remarkable differences begin? and why are they always so tenaciously preserved, in spite of climatic and other changes, wherever there is no violation of natural law, by unnatural mixture?" asked the professor.

"I hold," said Mr. Clement, with that gentle gravity that is so conciliating, and therefore persuasive, "that these differences are mostly, if not wholly, the result of circumstances. One fact has occurred to me, that furnishes a strong argument in the case. It is this, that men of the most opposite traits and types, meeting as strangers, everywhere recognize each other. I think that all history may be challenged to show, that one man was ever in doubt, or questioned the specific humanity of another. However different they might be, each would instantly *conceive* of the grand features of that other life, as reflected

from the mirror of his own. Whence comes this instinctive recognition, which no other animal—not the highest ourang—ever suggests? To me the faith that we are all of one common parentage is exceedingly beautiful; and I love to see traces of the common brotherhood, unfold in the momentary human sympathy of strange faces. But I do not consider it at all essential to the argument of a common right to happiness. This, in my opinion, would not be affected, if it could be proved that the negro is wholly, instead of partially, a brute, as our friend Raffe has truly observed. We should be just as much bound to improve his condition, if he were a horse, and unjustly treated, as if he were a man; for a true sense of justice would not permit us to see the meanest thing treated with cruelty, without an effort for adjustment. In fact, the lower and more helpless the object is, the more strongly are we bound to give help, which, for that very reason, a true benevolence more strenuously demands.

"On the other hand, regarding the slave as a man, which I most truly do, treatment becomes a thing of inferior consequence. It is the condition itself which is wrong; so wrong, that the purest virtue could not be true to itself, thus involved. The slave is not the only sufferer. The master, and the master's family, and all that come within the contaminated circle of its atmosphere are, more or less completely, victims of this unnatural and monstrous power. I know many worthy men, who would willingly give up everything, and make themselves beggars, if they could only know what is right, and find it possible to do it. And, therefore, when my anger against these great evils waxes strong, I come back lovingly to think that we are all sufferers together."

I drew closer; that the serene expression of that eloquent face might shine directly into my soul, and I thought to myself that what Simao and Frederick Douglas are to the black race, Mr. Clement and these noble friends are to the white; for they prove that an unselfish and broad generosity is possible,

even to the Anglo Saxon. Every one present seemed to feel the beautiful spirit of this speech, which we all know corresponds so truly with the saintly life of him who uttered it; and for a little while there was a quiet and pleasing silence. And Theodosia sat there too, with such an intelligent and discriminating interest in all that was said. It is wonderful to see the expression of that eloquent face, broadening and deepening every day, with the expanding and deepening character. I see, too, in these conversations, how true a sympathy there is between us; for every point that is most interesting to me, she seizes and appropriates with an electrical rapidity and precision, and hardly have I recognized it myself, before I meet those quick and intelligent glances, uttering whole volumes of comment, without a breath of sound. This under-current of intelligence has been maintained throughout; and from it I have gathered much that has a bearing on the great experiment now at issue. I thought I knew Theodosia some weeks ago; but after several months of close observation, I often strike upon wholly new veins and currents of thought, and feeling, and character. But I must return. At length Robert said, "I think there *is* importance in these marks, that something—whether nature or circumstance—sets upon outward forms: and therefore permit me one word more. As the truly human characters are specific and permanent, and the sectional characters are merely variations, and therefore transient, there must always be, in any union of different types, a tendency toward the highest, for two reasons. First, because the incessant action and power of all life is upward and progressive; and secondly, because the higher type, being more positive, must have greater power to control, attract to itself, and finally absorb the inferior and negative conditions. If we should observe the forces now in operation around us, we should see this process continually going on. In truer and more natural conditions, the finer elements, being left free, would by their mutual attraction, necessarily flow together. Thus a negro, or mulatto, with a good organization and a correspond-

ing mental power, would, through the superior refinement unfold a truer sense of beauty. Hence he would choose one of an agreeable mind and person for his companion. These characters, as well as the tendency to exalt and transcend them, are confirmed in the offspring. And thus the type is continually improved. If we could thus always associate the best characters of the negro race, we should not only improve them and their offspring directly, but indirectly ; they must also exert a strong influence over the inferior elements around them ; for there would be a comparative refinement in the very air they breathe. Thus we should see in time, the coarse, loose, ill-defined features, and the receding head, if not the prominent heel, gradually pass into the higher and finer lineaments of a true humanity."

"And I have a theory," said Mrs. Clement, whose eloquent and discriminating looks I had been observing, "that, in the mingling of any two races, the ascending order is best preserved, *when the mother belongs to the highest;* and the reason for this is, that through the female line are transmitted the finer mental and spiritual powers ; while through the male line, physical characters, of which form is the basis, are perpetuated or preserved."

"Pardon me madam," said Mr. Wells ; "but I think you are there open to argument."

"I claim no particular deference," returned the lady, "because I am a woman ; but I do so strongly believe that the influence of the mother upon her child, both ante-natal, and for some years after birth, tends so much more than all other things toward making up his whole being, and hence, of modifying his condition and character, both for good and for evil, that I sometimes feel as if I must actually go abroad, and preach to women, till I rouse them to some slight sense of their importance and responsibility—at least as the mothers of children. It seems to me, that if only this one thing were set right, the whole world would soon get to be so much better !"

I had never seen her before speak with so much animation and

emphasis; and it was surprising how beautiful she became. Her whole face was radiant. It shone down as it were into my soul, with a sudden illumination, and there I saw many beautiful things, native and necessary to a true womanhood. How joyful to think that not only my Youley, but Theodosia has, indeed, a soul; that they are not merely to be the inspirers, but the participators of my joys—not only my gentle playmates in the hours of pleasance, but my friends and helpers in all the work I have to do. This new thought of woman comes to me with such quickening rays of beauty, I often think, if it could be truly unfolded everywhere, it would make a heaven of every household, and an Elysium of the whole earth.

But I am roused from my reverie by Mr. Van Brouer, who draws the head of the beautiful speaker to his; and kissing the now bright cheek, whispers: "It is all true, my daughter; and you shall write a book about it one of these days; for I know of no one who could portray this life with a more delicate and truthful hand."

Mrs. Clement was directly still and self-absorbed. Had she herself thought of this thing before, and was she now regarding it anew under this high sanction? I looked at her with a kind of vague wonder, thinking of the mystery over which she was brooding. This is to me one of the yet untouched miracles of life; for though I have heard that women *do* write books, I have never yet, to my knowledge, seen one who was known to be an author. But, after all, what is the writing of a book more than a continuous effort, or repeated impulses of thought, that I should wonder so much at it, in man or woman.

I was recalled to the present scene by the unexpected arrival of company; and so our discussion, for the time, was interrupted. I will resume the subject in my next; for that I know will be to thee, as to me, of the highest interest.

I am led through dark ways; but whatever light there is, I will seek to gather up. Since coming here I often think of the old Arabic proverb: "Men are locked up boxes. Experience

opens them." And sometimes, I may add, the most surprising things are revealed with the opening. One should have the discretion and wisdom of Kislar Aga,* to be able to cope with this people. But happily I live in the bosom of friendship. I often anticipate the pain of parting with all these dear ones; for even the children are companionable and pleasant to me. It is late, but though I am not willing to retire, I am oppressed by a cold, barren vacuity of mind. Has the slave-jenoun † driven away my good angels, and brought the booré ‡ in their stead? I will, at least, not oppress thee by my dullness. Through the moonlight—through the starlight—I go, with every opening night, to thee and Youley, with a

Salaäm;

SHAHMAH.

* Kislar Aga was, in the last century, chief of the black eunuchs of the Sultan. He was celebrated for great wisdom and profound knowledge, and his memory is still held in high esteem.—Ed.

† Slave-demon.—Ed.

‡ Blue Devils.—Ed.

LETTER XXV.

INTELLECT OF THE NEGRO VINDICATED.

The Professor's Opinion—The Doctor's Reply—Instances of Physical Beauty in the Negro—Instances of Inferior Whites—Slavery degrades and depraves the Type—Men improve as they recede from it—Remond and Frederic Douglas—William Wells Brown—Rev. Mr. Pennington—A Poser from Mrs. Clement—Monumental History—Inherent Tendency to Civilization—August Origin of the Negro—Wisdom of Ethiopia—Teachers of Solon, Pythagoras and Plato—Euclid the African—Grecian Minerva represented as an African—Barbarous Progenitors of the White Race—Ancient Britons—Cicero's opinion of English Slaves—Progress of the Russians—Caspar Hauser—Physical Characters changed by Education—German Girl living with Swine—Deterioration of expelled Irish—Negro Traits.

COTTONWOOD, September 17.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I hasten now to give you the continuation of our debate, which was renewed last evening, but is not yet closed.

The professor brought us back to business, by swinging around suddenly to the starting point. He said: "Notwithstanding all your facts, and all your reasons, I see nothing to change my original position. Looking at the case, as it seems to me fairly, I can regard the negro, at best, as but a late transit from the highest ape forms. In his constitution and structure he is, both anatomically and chemically, distinct from the white man. The very crisp of his hair is not merely an outside circumstance, but is determined by the inherent elements of its woof and fibre. So of the skin; so of the cranial formation and general physiognomy."

"I think you are claiming too much for your theory," said Dr. Bowen; "there are whole tribes of African negroes, who not only have handsome features, and fine physical forms, but well de-

veloped heads—much better, indeed, than may often be seen, in companies of the low Germans and Irish that throng the wharves of our large northern cities. Thomas Pringle, speaking of the great Kafir family says: 'Some of them are handsome. One man of the Tahama tribe was, I think, the *finest specimen of the human figure I ever beheld in any country*—fully six feet in height and *graceful as an Apollo.* A female of the same party, and the wife of a chief, was also a *beautiful creature*, with features of the most handsome and delicate European mould.'

"Dr. Phillip, in his 'African Researches,' speaking of a family belonging to the same tribe, says: 'We were much struck with their fine figures, and the dignified, easy manner in which they received us. Their countenances and manners discovered marks of cultivation, accompanied with an air of superiority, which at once marked the class of people to whom they belonged, and which, under other circumstances, would be admired in an English drawing-room.' Again he says, speaking of the same tribe: 'I have seldom seen a finer race of people; the men were generally well made and had an elegant carriage; and many of the females were slender and extremely graceful. I could see at once, from their step and air, that they had never been in slavery.'

"But testimonies to this effect, and especially to the amiable, sincere and faithful character of the native negro, as seen in many other nations, might be accumulated. Moore, Gilberry, Clapperton, Vaillant, Lander, Adanson, and many others of good repute, might be mentioned, who indorse much more than I have said, concerning many individuals, and many tribes.

"On the other hand, there are hordes, even at the present day, living in Northern Asia, of undoubted Sclavonic origin, who are below many of the negro tribes"——

"That is hardly fair, to compare the best of one type with the worst of another," said the professor.

"I contend that it is fair;" returned the doctor, "because the point at issue, is not whether the absolute amount of power already developed in the different races is equal; nor even

whether the susceptibility of improvement, in itself, is equal; but it is whether this people, whom we, and other most Christian nations, have been flogging, hunting, writing and talking down, for the last two hundred years, have really human traits, and are proper subjects of education and progress."

"You would have the same objection to superior individuals, I know," continued the doctor, after a little pause; "yet, as illustrations of capability in any people, they are of immense importance. I contend that such a man as Simao proves much for the race whose type he so truly represents. Look at him! In his whole outline and expression he is not merely humanized, but most grandly so, showing forth the noblest attributes and the rarest virtues of humanity. How has he been thus unfolded, under circumstances that would have crushed almost any white man into the mire?"

"I have observed," said Mr. Clement, "that the educated negro has the cranial and facial lines strongly determined toward the Caucasian, or the highest human type. Sturge and Harvey, in their work on the West Indies, state that a gentleman of great intelligence, long resident in Antigua, remarked to them that the features of the negroes had altered within his memory. M. Durand has observed that there is a great difference between the slaves and the free black people in the Gambia country; and John Candler, in recording the same phenomenon in his 'Brief Notices of Hayti,' draws from it the following inference, that the features become more agreeable in proportion as people recede from the effects and influence of slavery. And this is by the inevitable operation of a law that is carrying all things upward. Remond, of Massachusetts, is a good illustration of this. See his Anglo-Grecian physiognomy, and observe how beautifully it corresponds with the acute power and fineness of a remarkable mind."

"I think," said the professor, "that these instances startle us chiefly, if not entirely, because of their marvellousness and rarity. They are learned pigs, who appear very respectably among their

fellow swine; but compared with men, and even boys, they would show to much less advantage."

"I regret that you have had no opportunity to make the acquaintance of these men," said Mr. Van Brouer, mildly, "or you could not do yourself so great dishonor as to speak thus of them. There is Frederic Douglas alone, who is strong enough, in the very highest powers of manhood, to silence a whole host of cavillers.

"Yet Fred Douglas himself is but half a negro," returned the professor, with a slight appearance of pique. "Remember, we are not to eulogize favorites, but to canvass facts."

"Well, then," said Mr. Raffe, quite as warmly, "I advise you to put off any further opinion till you know something about him; for if he *is* only half a man, any way, intellectually speaking, he can, as we rude fellows say, borrowing one of your favorite figures of speech, *whip* any whole man, white or yellow, you may choose to pit against him. Tell me, if you please, how, with his half-manhood, he came to be so? How did he rise above all the dead weight of shame and slavery unto which he was born, and that, too, enhanced by the highest sense of wrong—by a knowledge of his white parentage—and become what he is? By what magic power did he subdue and come out of these circumstances, absolutely making them subservient to his progress, until now he may safely challenge comparison with men of any color, half or whole?"

"All this enthusiasm *sounds* very well," returned the professor, with a slight expression of irony in voice and look; "but strict science cuts that all off, or hears it patiently as a mere ebullition of sound."

The doctor, who was a little too much moved, was going to reply, but a look from Mr. Van Brouer restrained him, and the professor went on:

"That there is something unusual about this fellow, is quite likely; but the probability is that he has been greatly overrated by his fanatical and maudlin admirers."

"Then we are all maudlin," remarked Mr. Clement; "for I believe we have all, with the exception of our Eastern friend, some acquaintance with the gentleman, as well as with Mr. William Brown, another of his class and, in my opinion, hardly inferior. Even Mr. Wells I remember once to have been quite carried away with their eloquence. He recollects, doubtless, the pleasant interview we had one morning with our most excellent brother, the Rev. Mr. Pennington, of New York city, who not only takes a high position as a man, but as a clergyman. If Mr. Wells felt during that interview any sense of our superiority, I confess that I perceive no just ground for it, since Mr. Pennington, though very black, a fugitive from slavery, and wholly self-educated, is a fine scholar, an accomplished gentleman, and a most excellent and highly-esteemed minister and citizen."

In an attempt to stammer forth something that might go between assent and contradiction of the above, Mr. Wells really blushed at an implication of his own honorable heresy.

"But if the negroes are so immensely stupid as you represent," said Mrs. Clement, turning to the professor, "why should we be so much afraid of teaching them? Have you ever heard of any laws against teaching monkeys to read? or seen people hide their books away for fear they would be chattering in a-b-ab?"

"'Twould be nothing but foolishness—all lost time, to try to teach niggers; so, I say, it's a good economy to make such laws," said the captain, smiling blandly.

"You do not tell me," resumed Mrs. Clement, still addressing the professor, "why these laws are made; and until the contrary is shown, I must believe that, under all the circumstances, such legislation is, in itself, the highest compliment to the intelligence and capability of the negro.

"It's all imitation," said Captain Brande. "That's all the real faculty the nigger has. He only does what he sees others do."

"The fact is, we should pay more attention to the monumental history of mankind," said the professor, at length starting up as

if from a reverie. "By this we should learn that the types that distinguish the several races of men were the same five thousand years ago that they are now. Here we also see the different degrees of aptitude for civilization in the various races. Why is this vast inequality thus constantly preserved through ages the same, if the capacity of civilization itself is not inherent?"

"If you mean by that expression that the capacity of civilization is universally inherent in the human race, we must all agree with you," said Mr. Van Brouer; "but if, on the contrary, you would leave us to infer that, even in its highest manifestations, it may be confined to a single variety, or limited in respect to its adaptation to the whole species, you will find that the great facts of all history go against you. To say that the human being naturally seeks civilization, is but saying in other words that he naturally seeks improvement in his condition, or accepts it when it is brought to him. The savage who can make a cup for himself, will not drink water from his hand. He will not content himself to live in the dark, under a ledge of rocks, when he has learned to build himself a hut out in the pleasant sunshine. By and by the hut will not contain the conveniences which he has learned to fashion for himself, or of which he has been taught the uses. Along with this fitness of things develops a sense of the beautiful. Then he seeks ornament, and wider spaces for its extra unfoldings. Thus in time the hut becomes a cottage, the cottage a mansion, the mansion a palace; and so on. The process is essentially the same everywhere. And the fact that it may be retarded, or apparently arrested for ages, does not at all disprove the absolute capability of any people.

"But in respect to origin," said Mr. Clement, "that of the negro is the most august under heaven. Ancient Ethiopia was the nursery of science and civilization, and, as I think, the undoubted mistress of Egypt. It was there that Solon, Pythagoras, and Plato, went to sit at the feet of dark-browed philosophers, and inhale the wisdom of Ethiopia. It was there the African, Euclid, three hundred years before Christ, founded the

most celebrated mathematical school in the world; and even to this day, he is acknowledged as one of the greatest teachers, by many a tyro, who, if his exact duplicate should walk too boldly into his presence, would be very likely to salute him by the comprehensive title of nigger, and kick him out of the cars or the stage coach, just to show his fine appreciation of distinguished merit under peculiar circumstances. But the ancients who drank directly at the fountain-head, could not have been guilty of the absurd and cruel errors into which we have fallen. It is not strange that the Greeks should have represented Minerva, their favorite goddess of wisdom, as an African princess."

"But," said Mr. Wells, "the ancient Ethiopians were nearly allied to the Egyptians; and *they* were not negroes."

"The question between brown and black is a point of hardly sufficient importance to admit of argument," returned Mr. Clement. "Nevertheless, it may be said, that most of the ancient writers have represented them as negroes, with black skins and woolly hair, though they may have had a less marked physiognomy than many other nations of the race. But we have, at least by inference, Scripture authority for this opinion, in the passage that says, 'An Ethiopian cannot change his skin.' That the original teachers of the world were colored men, is unquestionable; and as to their retrogression into barbarism, it does not affect the question at all."

"I think it does affect it," retorted the professor, quickly. "The Caucasian race is so organized, that whenever civilization is presented, they can accept it at once. The head does not need to be developed."

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Clement, "that in tracing back our origin, you have let the line slip in your fingers. It seems to have got awry, or it certainly must have carried you back to a degree of barbarism exceeding that of most of the African tribes at the present day. By the investigations of the Rühs, we learn that the old Finnish Scandinavians, previous to the ages of conquest by the Goths and Swedes in the north, and the Romans in

the south, lived in a state of squalid, slothful, and mere animal existence. They had a miserable vocabulary for language, and charms and fetich worship for religion. They had been, from unknown time, without laws, government, or social enjoyment."

"Yes," said Mr. Raffe; "and it ought to be borne in mind, that our own ancestors were actually lower in the scale of being, than the generality of negro nations at the present time. The revolting pictures which undoubted history furnishes, both of their appearance and character, is not very flattering to our refined taste and delicate sense of the beautiful. Think of them scantily clothed in skins, with their long, tangled, flame-colored hair, contrasting so hideously with the color of their bodies, which were painted blue, and their leaden-blue eyes gleaming through the tangled masses, and lit up with an expression of brutal ferocity. Such was their horrible aspect in battle. Cicero tells us that the ugliest and stupidest slaves cames from England, and advises his friend, Atticus, not to purchase slaves from Britain, on account of their stupidity and want of aptitude for learning music and other accomplishments. He speaks of them as being, in their domestic and social habits, degraded as the most savage nations; and says farther, that most of the people in 'the interior never sow corn, but live upon milk and flesh.'

"They dwelt in hollow trees, and sacrificed human victims to idols even more hideous than themselves, and were unquestionably sunk in the lowest depths of barbarism. Yet these were the countrymen of Milton, of Shakspeare, and of Newton; and from them, primarily, that very type which we consider the most perfect, was derived. With this single fact in view, how shall we dare to say that there is any people on the face of the globe so sunk in savagism—so degraded by slavery—but they may be renovated and brought into even the highest conditions?"

"And there is an example nearer our own times," said Mr. Clement. "Hardly a century ago, Russia was inhabited by ferocious and brutal hordes. Yet these men have built St.

Petersburg and Moscow, and are making rapid strides in civilization and refinement."

"We have been furnished with a remarkable instance of change produced by education in the physical character," said Mrs. Clement, "in the case of Caspar Hauser. He is represented on his first appearance as having a vulgar face, which, when at rest, was void of expression and brutishly obtuse. Von Færbach predicted the wonderful change that came with the unfolding of his mind. The lower features, which had been prominent, receded; the countenance gained animation, and the whole form and character of the face changed so in a few months, that they who had first seen him would hardly have recognized him. Let such experiments be fairly made on the African race, and the results, as I believe, would be at least equally favorable."

"There is no doubt of it," said Mr. Van Brouer, "and I know that there are still extensive regions of Europe, whose civilization might be represented on a map with dark shades. With all that is due to the fact of descent from highly advanced races, there are certain circumstances which no human power could resist. Brutal conditions unfold brutal instincts. Hence the crushing of his sense of manhood in the slave, is a thousand-fold greater wrong than all the bodily privations and sufferings that could ever be inflicted on him. The great wonder to me has always been how he can be *so* human as he is.

"Dr. Horne describes a young German girl, who had been brought up in a hog-sty, among hogs. She was twenty-two years old, and had sat there for many years, with her legs crossed, and grunting as brutishly as the brutes she had fallen among. But perhaps the most remarkable instance of this principle operating on a large scale, is seen in the native Irish, who, in 1641 and 1689, were driven in great multitudes from Armagh and the South of Down, into a mountainous region, extending from the barony of Hews, eastward to the sea.

There were others, also, similarly driven out on the other side of the island. But both parties have since remained victims of want and ignorance, those two most terrible brutalizers of the human race. They have open, projecting mouths, prominent teeth, and exposed gums, high cheek-bones, and depressed noses. They are small in stature, and differ from their relations in Meath, as much as any ugly and barbarous type could from a finer and more highly developed one."

"The negro is settling these questions for himself, and for us too, if we would heed it," said Mr. Raffe. "We need not go to the catacombs, or the pyramids, to ask whether he is a man, or a proper subject of education. The great philosophy is expounding itself all around us; and I conceive it to be not in the least significant, even if the whole negro race have remained ten thousand years, instead of two or three, in a state of barbarism, so long as we know that, with the slightest opportunity of improvement, he always accepts the good gifts with joy."

"I have always thought," said Mr. Van Brouer, "that he has a superior capacity for civilization, if presented to him under any tolerably fortunate circumstances. This is probably owing to his highly intuitive nature. His mental operations are often marked by the celerity and certainty of a real instinct; and thus we may account for those rapid transitions which he often makes from the lower to the higher. He is peculiarly susceptible of all the amenities of life, and has a kind of oriental determination to ease and luxury. He has also a high sense of honor; and in regulating the terms of his social intercourse, the educated negro exhibits delicacy, refinement, and good taste."

"Yes," said the captain; "with raw sheep-skins for cloaks, and the entrails of the same animal for necklaces."

Mr. Van Brouer passed this little sally gravely by; nor was it specially noticed by any other person except Theodosia, who

whispered in my ear: "He shoots at random in his answers. Is it because he does not understand?"

The writing of that dear name reminds me that it is time for our usual lesson in drawing, which we are to take in the fields. I will continue the same subject in my next.

Adieu, dear brother and sister,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXVI.

REMARKABLE AND DISTINGUISHED NEGROES.

Theodosia's Picture—Testimony of Blumenbach—Negro most wronged in destroying his Sense of Manhood—Present Condition of Human Beings no absolute evidence of what they are to be—Negro Powers never fairly tested—Aptitude for Mechanics—Music—Eloquence—Profound Religious Nature—Ancient African Fathers of the Church—Origen, Tertullian, etc.—Henry H. Garnett—Theodore S. Wright—Stephen Gloucester—James W. C. Pennington—Samuel R. Ward—Alexander Crummell—Colored Woman of New York Foundress of its Sabbath Schools—James M'Cune Smith—James Derham—Encomium of Dr. Rush—Phillis Wheatley—Cæsar the Carolinean Bloomfield—Young Cuban Poet mentioned by Dr. Madden—Placido—His beautiful Poem—Blumenbach's African Poets—Benjamin Banneker—Geoffrey L'Islet—Anthony William Amo—J. E. J. Capetein—Sadiki—Job Ben Soliman—Thomas Jenkins—Ignatius Sancho—Paul Cuffé—Joseph Rachel—Eustace of St. Domingo—Toussaint—Napoleon's Envy and Cruel Treatment—Negro Tracts—Common Friendliness of the Opponents—Mr. Van Brouer's beautiful Prophecy—A Poem.

COTTONWOOD, September 30.

BROTHER HASSAN:

Before resuming the subject of the discussion, I will say that the little sketch Theodosia has made of the slaves' quarters is remarkably well done; but she annoyed me by working at it so perseveringly all the while, without giving opportunity for a word of speech, where it would have been so convenient, and so delightful. I shall look grudgingly on the art itself, if it comes to stand between me and my rewards. Did she know how earnestly I was watching for a word, and thus, by a fine sense of coquetry, take a special pleasure in thwarting me? Truth to say, she seemed to know nothing but the sheet of paper, where her eyes and mind were so intently fixed, and which I almost regretted having put into her hands, since it is thus permitted to rival me. But I wrong myself as well as Theodosia, by this feeling. I will rejoice in the unfolding of

her highest powers, since it is not a plaything, but a friend and companion that I seek.

But once more I renew the discussion.

In continuation of his remarks, Mr. Van Brouer said: "Dr. Tiedemann, an eminent German, made many comparative observations on the brain of negroes. He also communicated a paper to the British Royal Society, giving his results, with the details of size, weight, conformation, etc.—demonstrating that there is no very material difference between their brains and those of the white races."

"Professor Blumenbach, the distinguished German physiologist, has also paid a great deal of attention to this subject of negro capacity," said Mr. Clement. "He has not only collected many skulls, but a large library of books written by negroes, or persons of African descent. He is considered the highest authority in favor of unity of species, and equality of intellect, between the black and white races. We owe to him the most complete and systematic information on this subject. He says that entire and large provinces of Europe might be named, in which it would be difficult to meet with such good writers, poets, philosophers and correspondents of the French Academy; and that, moreover, there is no savage people who have distinguished themselves by such examples of perfectibility and capacity for scientific cultivation; and, consequently, that none can approach more nearly to the polished nations of the globe than the negro."

"Slavery, with all its penalties against learning," remarked Mr. Van Brouer, "has, I believe it is fair to say, produced as large a proportion of great geniuses as any collegiate institution whatever. And is there not an over-ruling Providence in this? Slavery, like other earthly trials, brings out the true gold. Though it must degrade and crush the common mind, it stimulates, calls forth, and nourishes great powers. But woe to him through whose willing injustice the dearly-purchased honor comes!

"Of all our wrongs to the negro, this reckoning him down to the verge of utter brutishness, is the most fruitful in mischief to all parties, the most wantonly cruel, the most deplorable of all the injuries which, in our greed of gold or power, we have brought upon him. For this reason, it should be the first work, not only of justice, but of a true humanity, to reëstablish him, as far as possible, in his natural and normal position, as a man. We should be willing to hear multiplied instances of what the negro can do, and what he may become; for it is not the poor slave alone, who is ignorant of some of the most important truths in the world. We also need teaching. And more—we need self-correction. We need to divest ourselves of an untruthful and malignant prejudice, which makes it painful for us to hear anything good of the negro.

"Taking all history, and all experience into view, it is an exceedingly short-sighted and irrational policy, to argue from the present degradation of any people, as if it were a concretion, and must necessarily forever remain the same. This is the great error into which many of the superficial philosophers of the present day are apt to fall. They do not take into the account the vital power of the character, nor consider how, when once roused, it must more and more modify all the future.

"If all the negroes on the earth at this moment, were as low and degraded as the Australians; and if they never had advanced beyond that degree, yet, admitting that the principle of development is inherent in the human being, we should be unwise to limit the possibilities that may be opening before them. Only set free the power of progression, and you can fix no bounds for it. But the truth is far otherwise. For the negro there are great omens in the present, that must be unfolded in the future; and, perhaps, considering all the circumstances, they are the greatest that ever signalized any people.

"I have made these remarks, in order to solicit your atten-

tion to a few points, which the doctor, who is a student in these matters, has been collecting. Before we can truly emancipate the negro, we must free ourselves."

All listened with deference to the venerable speaker, whose benign presence is, in itself, an inspiration of power and beauty. But how painfully was I brought back from this reflection. It was the captain speaking.

"I should be glad to hear anything, in reason, you've got to say about the niggers, or any other cattle," he said, stroking his fair chin, and smiling beneficently.

"I respond to your most gracious pleasure," returned the doctor, with a low bow, at the same time taking a small note-book from his pocket, to which he occasionally referred during his report.

"In the first place," he began, "the actual capability of the negroes has never been fairly tested; and for this reason, that though some of them have been made pets and favorites, yet, perhaps, none of them have been unfolded under completely normal conditions. Prejudice, and more or less of oppression and exclusion, have followed them everywhere; and even the truest friendship has not been able to shield them. Yet they have done much that should strengthen themselves, and encourage their friends. With all the difficulties that lie in their way, many slaves have purchased their freedom, and some also the freedom of their families. Every such purchase, as it appears to me, is in itself a miracle.

"But we are now to speak of the intellectual power of the negro. In a general way, it may be said, that he has a great natural aptitude for mechanics, for music, and for eloquence. He is always ingenious and imitative, and sometimes also has shown excellent inventive power; and he only wants opportunity and encouragement, in order to exhibit very valuable talents in all the walks of life.

"The negro has not only an ardent, but a profound, religious nature. Hence he has always been earnest and active in his

sacerdotal relations. There were true Africans among the most distinguished of the early fathers and writers of the Christian Church, such as Alexandrinus, Origen, Clemens, and Tertullian."

"I wonder how they managed at church, and whether they had any negro pews, in their barbarous days?" whispered Theodosia, for the first time speaking since the session commenced. But during all this time her eyes—her looks—have not been silent.

Mrs. Clement, to whom it was said, smiled kindly, as she always does, on her young protégée; for you must know Theodosia is as great a favorite in this house as elsewhere, especially with Robert, though he teases her unmercifully. He had overheard her remark, and it being quite in his vein, he was attracted away from his speech a moment; but as Mrs. Clement had resumed her grave look, he went on:

"In the office of the ministry the negro is very honorably represented at the present day. I can mention only a few instances. Henry H. Garnett, a pure black, and son of a fugitive slave, is a minister of the Presbyterian church, and a powerful advocate for freedom, temperance, and all progressive measures. In eloquence he is not inferior to any. He has unbounded power over his audience, and always draws large houses. You who doubt negro capacity should have seen and heard him in some of his great triumphs."

"At two of them," said Mr. Van Brouer, "I had the good fortune to be present—once in Buffalo, at a national convention, when he addressed the negroes, and another time at old Faneuil Hall, in Boston. In both these cases the massive multitudes swayed to and fro with every heave and swell of that great tide of eloquence, that bore the hearers along with it, and held them chained for hours. No orator ever achieved a more brilliant success. But go on, if you please, my good boy."

He laid his hand lovingly on the young man's head, regarding him with a look so fatherly, I think none present could have

been insensible to the beauty of the love between them. And after a little time, the doctor resumed:

"There are so many really great men among our colored clergy, it is hard to choose. I will mention Theodore S. Wright, Stephen Gloucester, and James W. C. Pennington, of New York. The latter has published a text-book on the 'Origin and History of the Colored People,' which is well spoken of, though I have not seen it.

"Samuel R. Ward, of Cortland, in the State of New York, has high intellectual gifts, and is a fine scholar. He is pastor of a White Congregation of the Presbyterian order, and edits a paper.

"Alexander Crummell, a colored episcopal clergyman of New York, is a very intellectual man; with great soundness and logical power, he unites a classic beauty and chasteness of style.

"Before leaving the subject of the Church," said Mr. Van Brouer, "let me say a word of a colored woman, to whom I was introduced by Lewis Tappan, just before leaving New York. It might refresh the piety of some of our religious ladies, to know that this woman established, by her own personal efforts, the first Sabbath School in that city; and in it both white and colored children were received. She has also taken out of the Alms House forty children, and educated them entirely at her own expense; and to her everlasting honor be it said, that several of these children were white. She is truly deserving what my friend Tappan has said of her, that 'she is an honor to human nature, and to the city of New York, demonstrating the capacity of the colored people, and the moral excellency which they may attain.'"

"In medicine," resumed the doctor, "may be mentioned James M'Cune Smith, who, being excluded by prejudice from American colleges, studied at the University of Glasgow, where he took his degree in medicine, and obtained the first prize among 500 students. James Derham, originally a slave in Philadelphia, was sold to a medical man, afterward to a surgeon,

then to Dr. Dove of New Orleans. He spoke English, French and Spanish, and attained to such great knowledge of medicine, that the celebrated Dr. Rush, after having visited him, says: 'I conversed with him on Medicine, and found him very learned. I thought I could give *him* information concerning the treatment of disease, but I learned more from him, than he could expect from me.'

"In poetry many persons of this class have distinguished themselves. Phillis Wheatley, who was stolen from Africa when a child, is a remarkable instance. She wrote and published a volume of poems, and manifested an insatiable thirst for literary attainments.

"Cæsar, a negro of North Carolina, wrote several poems, and attained a reputation not to be compared unfavorably with that of our English Bloomfield.

"Dr. Madden speaks of a young Cuban poet by the name of Juan, who, though a slave, attracted the attention of the first intellects in the island. He began to compose at twelve years, and not only attained high rank as a poet, but he had a great deal of taste and even genius for painting. His writings are highly spoken of, by distinguished persons both of Cuba and Spain. The account he gives of himself, and especially of once seeing his mother flogged, is heart-rending.

"But perhaps the most distinguished person of this class was Placido, whose tragical death is at once the grandest and most sorrowful thing. He was executed with ten others. He was inspired with the strongest desire to do something for his unhappy race, hence, in an attempt to change the political condition of Cuba, he fell a victim to his philanthropy. He had very great natural genius, and was beloved and appreciated by the most respectable young men of Havana, who united to purchase his freedom. On his way to execution he recited an elegiac poem, which has been faithfully translated into English, by Mrs. Maria W. Chapman, of Boston. It is full of great, but profoundly mournful thought.

"Blumenbach had poems by African authors, written in Latin, Dutch and English.

"In mathematics and the natural sciences, we find the names of Banneker, L'Islet, and many others, evincing great activity and strength of the reflective faculties. Benjamin Banneker was a colored man of Maryland. He was entirely self-taught, and made great attainments in the science of astronomy. He calculated an Almanac for four different years, which was so well approved by Fox, Pitt, and other distinguished men, that it was brought into the British House of Commons, as the best argument that could be produced in favor of his people.

"Geoffrey L'Islet was a mulatto, and an officer of the Russian artillery. His meteorological observations were so well esteemed, that he was named as a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences. To this learned body L'Islet regularly transmitted his meteorological and hydrographical journals. He was well versed in botany, natural philosophy and geology, and founded a scientific society in the Isle of France, of which some white people refused to become members on account of the color of its founder."

"That last is the most sensible thing you've said in some time," remarked the captain. "But go on. It's almost as good as going to a monkey show to listen and hear what some o' them shiners are up to. It makes a man feel tip-top, jest to think of it."

The captain relapsed into one of his sweetest smiles; and no further notice being taken of his interruption, for he is lawless, the doctor went on.

"In general scholarship there are some remarkable instances. Anthony William Amo, an African from the Coast of Guinea, was well versed in astronomy, and spoke the Latin, Hebrew, Greek, French, Dutch and German languages. He took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Wirtemburg, and was highly esteemed for his integrity, talents and erudition.

"J. E. J. Capetein, who was brought from Africa when seven years old, was equally celebrated. He understood the Hebrew, Latin, Greek and Chaldaic languages. He was a painter, wrote Latin verses, and published a volume of sermons and letters that ran rapidly through several editions. Among these distinguished individuals should be mentioned Sadiki, a learned slave in Jamaica, who is a fine Arabic scholar, and a man of great discretion, virtue and ability; Job Ben Soliman, Prince of Bunda, on the Gambia; and Thomas Jenkins, the son of an African king, all of whom were greatly distinguished.

"Ignatius Sancho was a learned negro, an accomplished letter-writer, and a correspondent of Sterne.

"Paul Cuffé was the youngest son of an honest and enterprising African, who was stolen from his home and sold into slavery, near New Bedford, Massachusetts. He purchased his freedom, bought a farm of one hundred acres, and married an Indian woman. Paul was really talented; and having chosen the mercantile profession, he pressed on through innumerable difficulties until he became possessed of competence, and thus able, in some degree, to indulge his benevolent affections. Some idea may be formed of his great mental capability, by the fact that he attained such a knowledge of navigation in two weeks as enabled him to command a vessel in several voyages, which he afterwards made to a number of different ports in the United States, Africa, England, Russia, and the West Indies. He is described as being 'tall, well formed and athletic, his deportment conciliating, yet dignified and prepossessing, his countenance blending gravity with modesty and sweetness, and firmness with gentleness and humanity; in speech and habit, plain and unostentatious.'

"Joseph Rachel, the Howard of Barbadoes, consecrated his large fortune to acts of benevolence, without any distinction of color. He visited prisons, and labored earnestly to recall offenders to virtue.

"Eustace was a negro slave, who, during the troubles of St. Domingo, exhibited such unparalleled devotion to his master and

such a great desire to do good to all, that the French Academy granted to him the Prize of Virtue, founded by Monthon. Having become possessed, by will, of all his master's property, he went about, continually doing good, putting orphan children out to nurse, and distributing everywhere to such as had need of help.

"But above all these, Toussaint, the hero of St. Domingo, stands pre-eminent. Though born a negro slave and continuing in that condition for more than fifty years, his genius burst upon the world with a splendor that has never been surpassed in the annals of great men. The whole model of his character was on the grandest scale, and perhaps there were never combined in any other person so many great powers so harmoniously unfolded. He was confessedly one of the greatest generals of the age; and both in his military and civil leadership, he was equally successful, obtaining unbounded sway over the most diverse and discordant elements. If by the splendor of these achievements he is covered with glory, he is sublimed by his magnanimity toward enemies, his generous devotion to friends, his unsullied integrity and beautiful spirit in all the relations of life. Poor Toussaint! negro though thou wert, could not thy many virtues preserve thee from thy imperial enemy? It is shocking to think that a man so really great as Napoleon was, could have stooped to the baseness of envy, or have been guilty of the malignant persecution, with which he followed Toussaint, finally murdering him by inches, in the cold and submerged castle of Joux."

This account produced a profound sensation among us all; Theodosia choked and sobbed, for we had just been reading the story, in French, together; and I thought that even the cold eyes of the captain were moistened a little. He certainly did wipe them, but probably thought better of it, and rallied. "Cousin Clem," said he, at length, "do you remember that engraving of the nigger general, that hung in the kitchen chamber of the old mansion?"

Mr. Clement having, as it seemed to me, rather unwillingly as-

sented to the same, The captain remarked: "How like a confounded little monkey he did look, didn't he, in the cocked up hat, epaulettes as big as shod shovels, ruffled shirt, sword, ostrich feathers, and that long woollen cue!"

To say that every one present seemed to feel a shock would give but a small idea of the effect which this untimed, and, as it seemed to me, almost brutal levity produced. The doctor and Mr. Raffe rose, and rushed out of the room; and such a state of confusion ensued, that the conference was effectually broken up for the evening.

There was a very general interest; and after the guests had retired, and we sat down a little while, Mr. Van Brouer took occasion to thank the doctor for his judicious selection, saying at the same time: "Such facts as these are invaluable, in a country where the negro is not only considered as a brute, but is treated as such. I believe that if these life sketches could be well written, thrown into tracts, and scattered broadcast over the whole country, they would do more toward correcting our most absurd and ridiculous notions concerning this matter, than a host of lecturers."

I was so saddened by these terrible confirmations of my worst fears, that I found myself sitting silent and absorbed, when the gentlemen came to bid me good-night. They, as well as myself, looked weary and heart-sore. Even the professor appeared troubled and ill at ease; and, as he held my hand in the salaäm, he said: "Do not take these things too much to heart. We are not so bad as we appear. We really *are* better than our laws—and even than our customs."

This was so kindly spoken, that I could not gainsay it. He had been sitting quietly for a little time; and I could see that the real spirit of the man—which certainly is not amiss—was trying to reassert itself.

And directly Mr. Clement and Mr. Van Brouer, each offering him a hand, appeared anxious to soothe him, that they might better thus assure him of their candor and earnest desire to

avoid unnecessary offence. If all could teach as truly, what proselytes might be had in the world!

"You are right," said Mr. Clement, at length. "We are truly, many of us, better than our laws or our customs. But the mischief is, we are not yet either good or strong enough to repeal and ignore them. By and by, both you and Mr. Wells will be true enough to yourselves, and your work, as teachers, to speak from your inmost convictions; and then you will be not only true workers, but brave men."

"Yes," said Mr. Van Brouer, standing apart, and lifting his fine head, with the eyes upturned, and the white hair falling back, "there must be new schools, both for the citizen and the statesman, and new observances of right for the *whole* people. The day of this truer life will come; and blessed is he who waiteth in the watch-tower, and catcheth the first light thereof."

There was something so beautiful and impressive in the whole form, and expression, and power of the speaker, that every one present was filled with awe. It was but a natural action, that every head bowed itself, while the hands were reverently clasped together; for we all felt the spirit of prayer. The room itself seemed filled with a divine aroma—as it were the breath that clothed the prophecy. My angels came nearer to me; and notwithstanding all the sorrowful things I had heard, I could not but hope—I could not but believe.

We parted as friends, though so unlike in sentiment; and this was beautiful; for will not the hearts that can be *thus* candid and generous to each other, at some future time be conjoined in thought and purpose, as they are now in feeling and good intent?

Questioning thus with myself, I am not so miserable as I should suppose one to be in my case. A divine hope of the future overshadows me with a luminous cloud; and meanwhile I watch—not for the Avenger, but the Healer and the Liberator.

It is late, and this letter is over long, as you may come to

think the discussion is also. But voluminous as it is, I shall yet arrive at the end of it. Intermediately, I am botanizing, reading French, and drawing with Theodosia; and through the whole, drinking in still deeper enchantments. I am amazed at myself. How will it all end?

I found a beautiful little poem yesterday, which I presented to her. She seemed really quite confused, and ran away while reading it. But afterward she said, that if I liked it so well, I should have it for a lesson; and she has made me translate it into French for her. I do not know the author, but I am told he is a young man of New York. I send a copy to Youley.

MY DARLING.

"Her soul is as white as the lily;
Her heart is as warm as the rose;
And the breath of Heaven blows on her,
Wherever my darling goes.

"The children rejoice at her coming;
When the children are old and grey,
They will have more light in their spirit,
That they danced in her smile to-day."

Here are two luminous points, where, as in a diamond, much light is concentrated; and yet it is comprehensive, suggesting far more than it says, as all true poetry must, because it leads us, by unseen hands, out into the boundless—the Infinite. It is worthy of the immortal Zeerhi, whose love songs are so exquisitely fine and delicate. I know Theodosia was pleased with it, for her own soul is an instrument of sweetest poesy; and as I listen to it in the Coming, I shall know that angels stir the strings.

Adieu,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXVII.

THE WRONG AND THE REMEDY.

Rarity of Free Speech—Disabilities involved in Chattel Slavery—Protected only as Property—Insecurity and Abuse—Liability to be robbed, or even murdered—Premiums offered for killing Fugitives—Sufferings caused by the Master's Poverty—Economy of using up the Slave—Life shortened—Allusion to Algiers—Shahmah becomes excited—Mr. Van Brouer's Defence—Anomalies—Flogging Institution at Charleston—Illustrative Parable—The Bandits—Meanness of doing what our Conscience must condemn—Marriage repudiated—Stroud—Taylor—Effect on the Master and his Family.

COTTONWOOD, Oct. 12.

BROTHER HASSAN :

Before entering on the main subject last evening, we had some pleasant little chat together for half an hour ; and this, especially as the spirit of love and kindness led the way, brought us all into good humor. I was thinking of it ; and as if he had read my thought, the doctor said : "Yes ; we are all excellent friends, not only trusting each other, but absolutely conceding the right to think and speak, freely and independently. And this, let me tell you, is a rarer grace than you think, perhaps—even in this most free and republican country. You will see that we need some conservative elements to bind us together ; or we should soon fly off in a tangent, and perhaps never be heard of any more."

"That is true," said Mr. Van Brouer ; "and it is wise in any discussion, always to see, as far as possible, both sides of the question. At least the presence of such a representation has a good effect. We shall be more moderate and conciliating, more just and conscientious for it.

"And now, as good and true men, let us look this matter

calmly and boldly in the face. We are not to discuss theories—or, as some would say, hypotheses of the future—but points, conditions and features of present interest—in other words, facts.

"And by the grace of this good company, I beg leave to submit a few of the disabilities under which the slave, considered as a chattel, now labors."

"I hope you will be moderate," said the professor; "for I assure you, that if one would but take the pains for it, there are fifty things might be said, each one of which would shatter your theories and your assumptions all to atoms."

"It may be so," returned the sage, mildly; "but it will be time for us to arm against them, when they appear. And until then, we are under no obligation to believe they exist; for though they appear so formidable to you, it is by no means certain that they would be so to us."

This was the severest thing I ever heard him say; though in that deep, serene voice, it did not seem unkind. After a moment, seeing there was no reply, he turned to me, and said: "As you have wished, my young friend, to learn something more definite of this unfortunate business, I will try to enlighten you. In concise terms, a few of the main facts may be laid before you.

"A slave cannot hold property;

"He cannot contract a legal marriage;

"He cannot protect, or claim his own children;

"He cannot appeal from the absolute power of the master;

"He cannot enter suit in any cause;

"He cannot bear testimony against any white person;

"He has no protection from cruelty; his owner cannot be indicted, even for cruel, malicious, and excessive beating of his slaves;

"He cannot through a guardian, or any representation, obtain redress for ill-treatment;

"He can obtain no redress for injuries inflicted by other white persons, unless his *property value* is impaired;

"He cannot shut his own house against intruders; but is

always liable to see his premises invaded on the most trivial pretences, and often with criminal intent.

"If a slave strike a white citizen, it is death; but if a master kills his slave by torture, no white witness being present, he may clear himself by his own oath.

"Any person who may release a slave from the torture of the iron-collar, is punished by fines and imprisonments, even greater and more severe than he who is found guilty of torturing a slave with hot irons, who cuts out his tongue, puts out his eyes, and who scalds or maims him. And the same punishment is inflicted upon one who teaches a slave to write, as on one who puts out his eyes."

"This shows," said the doctor, "what a fine appreciation we have of the spirit and principles of civilization and Christianity, and how well we are prepared to become great moral teachers; especially of the Heathen in distant lands—as well as expounders of republican ethics, and high exemplars to the world, in a general way."

"It is too true for a jest," responded Mr. Van Brouer; and then continued his speech.

"Masters cannot protect their slaves.

"All the slave's earnings belong to his master, though he promises to the contrary; and he is liable for his master's debts;

"If his master allows him to keep cattle, it is lawful for a white man to take them away, and enjoy half the profits of the same;

"If his master sets him free, he may be taken up and sold again.

"Runaways, who do not return after proclamation is made, may be declared outlaws by any two justices, who may give permission to any person in the community to kill, if he cannot otherwise capture them. Meanwhile, advertisements in the public papers tempt cupidity, by boldly offering premiums for murdering the fugitive.

"The slaves of poor owners, often suffer extremely from cold and hunger. They take only what is left, be it little or nothing. The slave may be well fed and well clothed. He may have a good master, as many do have; but these circumstances are purely accidental.

"The good master may die, or become so straitened in his circumstances as to be obliged to sell. In fact, the slave, who is himself only a piece of merchandise, must always be a subject of speculation or necessity. Thus it may be considered the best economy to stint him in food and clothes, and work him hard, or use him up, in a given space of time. In some situations, especially in the sugar and rice districts, there is such a fearful waste of life that *it is reckoned at only about half its value.* This question, I assure you, is often made the subject of close calculation. It is coolly put down in figures; and then the preponderance of a few tens, or, at the most, hundreds, on one side or the other, will determine for you whether it is most prudent and profitable to allow a man so much food and rest as nature demands, or to murder him by over-work and under-feeding."

Captain Brande here looked up; and complacently stroking his saffron moustache, said: "Why, Uncle Van, you'll make us out to be Algerines before long, at that rate."

I looked at the speaker. He smiled serenely, as if he had said the most acceptable and gracious thing; and shall I tell you, that I lost my temper? It is true. To my shame I own it. If he had looked savage and tiger-like—if he had shown, by the least intimation, that he intended to be personal, I could have defied him; but that silken smile unsettled me.

Rising, and standing directly before him—thus fixing my look so that his slinking eyes could not get away from me—I said: "If you think that such a system as you have described, either by law or custom, is permitted in Algiers, you have never been more mistaken. I have seen many pirates and robbers, and some accomplished stranglers among the Thugs—but I never saw either corsair or bandit, whether roaming over sea or

desert, but would despise such crimes as these. They are too ignoble—too mean—for one who has grown into companionship even with the noble horse he mounts. Their sabres cut sharp and clean. They capture and they slay; but there is not a man, among the worst of them, but would blush to find himself in such company. His own horse would be ashamed of him, if he should see him flogging women, stealing babies, and hunting men with blood hounds."

"It is a very common infirmity," said Mr. Wells, "for us all to see more clearly the mote that is in our neighbor's eye, than that which is in our own. People of different nations often slander, because they do not know each other."

"If there is any slander," returned Mr. Van Brouer very quickly, lest I should be obliged to defend myself, "it is from ourselves. And certainly, as you on the other side do not confute, you fairly sanction and seal what we say—thus both unwillingly and unwittingly strengthening our testimony."

Waiting a moment for the reverend gentleman's reply, I said: "but really I do not understand how they *could* make laws against any high crime or misdemeanor, whatsoever, since this grand centre of wrong, necessarily involves the whole circle of penal offences."

"You will find many anomalies, and otherwise inconceivable things growing out of these relations," said Mr. Van Brouer. "The highest judicial tribunal of South Carolina has decided, that although slaves are the absolute property of their owners, they have the power of committing crimes. A slave may himself be stolen; but if one slave steal another he must be hung. The negro is always liable to be proved guilty, and never able to prove himself innocent."

"The strongest guards are put upon this property everywhere," said Dr. Bowen; "and he who has a mind to be just, cannot easily become so. In South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Missouri, emancipation cannot be effected, except by the legislature. Georgia, in 1818, made all emancipation, by

will or deed, null and void; and even the poor slaves, who had become the subjects of it, were punishable, and liable to be sold. Here is the opinion of Judge Ruffin, who is far too good and honorable for the place he holds. 'A slave,' he says, 'is one doomed in his own person, and his posterity, to live without knowledge, and without the capacity to make anything his own, and to toil that another may reap the fruits.'"

"How is it possible," I exclaimed, "that an honest man, with that most horrible interpretation in his mouth, could be himself so far enslaved as to be made an instrument for enforcing its penalties? I should expect to find a better code of morals than this among the Thugs themselves; and the Bedouin Arab, who uses neither scruple nor ceremony in taking either your life or your purse, would scorn to defile himself by doing that which he condemns. From what I can gather, it seems to me that the highest authorities, the judges, the legislators, and the ministers are the greatest slaves of all."

"It is really so," said Mr. Clement. "I have realized that in my own experience. Where slavery exists, freedom is an impossible thing. No really free man can be in a state that includes slavery."

"I am sorry and ashamed to own it," returned Mr. Van Brouer, "but it is too true. And—would you believe it?—my native town, the beautiful city of Charleston, has a flogging institution, that brings into the city more than $10,000 a-year. But there is no end to the atrocities. The fact that our people do not more readily perceive them, is, perhaps, the worst feature in the system; for nothing is more hopeless in any disease than a self-complacent torpor.

The professor yawned wearily; and Mr. Wells, being directly challenged, said that most of the slave laws certainly did have the aspect of being made for the master, rather than the slave; with which gracious admission he again relapsed into silence.

"Still it is my greatest wonder," I at length ventured to remark, "how the American people ever could suffer such a thing,

or how it ever came to be—and still more, how those very men who were engaged in the struggle for independence, others who remember it, or any, in fact, to whom this most beautiful of histories has been bequeathed, *could* sanction these abuses—*could* permit them—could willingly live where they are—could even look each other in the face, and know them to be."

"This is all very simple," returned Mr. Van Brouer, "and comes by the force of custom or habit, strengthened by a common sanction of what they undertake to maintain. So it is in every form of wrong. Monopoly, piracy, robbery, of whatever kind; and slavery, which includes them all, have one common origin. Let us illustrate this by a company of banditti. They are at first few and acknowledged outlaws. Their measures are accomplished by stealth. Their work is done in darkness. At first, they seclude themselves from the world, finding shelter in holes of the earth, creeping out, like bats, only in the night. But having become accustomed to the sight of each other, they cultivate among themselves a kind of spurious honor, and thus gradually lose the sense of shame. They enact their own laws, and become more or less honorable in each other's eyes.

"But they do not rest satisfied in their first domain. They extend their radiating lines in still wider circles; and thus gradually they absorb and control the surrounding forces. At length, they take possession of the laws; and having obtained this sanction, last of all, they take hold of the religion, and subject that to the all-controlling power of their own will.

"Thus, at length, they come out boldly, and assuming the ground of right, become the most zealous defenders both of law and religion. They legislate; they build churches; they fill the pulpit; they take possession of the bench. They are proud, and therefore will not disgrace the 'cloth,' or the 'woolsack;' hence they must sever the original tie that bound them together, and ignore the name, if not the spirit and power of robbers. Having possessed themselves of all these high sanctions, what have they to do but enjoy life? Growing accustomed to luxury, and be-

ing withal able to indulge in it, they stimulate their palling sense of cruelty with refinements of torture, that as much surpass the clean cut of the highwayman's sabre, as the legalized and baptized robber who stamps his crimson deeds with the seals of church and state, transcends the simple bandit, who, in being an outlaw, struck for self-preservation—and often only for that. Thus they begin by stealing money, and end by capturing public sentiment. Having obtained possession of law and gospel, they are baptized anew ; and henceforth they are respected and honorable in the eyes of the world. And in this way comes all monopoly, of whatever kind.

"Every person has noticed this fact, that the wrong of slavery everywhere, as a general thing, is in proportion to the degree of development in the people who practise it. The whole thing may be said in one word—the slave is a *chattel.* I defy you to name a greater wrong, than that single thought involves."

"But great as these evils are," said Mr. Clement, "they are by no means the worst. All who are involved in their false relations, become more or less sufferers. The mind of the slaveholder is early made familiar with cruelty and injustice in their most revolting forms. While the slave is regarded and treated only as a brute, from unconscious sympathy with his manhood, he excites and stimulates all the bad passions as no brute could. To say that these relations have their worst possible effect upon the temper, is but a moderate truth.

"An institution that repudiates marriage to a large class, could not hold personal purity in very high repute ; and thousands of inharmonies in families, to say nothing of deeper wrongs, grow out of this feature of the case."

"You do not mean to say that marriage is not permitted, and even encouraged, among the slaves ?" interrupted Mr. Wells, with a considerable appearance of warmth.

"I do intend to say just that," returned the other, with a quiet firmness of look, that seemed at once to disarm the oppo-

nent. "We attach the idea of permanence to marriage; and to temporary unions of the sexes we give various names, expressing our profound sense of the wrong they involve; yet marriage among slaves, however well it may be begun, is always liable to revert into illicit connections. And these are not only countenanced by law and by custom, but by the highest church sanctions. Stroud says, p. 61: 'A slave cannot contract matrimony.' And again, Taylor says: 'Slaves are not entitled to the conditions of matrimony.'

"There *can* be no marriage under such conditions. And I repeat, that great wrongs and inharmonies grow out of this circumstance, not only to the slaves, but to the whites. The wife, in finding rivals among the servile members of the family, often feels the bitterest sorrows of woman. Happy is she, if she nurse not also bitter and vindictive passions. The sons of the family, always being accustomed to a thousand nameless indecencies, lose all sense of natural integrity, and become licentious and profane; while the young daughter, though watched by Argus, cannot wholly escape the taint that is in every breath of this great corruption. Seeing that license may, in some cases, stand in the place of law, how can she feel the full power of that immaculate sanctity of womanhood, which is thus coolly and quietly profaned? Will she be always able to make the necessary distinctions between what is proper for herself, and what may be permitted in the often equally beautiful, and sometimes almost as fair young girls, who have been her playmates in infancy, her friends in youth, and to whom, either openly or covertly, her heart still clings. Giving all possible weight to the difference of condition and conventional exceptions, will not the purity of the young girl be sullied by such companionship?"

"This is but a very moderate presentation of the truth," said Mr. Van Brouer. "Wherever the plague appears, there is taint —it is in the whole air. Everything that comes near is defiled by it; for if it does not corrupt the passions, it blinds the reason and distorts the judgment."

At this point another interruption occurring, I claim also a respite from my long session, and go out to lave in the delicious coolness and pureness of the autumn air. And in the beautiful ministries of nature, I may forget awhile the terrible sense of wrong, that now almost continually oppresses me, verging more and more, with every day, into an individual relationship, with which I have something to do. Is this an unconscious prophecy of evil that hangs over me? If so, would that I could read, for thus I might also cancel and overcome it.

I have not seen Theodosia this day, and that is one reason why I am more oppressed, for by some strange necromancy, she seems to abstract this feeling, if she does not actually divide it with me, and at times to such a degree, that I feel as if it were almost a criminal selfishness to seek her society. But how shall I live without it? It is becoming every day more necessary to me. I must close now.

With the unfailing Salaäm,

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXVIII.

POOR, SERVILE AND DEGRADED WHITES.

Economical Features of the Institution—Mr. Raffe's Statistics—Disfranchised White Americans—Border Ruffians—Thugs of the West—Southern Ignorance native—Tables of Comparative Economical Capability of the North and South—Labor, Source of all true Capital—All other Capital merely dead Substance—Mind and Hand-work go together—Grand Distinction between Man and the Lower Animals—Number of Slaves—Of Slaveholders—Of Non-slaveholding Whites of the South—Poor Whites of the South not Freemen—More oppressed and crushed than any other People—None to Speak for them—Capital squandered in the Idle Hands—Testimony of Mr. Gregg—Fearful number of White Paupers—Hooker's Definition of Law.

COTTONWOOD, Oct. 13.

BROTHER HASSAN :

The early morning sun is shining in goldenly about me, and everything looks so lovely abroad, one would never think that this was made to be a world of suffering, and sin, and slavery. And yet such are the bitter experiences of many. Will not the integrity of nature, at some time in the yet unseen future, assert itself in the higher as in the lower orders of being? Can it be that a plant or a brute animal can unfold its perfect beauty, and reach the full measure of its power, and man never arrive at his? Nature denies it in all her likenesses; and man himself should, by all the power that is in him, set himself to confute and outlaw it, as a wrong to himself and a slander against God.

But I have yet another chapter of the prolonged debate, to which I now return. In recalling the subject last evening, Mr. Van Brouer said: "As we are all, more or less, governed by interest, it may be well to hear what Mr. Raffe can tell us, in regard to the economical aspects of the case, in which he has been so close a calculator, that I think his statistics very valuable."

"There are about six millions of non-slaveholding whites in the slave States," began Mr. Raffe, "who are virtually disfranchised, not only in a political sense, but morally and socially. Of all who are oppressed by the evils of slavery, I consider this class by far the greatest sufferers. And, notwithstanding they, in connection with the slaves, produce everything that is produced in the Southern States, yet for the most part they are in extreme poverty and degradation. Thousands of them live and die in ignorance, suffering for the want of proper food and clothing. Their condition is in many respects more servile than that of the slaves themselves, by whom they are heartily despised, looked down upon, and called 'poor white trash.'

"The better class among them are hirers of slaves and abject imitators, so far as their means will allow, of the vices and follies of their richer neighbors. Most of them are tenants of the great manors, some of which contain many thousand acres. But their lands, whether they own them or not, are depreciated; their labor is depreciated; their enterprise and ingenuity are crushed; and their manhood itself is held below par. There are thousands of this class who have no regular employment. And considering all these circumstances, is it to be wondered at that it should be prolific in border ruffians, who are the scourge of our new settlements, as well as of our Indian territories. And why should it not be so? Why should they not be the Ishmaels, the bandits, the Thugs of our nation, with their hands raised against every man, seeing every man's hand seems to be against them? Their deplorable ignorance alone, stimulated as it is by the bad atmosphere in which they live, would almost of a certainty cause this antagonism, which is not slow to set particular crimes upon the great stock of a common wrong. It has been calculated that two-thirds of the adult population of Kentucky cannot write their names; and there must be at least an equal proportion of ignorance in other States. The white children between the ages of five and twenty, who are received into the different schools and colleges of the South, are less than one-fifth

of the whole. Those in the free States are more than three-fifths, and this, notwithstanding the great yearly accession to the North of poor and uneducated foreigners. All this southern ignorance is native. In fact, the slaves are not more effectually excluded from the privileges of learning by law, than the poor whites are by their poverty. Thousands of them die without ever knowing a character of the alphabet. They are frightfully addicted to habits of sensuality and intemperance; and few have anything like rational or adequate ideas of their duty to themselves or to their fellow men."

"I should like to know how slavery has anything to do with that," said the captain.

"I will tell you by a simple arithmetical process," returned Mr. Raffe. He then opened a large number of tables, exhibiting the comparative economical capabilities of the North and South.

"You see here," said Mr. Raffe, after running over the various results in a rapid and familiar way, "that the whole thing is submitted to mathematical demonstration, showing that in the price of lands, manufactures, commerce, public improvements, education, literature, and even in agriculture—the great boast of the South—there is so vast an ascendency in favor of freedom, that, in despite of the figures, it is almost incredible. See one broad and glaring fact in the comparative value of lands separated only by a stream of water, as the Ohio and Mississippi. There they lie within sight and sound of each other; yet while the thrift of free labor is continually raising the price of its property, the inane torpidity of no-labor in the masters, and all-labor in the slave, is as rapidly depreciating the other side, notwithstanding, for the most part, it has even superior natural advantages."

"It isn't quite clear to me yet," said the captain. "Tell me how slavery does this; for in my opinion, at the present time, it's all in your eye."

"I answer in one word," returned Mr. Raffe: "by degrading

free, intelligent labor. There are many things growing out of that circumstance; but this is the root of the whole."

"Yes," said Mr. Van Brouer; "and when we consider that labor is not only the source of all true capital to enrich a nation, but the fountain of all true honor to exalt a nation, the position becomes clear and incontrovertible."

"At that rate, you'd make the nigger better than his master, simply because he works," retorted the captain.

"Not precisely so; and yet not wholly otherwise," replied Mr. Van Brouer; "but I would place the human intelligence above the dead metal, the lands, or the concrete substance of any kind, which you may call capital. You can see easily that all the rich prairies of our western States, all the gold of California, would not make a man rich—would not, in fact, supply a single want, without work. The civilization of any people is to be measured precisely by the amount and superiority of the work they do. This constitutes the grand basis of all the difference between the most savage and the most enlightened."

"Are we to understand by this," said Mr. Wells, "that you consider the moral and spiritual developments as inferior or unimportant matters?"

"When I say that I use the term work in its widest and noblest sense, this will be clear. Man begins work with his hands; but he cannot go far, before the mind comes in to his aid. The intellect is aroused; and thus, step by step, the whole character, with all its faculties, is called forth and perfected. This is the normal development of individuals and nations."

"But some classes work with their hands; others work only with their minds," suggested Mr. Wells.

"I do not believe," responded Mr. Van Brouer, "that mind and hand-work can rightfully be separated. They are dependent on each other. The hands cannot go far without the mind; and the mind would soon flag, and perhaps break down, without some action of the hands. In my opinion there is not a more absurd idea—and certainly there cannot be one more false and

degrading—than the popular sentiment on this subject. To suppose that hand-work of any kind is, necessarily, servile and dishonorable, is to wrong the human constitution itself, which always demands it, or a heavy penalty in its stead. The grand distinction between man and the lower animals, is in the capability of free, intelligent labor. I think, Professor, with all due deference to your learning, that I could give a better specific definition of mankind than you have done. I should say that man is a working animal; by which I mean, that he is the only animal, that can take the whole mass of material in the earth, and work it up into infinite combinations of use and beauty; and precisely according to the kind and degree of his capability in this respect, is a man truly humanized, or exalted in the scale of being. This will be clear, when we reflect that as great works exalt a nation, so each individual man, who contributes essentially to form its character, being in his whole capability an integral part of the nation, must share its honors just in proportion as he works. A man who does not call forth his powers by intelligent work, in some form, becomes more or less a concretion—a mass of insensate matter—whose very organism, itself, ought to make him ashamed, that he can so degrade it to ignoble uses and conditions."

"There is one thing certain," said Mr. Wells: "it would not do to preach that doctrine here at the South."

"Do, or not do, it's got to be preached," said Mr. Raffe, warmly. "Mustn't everybody soon come to see that this principle is the whole cause of the difference between the South and North? Look at it—see the elements of society here as every Southron soon must! There are, in round numbers, three and a half millions of slaves, who are held as unwilling workers, under the lash and chain. They have neither marriage, learning, nor rights of any kind, and are reckoned as things. There are over six millions of non-slaveholding whites, natives of the South, thousands of whom have no regular employment, and almost all of whom are inconceivably poor, ignorant and de-

based. To complete the circle, we have something over 34,000 slaveholders, who have monopolized the land, and hold and move all the power."

"How is this?" asked Mr. Wells; "are not these non-slaveholding whites you speak of actually freemen, with a voice in the political action of the times?"

"I deny that they are freemen," returned Mr. Raffe. "They may sometimes, by help of small bribes and large liquorings, exercise the function of voters; but it is not as free agents, in any sense of the term. They are mostly small tenants of the neighboring lords, and thus socially subject to them. They are poor, ignorant, and so cramped and crippled every way, that what little manhood is left in them, is effectually choked by the very bread they eat—even if it were not blinded by the whisky that they drink. Anything like an assertion of independent thought or feeling, would cut off all supplies at once. Thus the slaveholders, though constituting only one-ninth of the white population of the South, by dint of swagger, bowie-knives, and overawing the masses, have *usurped the whole power.* They make the laws and control public opinion.

"There is not, perhaps, under heaven, a more oppressed and degraded people than these six millions of the southern yeomanry. When I have heard philanthropists, but especially abolitionists, talk of the poor, unhappy negroes, or Poles, or Greeks, or Irish, or Hungarians, or the benighted heathen anywhere, I have thought of these oppressed, ignorant, plundered citizens of the United States with heart-burnings and bitterness of soul, which I cannot describe. Even when a boy, I vowed before God, that if I ever *could* speak, it should be for them.

"Why is this, that with a greater amount of natural wealth than they have at the North, our institutions are so dwarfish and miserable, while theirs are so strong and flourishing? Why is it that we have no commerce, no manufactures, no education, no literature—that we cannot decently live, die, or be buried, without help of the North? It is because this vast amount of

capital, which is naturally invested in the capability of labor of these six millions of people, is left inert and useless. Only set it free; endow it with its prerogative; organize it, honor it, and you would soon see that we can compete successfully with the North. But I tell you, sirs, that if not freed willingly, there is a power at work that must free itself, whether you consent to it, or not. Do what you will to hinder, the South cannot exist much longer without freedom—not only personal liberty, but freedom of the press, of speech, and of opinion." He paused a few moments, and then resumed:

"But if I am not detaining you too long, permit me to quote a passage from William Gregg, in an address delivered last year (1851) before the Institute of South Carolina.

"'From the best estimates that I have been able to make,' says Mr. Gregg, 'I put down the white people who ought to work and who do not, and who are so employed as to be wholly unproductive to the State, at one hundred and twenty-five thousand. Any man who is an observer of things, could hardly pass through our country, without being struck with the fact, that all the capital, enterprise, and intelligence, is employed in directing slave-labor; and the consequence is, that a large portion of our poor white people are wholly neglected, and are suffered to while away an existence, in a state but one step in advance of the Indian of the forest. It is an evil of vast magnitude; and nothing but a change in public sentiment will effect its cure.'

"Again, speaking of experiments, which had been made with about eight hundred persons, he says, they were 'industrious and orderly people, but deplorably ignorant, three-fourths of the adults not being able to read, or to write their own names.'

"Thus, you see," continued Mr. Raffe, "that under this view of the case, the question of slavery assumes a new aspect; and when we consider the material elements of the society involved, it opens one of the most frightful views of the future, as it does the most debasing and revolting features of the present system.

But I am happy to tell you, sirs, that I believe there is a new life and energy beginning to work, even here. It is in the breath of the age; and it cannot, by any fomentation, be smothered out of it. We are beginning to question whether we should longer permit our lands to be depreciated, our labor undervalued, our children starved, our families degraded by ignorance, and our small estates, or earnings, disproportionately taxed for the support of slavery, which has done all this, and a thousand-fold more, to dishonor and degrade us. We, too, are American citizens; and the day is not far distant, when we must assert our power! And, by the grace of God, we will then work, until we shall create to ourselves a law, such as Hooker has defined, and unto which all true men must do homage.

"'Of law,' says the great expounder I have mentioned, 'there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is in the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven or on earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels, and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her, as the mother of their peace and joy.'"

This speech took us all by surprise; and I could easily see that many of those present, were wholly unacquainted with its principal claims, by the thrilling sense of astonishment it seemed to awaken.

My Theodosia calls me. I have come to know always when she particularly desires to see me; and thus I leave you, for, in truth, I need to go out, and refresh myself in this most delicious air.

Ever thine;

SHAEMAH.

LETTER XXIX.

THEORIES AND FORMS OF MANUMISSION.

Mental Phenomenon—Mrs. Clement's Remedy—Mr. Clement's—Mr. Wells's—Captain Brande's—Mr. Raffe's Reply—Increase of Slave Population—Revolution of St. Domingo—Power of its Leaders and Men—May be Renewed—Reproof of Mr. Wells—His Speech—Mr. Clement's Reply—Mr. Van Brouer's Remedy—Draft of a Manumission Bill—Advantages of the System—Mr. McDonough—His Plan of Self-Emancipation—His Character—Enthusiasm of his Slaves Misunderstood—Anecdote.

COTTONWOOD, October 16.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I met Theodosia almost half-way over to our place. She was so certain I would come, that she had walked out to meet me. These phenomena of the intelligible correspondence of minds at a distance from each other, startle me more and more every day. Nor do I, as yet, see anything in the theories of Mesmer that satisfactorily accounts for them. But this I know, that Theodosia's beauty is deepening, intensifying, every day; and so, I sometimes think, is my own dullness. But I must resolutely drive the charmer from my thoughts; or I shall never finish this discussion, which, however, I shall make an effort to do to-day. So I return to it at once.

After a short time spent in desultory remarks, which seemed necessary in order to unbind the severely strained attention and interest, Mr. Van Brouer said: "If any of you, gentlemen, have any remedial measures to propose, we should be happy to hear them."

Mrs. Clement playfully remarked, that, though not expressly called upon by the invitation, she would recommend that wo-

men should begin to assert their prerogative, as the first and best moral teachers.

Mr. Clement thought that if ministers would only live and preach the true gospel, slavery could not possibly be sustained. I dared not look at Mr. Wells during the few moments of Mr. Clement's speech, knowing how uncomfortable he must feel, thus, consciously, to be under the condemnation of that clear, serene voice, and those earnest and truthful eyes. I was in such strong sympathy with him for the moment, that I suffered. Can there be anything more truly pitiable, than a conscious moral feebleness in the presence of strong and upright men?

Mr. Wells, himself, as if he would drown his own consciousness in speech, hastily proposed colonization, as the only measure which he could conscientiously recommend; while Captain Brande said, putting on one of his most gracious and self-satisfied looks, meanwhile:

"My remedy for slavery, as for any other disease, is EXTINCTION. The niggers are a curse to everything they come near. Nobody questions that. But we wont be driven nor forced out of it. Carolina will never allow any foreign agitator to touch one of her slaves—no, not so much as a single lock of nigger wool. Let us alone, and we'll do up the thing slick and smooth; or give us the help of good and true men—men that don't want to make a speculation for themselves out of this nigger question—such as Uncle Van and Cousin Clem. They might say anything under the heavens, and we shouldn't get mad; because we know they're all right, to begin with."

"But I do not precisely understand what you mean by extinguishing slavery," said Mr. Clement.

"I go for the greatest good of the greatest number," returned the captain. "That's the true old democratic principle. In fact, that is the Bible platform, and it'll never wear out. Just so soon as we find out, pretty generally, that free-labor is cheaper than slave-labor—and I, for one, am bound to say it is—we shall have to do something to get rid of the difficulty;

and when *we* go to work, I tell you, it'll be done. Everybody, no doubt, won't think as I do; but my plan is to drive the niggers south—into Mexico—into Central America—into South America—and finally into the great swamps among the alligators, and the boa constrictors, and the howling monkeys, that'll all be ready to help make mutton of 'em. Pile 'em in there, I say, and let 'em ferment; and as I don't recommend this process till they're pretty tolerably well used up—that is what I call a cheap, safe, and easy way of extinguishing slavery."

After a few moments, seeing that no one answered him, he said, with a look of profound self-satisfaction: "What do you think of that, Cousin Clem? Wouldn't you recommend me as an honorary member of the great American Philanthropic Rag-Bag Society? And wouldn't you help me about my bill? For I mean to have it draughted, and put it through Congress."

"I think you're really a kind-hearted, benevolent man; and you do yourself a great wrong by talking so," said Mr. Clement.

"Then I tell you what 'tis—you're very much mistaken, and don't know me half so well as you think you do. Most likely I be kind enough to white folks—but as to niggers, I don't consider them *as* folks. No real Southerner does. If he pretends to, it is all sham. Look at the laws. Look at the customs. Look at the way we have to go to work with 'em; and then read the Declaration of Independence, that grand palladium of American Liberty, and tell me if, in the sentiment of the South, the nigger is a man? The most we can say is, that the slave is a chattel; and this is the only way to make anything of him. Considered as a man, the nigger is a nuisance; but considered as a chattel, he takes the rank of property, and becomes of some consequence in the world.

"I consider the slaves as vermin; and as such I recommend extermination. If Lyon's magnetic powders would kill 'em, I should think I was doing God service to send it round all

the Quarters in the country. Yes, sirs, whether you believe it or not, I tell you it's true, I'd kill a nigger just as soon as I would a snake."

I cannot describe the horror I felt at this declaration, so coolly and smilingly made—and others felt the same. Again there was a constrained and painful silence.

After a little while, Mr. Raffe said: "You must begin your process of extinction very soon, sir, or the tables will be turned against you. The slave population is increasing with fearful rapidity. In a little more than twenty-five years, there will be seven millions; in a half century, more than twelve millions. Who can look at this fact without anticipating the tragedies of St. Domingo? In my opinion, the world has never seen a grander revolution than that. In the qualities of heroism, fortitude, and determination under the most discouraging and terrible circumstances, which were shown by Toussaint and his negroes, that history is without a parallel. How grandly did these chattels rise up; and in defiance of the most horrible dangers, clothe themselves with their renovated humanity. How could they, while just in the act of bursting away from slavery, have recognized sentiments so noble, and have asserted them with hearts and wills so brave, if the sense of manhood and its rights had not been born into the world with them? I tell you, sirs, that this breath of God is in every human being. Let tyrants think of it and tremble—tremble in the day—tremble in the night—tremble at all times, and everywhere, for the rallying cry of '*La liberté ou la mort*' has not passed away from the earth. It is latent in the souls of your own slaves. You may see it in the fugitives of every day, and most of all in your own advertisements, that show better than any other testimony what they dare—describing your own private marks, such as knocked out eyes and teeth, slit tongues, brandings, scars, and maimings, which they reinvoke by flight.

"Believe me, the men who can singly defy your revolvers and your bloodhounds, will sometime come to trust and understand

each other. Then there will not be wanting another Toussaint; and before we can question from whence or why it is, the mine will spring beneath our feet."

"I think, my young friend," said Mr. Wells, "that this spirit in which you speak is a very dangerous one. You have great power. We cannot but feel and appreciate your eloquence. But I am sorry to see a true son of the South advocating sentiments that would seem better fitted to some ranting incendiary or northern fanatic."

A sullen murmur of discontent ran round the room, for the native loyalty of man to manhood could not have been otherwise than moved, at least by the feeling evinced by the eloquent young Kentuckian. And then, after cries of "Hear, hear!" Mr. Wells went on again: "My first objection to any superficial attempt is the magnitude of the evil. Slavery exists among us to such a degree, that it cannot and will not be abolished by a sweeping legislation. Three millions of slaves cannot and will not be set free, and raised to the rank of citizens under the constitution. The whites and blacks would, by such an act, be involved in ruin together.

"2. The slave is not fitted for freedom.

"3. Slavery, though a curse to the white man, is a positive benefit to the negro. Though it does not raise him to the dignity of the white, it elevates him above the condition he would occupy, as a moral being, if left to himself."

"I deny that last assertion," said Mr. Clement, with more warmth than I had ever before seen him evince. "The whole weight of our influence upon the slave—whether we consider our laws, our customs, or our social intercourse—is demoralizing in the extreme. There may be a few more fortunate instances; but almost the whole weight of the case goes to the contrary. Believe me, if we are to renovate the negro morally, we must proceed upon a truer basis than that of first converting him into a piece of merchandise—a thing—and thus confirming against him the greatest wrong. We must, in short, give him better examples

—something more like the plain and simple gospel of doing as we would be done by, before we have any right to seek his conversion. We must not rob him of his wages, nor steal his wife, nor sell his children, nor flog him, nor hunt him with bloodhounds, nor degrade and persecute him with cruel laws, and unrighteous and malignant customs, before we can make him a pure, honest, industrious, and self-respecting man. If the slaves, as a body, are better than even the most degraded negroes of Africa, it is *not* because we have taught them better, but because, from the native amiability and excellence of the negro character, and the strong natural tendency to civilization, they have not been influenced so much by the worst part of our character as by the best.

"But I believe there is often great deterioration in slavery; and when we consider that, in defiance of our having abolished the slave trade, we are keeping up a contraband traffic on the coast of Africa, by which at least four hundred thousand natives are annually stolen from their homes, our responsibility in this matter becomes tremendous. The slave is a man; and being by nature entitled to his freedom, we have no right to take it from him. Not only the precepts of Christ, but the whole spirit of the gospel is opposed to slavery, on the ground of manifest injustice. To hold men in bondage is not doing as we would be done by. These two propositions cover the whole ground, moral and religious, against all that can be maintained in favor of holding men as property. But I pray you, my good father, let us hear your plan of emancipation."

"I take the middle ground," said Mr. Van Brouer. "I believe that immediate and unconditional emancipation would be the greatest possible injury to the slaves themselves. The question necessarily arises, is slavery to be continued forever, or until it works out its own abolition? The answer would seem inevitably to be, that such is the only solution. Justice cannot be one sided. It applies to the interests and welfare of the whites as well as the blacks. Whatever is *best* for the negro, is just to

him. If by being emancipated his moral being should be degraded, it would be unjust to emancipate him. If by setting him free, he should be consigned to want and bodily suffering, *that* would be unjust to him. If by setting him free, he became a burden and nuisance to others, it would be unjust to society to liberate him, and throw him upon his own exertions, before he is well prepared, by a true course of discipline, for the duties of self-dependence.

"It does not follow, necessarily, that freedom would elevate him in the scale of being, until he can understand something of the rights and duties of that condition. For this reason, general and sudden emancipation, while it would ruin the master, would only abandon the slave to want and demoralization; for he is not yet prepared to take care of himself. To this proposition there are, I know, many exceptions; but I speak of the class, and not of the exceptions.

"The remedy I propose, would be, in fact, a virtual Emancipation Act, because its first aim should be to secure perfect personal rights to the slave. Neither as slaveholders nor as men, can we shut our eyes to the absolute and growing evils of this system; and while we discard any interference of our northern neighbors, it becomes us to canvass well the responsibility we assume, and freely and candidly to discuss the best measures for a complete and final overthrow of the evil.

"The two insurmountable difficulties in the way of immediate emancipation, are those that have been mentioned, or the interference with the slaveholder, in property for which, under the protection of law and custom, he has paid a valuable consideration, and the danger both to the slave and to the community, of giving him a liberty for which he, by want of education, is so ill prepared. We are, therefore, obliged to fall back on gradual emancipation, which I believe to be not only perfectly practicable, but also consonant with the best interests of all concerned.

"The outlines of the remedy I would suggest, are briefly these:

1. "It shall be the duty of the Board of Assessors of each town, to record the names of slaveholders, and the names of their slaves. According to certain modifications of age and sex, they shall affix a fair cash value to each, assigning to each a reasonable daily task, or a limited number of hours for work.

2. "The slaves shall be allowed reasonable wages for all overwork, the amount to be applied either to the purchase of their own freedom, or that of their fellow slaves, or to the support of their offspring.

3. "There shall be no transfer of slave property, except with the consent of the slaves or of the commissioners, who shall be appointed, as the guardians of their persons and their rights. The slave shall have a right to choose his master, provided he can find a purchaser at the appraised value.

4. "Every child born after this Act goes into force, shall be declared free; but their parents or friends shall be responsible for their support, which shall be taken out of the surplus money aforesaid. The freedom of the mother shall secure that of the child of one year old, and under; and the freedom of all children, up to twelve years of age, shall be purchasable by their parents or friends, at the estimated cost of their previous support.

5. "Children born of slave parents, for whose support no provision is made, and who shall not have been purchased by their friends, agreeably to the above provision, shall remain slaves up to the age of 25 years, when they shall be free

6. "The slave shall be permitted to sell his labor to the highest bidder; and if his master wants his services, he must pay as much as he can earn elsewhere.

7. "The money thus earned shall be paid into the hands of a Receiver, who shall credit it to the slave; and legal interest shall be allowed on the amount.

8. "The slave shall be entitled at all times, and without any delay, to purchase his liberty, or that of any other person, at the value fixed by law, so soon as he has earned the money.

Should he die in slavery, he may dispose of this money by will. If he die without will, it shall go to his nearest of kin; and if without heirs, it shall go into a general fund, for the support of those who are too infirm to work any longer.

9. "By the passage of this Act, all slaves shall be put under the protection of common law, and, *as human beings*, shall be entitled to all its securities. Under this provision, the slave shall be protected from cruel treatment, and shall have the free and full right of appeal to the commissioners for slaves, or to the common courts of law. If the case justifies it, he may be delivered entirely from the custody of the master, and shall be allowed to find a new master for himself, or the commissioners shall do so for him, the master being allowed to receive the amount of his appraised value, unless the injury be such as to admit of a distinct action for damages.

10. "When appeal is made by a slave to the commissioners, the general law of testimony shall prevail, and in no case, whatsoever, shall the mere circumstance of color affect the validity of any witness, nor destroy, nor depreciate his testimony, in a legal point of view.

11. "Marriage among slaves shall be considered the same as elsewhere, a moral act, to be encouraged by proper solemnities, and respected, and protected, socially and legally.

12. "All unjust and unequal laws, which are made for the master, and not for the benefit of the slave, shall be abolished by special acts.

13. "Schools, embracing the common branches of an ordinary education, shall be supported by city, town, county, or State tax, for the free education of all colored persons, old or young, who shall be allowed not less than two hours each day to attend said schools.

14. "A slave shall not be sold under an execution for debt, without his own consent, if 20 years old, or over, nor without the consent of the commissioners, if under that age.

15. "A freed slave shall be allowed to move from one State to

another, without hindrance, on producing his certificate of freedom.

16. "A slave who has obtained his freedom, shall be entitled to all the protection and privileges that belong to residents. He shall be entitled to hold the fee simple of real estate. And when, through a due preparation, general intelligence, good moral character, and a competent knowledge of our institutions and laws, he shall be entitled to a Diploma of Citizenship, he shall be endowed with the same, upon precisely the same terms with white citizens: for then it shall be held quite as essential that a legislator, or voter, should understand his work, as that a tailor or shoemaker should be duly qualified, by good service, or apprenticeship, for the practice of his.

"By this gradual process the slave would be stimulated to qualify himself for the enjoyment of his approaching liberty; whereas, now, in his hopeless bondage and ignorance, he has nothing to encourage or incite him to exertion and improvement. In this way, also, those who are, by nature, best adapted to the proper appreciation and enjoyment of liberty, would be the first to earn the means of purchasing it.

"And if our General Government should, in its wisdom, find it proper to set apart a sufficient portion of our unoccupied western domain, to constitute an independent State for the colored race, those having the energy and skill to first purchase themselves would be the most appropriate persons to found and control such a State."

This plan was freely canvassed, and debated upon at some length; but as our reporter was called away, there was no complete record. I shall, therefore, only say that the whole affair was conducted very pleasantly, and even far more liberally than I had any reason to expect. There is a true life in these men. There is a great power for good in them; and they must, at some time—not distant, as I pray Allah—come to be so respectful to themselves, so regardful of their own interest, as to

scorn the meanness, if they do not fear the sin of these abuses. They have such large and generous ideas on all other subjects—they are so beneficent—so noble in all other relations of life—that their manhood must yet come to assert its full power. If they have no true regard to the rights of the negro, their own proper love should and will teach them *not to defile and degrade themselves*—if not because it is wrong, at least because it is base and dishonorable; for a consciousness of any injustice must, if a man would but truly look at himself, mar his beauty in his own eyes.

As we sat together, after the regular business of the meeting was over, Mr. Clement related the following anecdote:

"This plan of self emancipation," he said, "is not altogether a new one. Mr. McDonough, late of New Orleans, devised a similar scheme for liberating his negroes. And he actually got a bad name by it; for being miserly in the extreme, the prolonged labors of his slaves, in their zeal for freedom, were supposed to be enforced. Yet this very man, who had the miserly trick of counting pennies so closely, that he would walk miles in a storm to save sixpence of ferriage, had also a large and noble way of doing large things, and conducted his operations on a grand and beneficent scale. Many of his slaves worked out their own freedom, in some cases manifesting a zeal that came near being fatal. Many of them worked themselves almost to death, prolonging their labors until late in the night; and Mr. McDonough was slandered by those who did not understand the motives for this voluntary overwork, in his transitional chattels. He was often obliged to send out an overseer, with a whip, late at night, to drive them from the field.

"A company of these men, who were brick masons, had been observed by a gentleman as they were at work in New Orleans. He imputed their remarkable industry and liveliness to the genius of their overseer, who was also a negro. He went to Mr. McDonough; saying: 'How much will you take for that nigger Jim?'

"'Can't sell him,' gruffly returned the owner.

"'I'll give $1,500, for him,' said the gentleman. 'Can't sell him;' still persisted McDonough; and the gentleman went away.

"But seeing and observing still further, he was determined to possess the wonderful negro. Going a second time, he said 'I must have that nigger Jim, I'll give you two thousand dollars.'

"'Could not sell him for that,' said Mr. McDonough; and again the applicant withdrew.

"But being still tempted, and determined, he returned a third time, saying: 'I must have that nigger at some price. I'll give you three thousand dollars."

"'If you should give me thirty thousand, I would not take it,' said Mr. McDonough. 'I won't sell him at any price.'

'Well, then, seeing you won't sell him,' responded the other, 'I'll tell you what I think. My opinion is that he's the greatest nigger that ever lived. He makes his men do twice the work of any other I ever saw.'

"But he did not know that the men were working for freedom, and would have done well under any overseer. And this man, with the great apparent inconsistency, that marked many of his proceedings, though he probably would not have given a penny to his best friend, yet he would not break his word, even to a negro slave, nor depart from his course, for any amount of money."

"This shows that the plan is practicable, at least," said Mr. Van Brouer; "and when conducted on a larger scale, and under truer conditions, it may become the means of saving us all from our bondage, of one sort or other."

And so endeth this lesson; and with it, my letter. I shall now return to my proper pursuits, of which more in my next.

Thine truly;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXX.

THEODOSIA TELLS OF HER GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

Visit to the Pine Woods—Shahmah surprised at himself—Vindicates himself—Votes his Love not a Weakness—Prospect of going to Rio—Hopes of Youley, and Brother-care over her—Woman seldom a Free, Intelligent Worker—Danger of Free Speech—Freedom Outlawed—Music of the Pines—Pleasant Ride Home—Marriage Essential to the wholeness of every Human being—Visit to Theodosia—Her Depression—Old Villette—Her Rival and Revenge—The Bar Sinister—Shahmah becomes assured of his Love—His Distress—Theodosia's Strength and Endurance—Shahmah rejects Villette's Testimony—Theodosia confirms it—Three Witnesses of the original Wrong—Mr. Slicer and his Pacific Railroad Stock—Mr. Bennett's present Bankruptcy—His Sickness—Letter from the Father—He is Worse—Theodosia resolves to go directly to New Orleans—Shahmah proposes to attend her—Returns to Cottonwood—Takes leave of his Friends, and accompanies her.

PINE WOODS, Oct. 20.

BROTHER HASSAN:

Nothing can be more delicious than this autumn weather, which, as you may infer from the date, we have come out into the pines to enjoy. I have never seen or felt anything like it. It seems as if the sunshine were held latent in the air, it is so soft, and lucid, diffusing, as it mingles, the very essence of golden harmonies. I lave in it. It penetrates and inspires me.

Under this exhilarating influence I have been very busy for the last week. I have had my eyes open, and hands at work, with the flowers and minerals of this favored region. Herbariums multiply; and materials for cabinets expand, carrying me ever to the thought of home, and to the question of who shall share it with me? Yet with all these hopes, all these experiences, I am spell-bound by the image of Theodosia. She, only, answers when I call. When I ask of my wife, the sharer of my work, as well as of my rest, often do I hear her voice, sweet

and silvery, sounding through the deep profound, and always answering, "Here am I! Let me help you." *Is* this a true attraction? Can I bear to that young and inexperienced heart the equal relationship that constitutes marriage? I cannot answer the question for myself; yet it comes to me with such force, that if it be not answered soon, it must madden me with its inexplicable mysteries.

How little have I expected this in myself. Did I not, when a slave child in the desert, raise an altar to freedom, and consecrate myself thereon? Have I not clasped her in youth and manhood, as the bride of my inmost soul? Yet, now my very life—aye, more than life—hangs on the lightest look, or breath, of a mere child. I am astonished at myself; I am, at times, almost angry with myself; yet, with every struggle, the barb works deeper. But again I ask myself, is not marriage the normal condition of the human being, and *can* the humanity be complete without it? Then, why should I not seek, with whatever of human reason, or human affection, that may have been given me, to solve this problem also? I will not degrade either Theodosia or myself, by thinking I have been guilty of weakness in loving her, so far as I do. But I will try to assure myself, before God and my good angels, whether I can also unfold for her, and with her, that fullest, completest, and divinest love, that only can make us one. I will assure myself of this, before I do anything which may involve that most deplorable of all mistakes, the mingling of unequal and ungenial elements in the name of marriage.

The probability now is, that I shall go out to Rio Janeiro, before visiting New York. Robert is intending to go with a captain who is an intimate friend of his, and is very anxious for me to accompany him. The ship will not, however, sail before some weeks—perhaps two months. Captain Y—— is a man of the true old northeastern stamp—a son of the Pilgrims, and a genuine republican, who has both the good sense and grace to avoid the shoals on which so many of his compeers are going to

k. Besides this temptation of being for a time under such escort, and with the advantage of such society as I should s open, there are very important business considerations, ich, in this selfish world, and especially in this great money-aking country, I must think of, for Youley's sake, if for no ther. I am determined to give her every advantage that woman can have, that, if possible, she may be all that woman is capable of being, and must yet become. I would begin, through her, to pay back, though it be in the smallest tithes, that just and equal proportion, of which the stronger hand has so long robbed the weaker. And to you, my brother, I tell this, that you may watch over her, and see that she wants nothing that can promote this object; and see also that the mind does not suffer by overworking the hands. A proper degree of hand-work not only invigorates the system, but gives that great sense of freedom and independence, that cannot be taken at second hand. Man is naturally a working animal; but poor woman is thrown into a false position at either extreme. She is a slave of hand-work, or a toy of no work. Free, intelligent labor is, for the most part, denied her. But one of my greatest hopes for this country is that the condition of woman is verging toward its true relations. My judgment is not drawn from the southern ladies, but from Mrs. Clement, and what I have learned through her, and others, of the constitution of society at the North.

I little thought, when I came here, that it would not be safe to discuss openly the principles of the Declaration of Indepen dence. There was much said in our late discussion, which, if thrown into common circulation in this community, would show in a dangerous light. Freedom now writes her oracles in ominous characters, that may, by a slight contortion, be converted into treasonable crimes. The great charter itself seems to have grown stale and mouldy, by being kept, as it were, under ground, locked up in dark places, away from the clear light and the free air; and to many minds the very lettering is becoming ob-

solete. The tutelary goddess of '76 is now an outlawed antique. She is kept almost wholly in the background; and when she *is* permitted to appear, she is so fettered with legal disabilities—so hooded with special privileges—so abashed by peculiar customs—so blackened with black laws—that if she *had* a mirror to look in, she would not know herself to be the same who put on her cap and buskins, and strode over colonial embargoes in the name of humanity. And *is* she the same? Here is a question for time; and though the days and the months may evade, the ages, if not the years, must answer it.

I have written thus far while waiting for our company. They are coming; and I leave you for a ramble through the woods.

Afternoon.—The remainder of the party are gone fishing, farther down the brook, on whose banks I sit; or they are otherwise entertaining themselves and their news-loving neighbors of the woods; and I have taken my writing out to enjoy the great solitude with my brother. If but thou, and Youley, and Theodosia were here! I can think at present of no other abatement in the perfect felicity of life and breath, which, in this charmed scene, seems to open in the soul new senses of sight and sound, of color and music. What can be grander, and at the same time more beneficent than these broadly sweeping arcades, with their dark green arches, and dun ground, with the clear air, and the azure sky, vaulted above, and dropping down to the tree tops, where the solemn winds sing, and never cease from singing, night and day.

I am sitting in the midst of a profound solitude, with my portfolio laid across my knees, and my writing implements on a little mound beside me. And when I tell you that the ground is carpeted by unknown depths of pine leaves, soft—elastic and dry—you will see that I have a couch fit for the Grand Seignior himself to lounge on. At my feet runs a clear and sparkling stream, through which I can see the beautiful trout leap and play, their bright spots glittering in the sunshine, like drops of gold.

All around me is one apparently endless sweep of woods—pines—pines—everywhere the same. This uniform character gives to the pine forest something of the sublimity of the desert and the ocean.

Pines are everywhere musical. It is but a truism to assert it; but no language can describe the grand symphonies of a wood like this. Stretching over many miles of almost uninterrupted surface, and composed of veteran trees, that reach up, cloud-high—such is the volume—such is the compass—of this mighty instrument, which the wind sweeps and sways, touches lovingly, and kisses, toys and coquettes with, moved by a thousand moods—till the variety is infinite as the harmony. I am never weary of it. I listen with my whole being. I inspire, I absorb it.

I seem to see at this moment the form of Theodosia, as she stood, on her first arrival, with one hand pressed on the heart, and the other stretched out deprecatingly, as if she feared that a single word should mar the wonderful tide of sound, that rose, and expanded, and rolled over us.

This music, being composed of millions of murmurs, has a lute-like sweetness, with a volume almost as deep and heavy as a distant and continuous thunder. It is not merely the whole chorus that you listen to; but each particular Zephyr, as he touches with delicate fingers the polished and resinous leaves, sings his own song, and asserts his own power. The effect is peculiar, and altogether exceeds that of any natural music I ever heard. But while it is composing and harmonizing, it is not somnific; for it opens the mind to the clearest profound of thought.

Such is the music that I hear, with that finer ear, and that more delicate and excellent life, *not* here to listen with me. I must, then, gather up a double portion, that I may impart to her, as she may soon need; for she is going back to the jarring discords of the city, where she will rejoice some day—perhaps not distant—that I have brought her from the Pine Woods, th strength and sweetness of these inexhaustible and infinite harm nies. Night has dropped suddenly down, and by the mer

voices of our returning party, I am apprised that we should be making ready for home.

COTTONWOOD, Oct. 21.

What a lovely ride home was that of last night, through the clear starlight. Why is it that all enjoyment, especially of the higher faculties, demands a response before it can receive its fullest measure of satisfaction? I have felt this want so much in myself, and with so strong assurance that it is urged by a legitimate want of the soul, that I have almost come to think we are made doubles—and hence that no man or woman, remaining single, can reach the archetypal idea of the human being, so as to unfold the complete perfection and crown, both of use and happiness. Not merely in their external conformation, but in their whole character and power, men and women are essentially unlike, with wants throughout all the ministeries of life exactly adapted to meet, and satisfy, and rejoice, and benefit each other; and no single person, even spiritually and morally considered, *can* have the whole circle of unity complete in himself. Even our oneness is not whole, until it is joined to that of another. The gross and massive strength of the man, needs the refining power, the grace and beauty of the woman; and she, while she ministers from her energizing and inexhaustible fountains of love, wants also the tonic and conservating influences, which that strength, by this happy interchange of gifts and graces, imparts to her own more delicate, ethereal and fragile constitution. How beautiful is this divine order—to look at—to think of—to know that it is so truly ordained for us, that the highest happiness is the completest fulfillment of our destiny.

I hardly know why I should dwell on these reflections now; for I have been troubled all night, both in waking and sleeping. I fear much that something has happened to Theodosia. I feel this so strongly, that I must go to her before the usual hour for our morning's lesson.

Steamer Albatross, Oct. 22.—You are surprised at the sudden change of date. I had no opportunity of writing before I left;

and now I can only say that far more than my worst fears have been verified. But I will endeavor to lay before you, as well as I can, the particulars, which as yet I can hardly bring myself to believe. Never, in all my hard experience, have I ever known anything so terrible as this.

I left you to visit Theodosia. All the way my anxiety deepened, until at length, when I arrived at the door, I had hardly strength to touch the bell.

I sent up my name; and Theodosia came directly down to me. I never saw a person so much changed in so short a time. I could hardly believe my own eyes and satisfy myself that it was really she. I was shocked and alarmed.

Reaching out both hands, she said, with a profound sigh, that seemed so pitiful and hopeless, I was almost ready to weep at the sound—"O Shahmah! have you come indeed; I was afraid I should not see you."

She stopped suddenly, choked; and I saw that her heart was too full for another word. I looked at her intently and earnestly, to read, if possible, the cause of this alarming grief.

"Is it your father?" I asked. "Has anything happened to him?"

"That is not all," she said, drawing me to a distant part of the room, as a dark and grim visage passed along by the open window.

She grasped my hand with a shudder, as if the sight had terrified her; though I knew it was one of her own personal servants.

Going resolutely to the window and dropping the sash and drapery, so as to exclude listeners from sight and sound, she returned to me; but I was still more distressed to find her pale and almost speechless. By a strong effort of the will, however, she recovered herself; and we sat down side by side.

"That woman," she said, "is my evil genius; she is plotting against me."

"What, old Villette—against you, my Theodosia—against

you, her mistress and friend! How can it be? Speak, I pray you; this suspense is agonizing."

"Be quiet," she said; "be strong, if you would make me so; and much I need it," she added, after a moment, pressing a hand hard against her heart, which must have been cold and still, she looked so hard and stony. I never saw such a look. It seemed as if she was actually petrified.

"I will," I answered, regarding her with mingled terror and astonishment, unable to credit my own senses, or to believe that I indeed beheld the free and careless child of last spring, in the suffering and resolute woman who now had come before me.

"I pray you speak," I said, "and relieve me of this torture."

"I cannot," she returned, trembling from head to foot, as if stricken by an ague. "What I have to say must only add to your distress."

"Is it your father's embarrassment?" I asked, and at the same time the shiver passed from her over me, until my blood seemed to congeal.

"My father is really involved in great trouble; but it is not *that*," she said, again catching her breath spasmodically, as if nearly choking.

Then, with great effort, she continued—"You know Zindie's children. That woman, Villette, says that I, though a lineal daughter of the noble house of Cadiza, am—still"——

Stopping suddenly, she became rigid and pale as marble.

"In the name of God, I conjure you to speak!" I exclaimed, taking a strong hold of her hands, at once to rouse and reassure her. "Tell me, my beautiful, my dear Theodosia, what does she say?"

She looked me full in the face, with all the sense of her wronged humanity in the large and lustrous eyes, and the proud old blood of Spain mounting again over neck and brow, as if in her utter indignation she would live, though it might be only to refute the slander. "Villette says that I am a slave."

Then, as if she had grown stronger by the utterance, after a

nent more, she added: "Yes, she says that I am as much a
gger as the blackest of them."

At first I was actually relieved by this disclosure, and breathed
ore freely; for I thought that the late unwonted cares and
nxieties had, perhaps, overheated the brain, causing a tempo-
rary derangement. But another look convinced me of my mis-
take. The full and clear light of reason that lived in those deep
and earnest eyes was not to be misunderstood.

"I would fain believe you insane, my Theodosia," I said;
"but I cannot. Speak, and tell me—tell me all. What and how
is it?"

"Shahmah," she answered, "I would willingly believe myself
so, or anything else in the world, to shut out this most horrible
thing. But I have known it since yesterday morning, and have
lived. You too must know it, and the good Padré. But, oh,
what will my poor sick father say?"

For an instant, the thought of that tenderly-loved one almost
seemed to crush her; but with a resisting power I never saw
equalled, she bore up again bravely as before. Oh, what a won-
derful thing is this divinest strength in apparent weakness—the
power of her newly-awakened, but great and true womanhood,
so tenderly alive to the keenest suffering, yet so potently armed
against forces terrible enough to crush a giant. I stood abashed
and silent before her, as again she spoke:

"Yes, there is a bar sinister on that old escutcheon. There
is a taint in the blood of Cadiza. The heirs of that haughty
house, who insulted my noble and honored father, by disowning
and alienating their daughter and sister for marrying him, have
yet brought to him, and to his offspring, the direst disgrace and
the deadliest curse. Oh, how I loathe this hateful and abomin-
able pride, which yet is not too good to defile itself with the
lowest!"

I looked at her with astonishment. Such language I had
never before heard from her mouth, so strong, and intense, and
cogent, that every word seemed to have its specific place and

power. Was this the child whom I had accused of prattling but a few months before? If she had displayed any violent agitation it would not have been so awful; but that deep and still concentration of suffering in herself was the most terrible thing I ever knew.

The reaction of a momentary hope overwhelmed me. I was utterly unmanned, as, falling prostrate, I implored her to unsay that hideous word. I wondered how she had spoken—how I had heard it, and why the innocent elements of the air itself did not rebel and protest against it. I became exteriorly torpid, though in spirit acutely quick and sensible of suffering.

As if with a single impulse, all the cruelties, all the indignities, all the vilenesses which I had heard of in the name of slavery, rushed over me at once. I looked at Theodosia as one in a horrible nightmare, who sees what is impending but has no power to move. I beheld her beauty, her genius, her delicacy and tenderness but as so many incitements to monstrous and unmentionable wrongs. She had gone through this dark and bitter experience alone, and no wonder I had found her so sorely stricken, that she appeared really old with suffering. I had no power to speak; for every motion of the lips only ended in a struggle and a gasp. I could not stir a limb; for I was as if chained to the floor by the horrible thought that strained in every muscle and stung in every nerve, until my whole being, soul and substance, was racked to an infinite capability of torture.

I knew then that I loved Theodosia—that if her being had not been interfused with mine I would not have been so lacerated by a thought of her wrongs. But oh, that it should have been thus revealed—that life's divinest truth should be unfolded by pangs that converted all that would have been so sweet into bitterest gall! Torrents of thought rushed over me while thus I was incapable of saying a word, or of moving from my place, while Theodosia herself grew comparatively quiet and calm.

"Ah my friend," she said, "I knew it would be so;" and for-

getful of herself, she regarded me with such a sweet pity in her look, as subdued me entirely.

"But you must not be so," she continued, "command yourself; I entreat you. It may not be so bad as I am led to suppose. At least, whatever it is, this will not prepare me for it. One thing is true: I shall not be unworthy of myself; and whether I live or die, I cannot dishonor myself."

Was it the soul of some old Roman wife, that spoke new strength into the young, untried and tender heart? I looked at her with increasing wonder. Who could have imagined one month ago, that the gay and sunny-hearted child could have opened such depths of strength and wisdom. From sympathy with that noble heart, I, too, became stronger.

She held out her hand, and as I clasped it, the touch thrilled me, as it had never done before; and for a moment I was alive only to the blissful consciousness of my love, and the exalted worthiness of its object. But that terrible thought came pressing back, with renewed weight; and I asked for an explanation, which I had not yet received. I sat down opposite to Theodosia, that I might lose not a single shadow of all the varied emotions that stirred, or stilled that eloquent face, with every change only making it more intensely expressive and beautiful. How, or in what words, I know not; but she gave me the following particulars.

After the death of his wife, Don Alfonzo Cadiza, a proud old baron and great grandfather of Theodosia, had formed a connection with a beautiful quadroon girl, who was a slave; and a little girl, afterwards the mother of the Lady Cecile (Theodosia's mother) was born of this connection. Villette was at this time a fellow-servant; and being a handsome mulatto girl, was so stung with jealousy and envy at the promotion of her compeer, that she inly vowed vengeance. But the uniform success which had attended this branch of the family, had left her nothing with which to work out the plans that had been maturing for more than half a century. During all this time she had followed the

descendants of the hated favorite, with that odious secret locked up in her breast. Now, while tottering over the very brink of the grave, she has found the first vulnerable point; and viper-like in the morbid intensity of her venom, she has laid hold of it; and she will not let it go.

From the very moment that Mr. Bennett's affairs began to be deranged, she had haunted and dogged Theodosia, sputtering out her spiteful innuendoes, crossing every path, and, as far as possible, embittering every moment with her hideous omens and prophecies. The shocked and wondering girl at first believed the poor old creature insane (for no one—not even Villette—had ever before dared—if they had wished—to speak an ill word to the tender and motherless orphan, whose whole life was a ministry of love); and believing this, she sought to quiet and soothe her. But every effort to allay the evil, only added another barb to the shaft, until at length she became so openly abusive, that Mrs. Slicer was obliged to interpose her authority, and enforce peace. But she could not follow her always; and the old hag found many opportunities to annoy and wound, before she came to speak clearly.

"But the testimony of this woman will not be taken!" I said, grasping her hand, for she appeared almost stupefied by the force of that deep, inward struggle she was maintaining all the while.

"There are three white persons knowing to the fact;" she returned, once more rousing herself. "And they have actually been to see me, for as carrion calls the prey birds, so the incense of the evil day attracts the lovers of evil, afar off. And God only knows now, how near it may be at hand," she added, with an undisguised shudder. "They have confirmed the story to my face. They have said it; and Villette tells me that they are ready to swear to the same. She has even taunted me with being sold—sold! how do you think that word sounded to me? Yes, she says that if papa cannot pay all his debts, I must, and shall be sold; for I shall bring a great deal of money, and his creditors will not fail to get it."

"It cannot be! it shall not be!" I said, "they can neither prove, nor do any such thing."

"I would gladly believe you," she answered, with a sigh so profound, it seemed to cut through her heart; but I can see nothing less than a clear and complete evidence in what they bring against me. Remarkable as it may seem, there are two women and one man living who were actually present at the birth of the child; that is my grandmother, the first slave child in the ancient house of Cadiza," she added bitterly; and then, after a moment, she spoke again more quietly.

"One of these women was the professional nurse employed. The other was a young girl at the time, who served for many years after, as child's nurse in the family, and knew my grandmother, as she grew up. The mother soon after died; and my great grandfather, on removing to a strange place, probably urged by love for the beautiful child, conceived the idea of adopting her into the family, as a legal heiress of the house."

"But both your grandmother and mother were married, and lived in foreign countries. Would not that give them either, or both, a deed of manumission? Cheer you, my Theodosia!" I said, soothingly, "this cannot be so bad as you believe!"

"The coming storm has been foreshadowed in my heart for a long time," she answered, sadly; "and when I first heard this, I seemed to recognize it as the thing that was to come. But nevertheless, I shall not fail to strive and struggle against it, with all the power I have."

"Does your father or the Padré know anything of this?" I asked.

"Nothing," she answered. "I have not spoken of these things, because there was nothing tangible to speak of, until a few days ago, and then the Padré had been summoned to my father, and poor Madame was in such a confusion, getting our affairs ready for return, that I could not speak to her. As to Aunt Elize, she has, I almost think, received her death-blow;

for true it is, that through her husband, the man I have called uncle, and papa has called brother, our ruin comes."

"Oh, that is horrible!" I exclaimed. "But tell me, Theodosia, how did it happen?"

"Mr. Slicer—for I shall not call him uncle any more—some months ago, persuaded papa to purchase a very large tract of land in Central America, assuring him that as it would soon be opened to the great Pacific Railroad, it would become the keystone of the western continent, and in itself might be a kingdom. Papa has naturally a very strong disposition to adventure. This plan just suited his ideas, as the wily tempter knew that it would. His better reason was blinded entirely. He was not content with spending all the money he could raise on the banks and by mortgage; but he borrowed considerable sums, in order to secure as much as possible of the new kingdom. Only a few days ago, his papers came back protested, as not being worth a penny. It is even doubtful if there are any such lands as his deeds indicate."

"But cannot such a man as that be arrested for fraudulent pretences, and so the money be got back again?"

"I venture to say no; for he (Slicer) is very careful to keep on the right side of law. It is all *fair*, I doubt not."

"But what kind of law must it be," I asked, in horror, "that *has* such a right side?"

"Oh, I do not know," she answered. "Sometimes I almost wish I *was* bewildered, for I see too clearly. Whatever comes, I pray it may come soon. I really fear that I cannot bear this horrible doubt much longer."

She did not faint; she did not weep; but she sat perfectly still, as if the sense of suffering had centralized itself so completely as to arrest and overcome all motion; and yet her eyes and her whole expression were so clear and quick, it seemed as if the mental powers had never before been so strong and true.

I was stunned by this terrible array of disasters. I knew not

what to say or do; my senses deserted me. But I was roused from this apathy by the entrance of a servant. A telegraphic dispatch was brought in and handed to Theodosia. It was from the Padré, and announced that her father was much worse, and in his lucid intervals called for her continually.

"I must go to him directly," she said, rising, with a look of calmness that was really terrible to see. "I have now three hours to prepare and get to the landing. I must go and acquaint Madame. Pray, excuse me."

I took the hand she held out to me; I pressed it to my lips and to my heart; I drew her to my arms, marble-cold and white as she was, and said: "Theodosia, you have been always dear to me—now you are dearer than ever. Give me, then, the privilege of an old friend, to go with you, to comfort you, if you want comfort; to protect you, if you need protection."

"Oh, yes, yes," she answered. "I beg of you to go. I am afraid now much of the time. I don't know what makes me so, but I feel as if some wicked thing was creeping after me and crouching in my very shadow. All the hope I have is in you. I have seen it, and I know it—you will save me."

"Allah grant it may be so," I said, folding her once more reverently to my heart.

She did not show any emotion at this act. She did not appear to be conscious of it, farther than to confirm both to herself and me, that her faith in my friendship was boundless. And only by this pure feeling was I moved. When I saw her standing there, so lonely, so desolate, so beautiful and so dear, I could not refrain from clasping her to that heart, which was yearning and aching so to serve and save her. Not the faintest blush passed over her pale, unmoving features: but as her head lay for a moment on my breast, the deep eyes looked into mine, with such a serene faith shining through the thick clouds of suffering and sorrow as revealed to me the perfect correspondence of that other life to mine; for all that was noblest and truest in it spoke to me in that look of a moment, more of the capacity, power and

destiny of us two, and of the future relations that we should hold, than volumes of common language might contain. The beauty and grandeur of the thought engrossed me; but yet I dared not whisper it to her, nor was this a time for such a revelation. But the conviction not only increased my own self-confidence, but directed it to her good. It was necessary that I should see this—that I should recognize her, as my honored and chosen wife—that I might properly protect her. It occurred to me then, that I ought to marry her immediately. But I feared to precipitate measures.

It was but a moment, as I have said, that I held her thus, her cold form pressed against my heart, and her pale, drooping head resting on my bosom. She was so still that I thought she had actually swooned away; but suddenly rousing, she saw her position, and the eloquent blushes that softened and warmed, while they suffused her marble features, spoke not of anger, nor of shame, but only of feeling so sweet and pure, that the still face became radiant with love and beauty. Never before had such inspiring splendors beamed from her soft but intensely radiant eyes. Not a word was spoken. Words would only have confused and interrupted us. But as we stood there, face to face, looking and interpreting thus, I knew that we knew each other. Soul answered to soul by a direct speech; and henceforth there could be no misunderstanding. She clung to me instinctively, as I turned to go; and I knew then that our lives had absolutely become one. Our heart-strings intertwined; and henceforth they must grow together.

But at length, looking at her watch, she reminded me that there was no time to lose; and mounting the fleet pony I had ridden over, I hurried homeward.

In as few words as possible, I laid the whole matter before our friends; and their distress was almost as great as my own. I had a kind of forlorn hope that they might, in some way, see through it, or at least a way out of it. But I found that they considered it at least a grave matter, and were, in fact, over-

whelmed by it. It was finally arranged that Robert should come down the next day with Mr. Van Broner, and that Mr. Clement should hold himself ready at any moment to respond to a telegraphic dispatch, which, if necessary, should summon him, for, as Mr. Van Broner remarked, in case of the demise of Mr. Bennett, it was impossible to say what might *not* be done. Mr. Slicer is the only near relative Theodosia has in the country, her mother's family, from whom protection should come, having, many years ago, returned to Spain.

I am sitting in my state-room, near to which is that of Madame and Theodosia. I have listened repeatedly at her door, wondering much if she can sleep. But the tortured spirit *must* find repose, if it be but in stupor. This, at present, is my only hope for her.

I must leave you now, for it is late in the night. Allah send that I may have better news for my next writing.

Adieu;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXXI.

PECULIAR LIABILITIES OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Mr. Bennett's extreme Danger—The Watchers—Mr. Malford—Theodosia attends him—His Insolence—Her Dignity—Shahmah's Anger—He Questions of Shahmah's Presence and Pretensions—Theodosia answers him—The Padré arrives—They effect a Retreat—Theodosia's Agitation—She Swoons—Pangs of returning Consciousness—Falls Asleep, exhausted.

VALLAMBROSA, Oct. 24.

BROTHER HASSAN:

We found Mr. Bennett very ill—too ill for anything like direct legal action, as I had hoped. During one terrible day and night we never left his side. All this while, the wasting flame of life was flickering in the socket; and we were momently expecting that it would be extinguished forever. At times he seemed to recognize his daughter; but the expression would almost instantly subside into the deep drowsiness, which, alarming as it was at the time, proved to be a healing sleep. Theodosia was greatly terrified at the deathly aspect of this repose; but Madame and the Padré, who had more experience than either of us, were assured that it was a good omen, indicating a favorable turn of the impending crisis. But with our united persuasions we could not get Theodosia to leave her post, even for one hour, so long as the case remained in the least doubtful. Thus we all sat down quietly together, watching and listening intently, lest the least sound or motion should escape us; for in that awful hour, we knew that the stirring of a breath might be the passage of a soul.

And we all came nearer to each other in the profound silence

of that common interest. Theodosia and I, with a truer revelation and understanding of each other—I to her venerable guardians with more of her own filial feeling and revering affection—and they to me with much of that parental care and regard, which they have hitherto bestowed only on their young favorite. We had also time to inform these two excellent friends of the alarming position of Theodosia; when, to my surprise, we found that they had already caught the rumors, that were really, as they also seemed to feel, verging into important, if not troublesome emergencies. Thus, wherever I had looked for it, I had failed utterly of getting these rumors blown away, by any breath of tolerable assurance; and, on the contrary, all the strength seemed to go to the other side; until, at length, with the long watching and the bewilderments of these incomprehensible dangers, I came to feel that some evil enchantment hung over us, and that nothing *could* go right, because it was thus bent and *willed* to go wrong.

We were all sitting together, as I have described. Theodosia had suffered the father's hand she held to fall away from hers; and dropping back into the luxurious chair where she sat, appeared to rest, if not to sleep. Madame, ever watchful as she is, had thrown a light shawl over her; and, turning a section of the lattice so as to exclude all the light possible, sat down softly beside her dear child, as she almost always calls her, with the new care of watching her repose, also. The light breath of the patient seemed sensibly deepening, as we listened to its audible changes, which the profound silence permitted us to hear. We were sitting thus, when the door was carefully opened, and a card was laid on the table from Mr. Malford, of Mobile, who had called to see Mr. Bennett; but, on being informed of his illness, had requested to see Miss Bennett, and was now awaiting her answer in the drawing-room.

As if she had had an instinct of what was going forward, Theodosia sprang up, and was instantly wide awake. The Padré had unfortunately gone out a little while before; and

thinking that she had become too much exhausted for such a reception, I begged to be made the bearer of her orders.

"I must go myself," she said, rising resolutely, and adjusting a large Indian shawl about herself; "for I will not shrink from anything that may be of service to papa. He is our principal creditor, and I will not show him any inattention which may displease him, and make it harder for that poor, dear sufferer;" and, stooping down, she kissed the still, and almost marbled cheek, whispering, at the same time: "Oh, papa, how little did I ever think or dream of this!"

But with that great will-power, which I never cease to wonder at, she became suddenly calm and quiet, saying, as I drew her arm through mine: "Thank you, dear Shahmah! I was just going to ask you to attend me."

She had never before used that sweetest of all adjectives in addressing me; and though I knew it was frequently applied to other friends, the sound thrilled through me, with an intense emotion, that one would not expect from so trifling a circumstance. But is there anything trifling, that becomes an index of the affections—that prophesies of that infinite life that *is*—or is *not* to be—established between soul and soul? I have come to know that not even the lightest breath is empty, or idle, if it turn these floating waifs of the heart, into more intelligible positions.

The gentleman we found on entering the drawing-room, taking him just for what he seemed, was a coarse, puffed-up, purse-proud *parvenu*, over whose native rudeness contact with the world had cast a thin coat of artificial polish. His whole appearance was low and gross, indicating a strong animal character, with an immense will, a small intellect, and very moderate restraining power. There was a sinister look in the deep black eyes; nor did the loose mouth, and the heavy, though somewhat voluptuous chin, correct the impression. In addition to this, the thick and bushy whiskers, of the same dark color, were formally brushed into the shape of two large, spread-

g wings, whose tips pointed, as if in a spirit of emulation, to e tip of the nose, which, by an anomaly often found in inhar-nonious faces, though spreading and flabby at the base, shot off oward the summit into a long, acute point. This gave a kind of half-savage, half-military look, to the hard and ungenial countenance.

"I cannot speak to him!—I never spoke to such a man in my life!" whispered the trembling and sensitive girl, drawing back from the half-open door, and closing it again.

But a second thought gave her courage. "I will for my father's sake," she said; and laying a hand on the lock, she threw open the door, before I could turn and lead her back, as I had resolved.

As we entered, the eyes of the stranger were fixed on Theodosia, with a broad stare of admiration, which I saw he was at no pains to disguise. She was at first greatly confused, and even distressed. She stood trembling, and covered with blushes; while with every change in that soft and radiant face—in that noble and delicate form, whose very outline is eloquent, his wanton eyes seemed to devour her beauty.

But with a dignity at which I was really astonished, even after all I had seen of her strength and grand self-consciousness, she withdrew her arm from mine; and taking a step toward him, in an instant she was calm, her timid blushes subsiding into a strong, straight-forward look, as she said:

"Circumstances compel me to waive all useless ceremony. If you wish to speak to me, sir, I am here to answer you, as well as I may. But remember, if you please, I grudge every moment that keeps me away from my father, and release me as soon as possible."

His free and insolent looks were quelled in an instant; and he appeared really confused, muttering over some incoherent and frivolous matters.

But after a little while he rallied again; and with a sort of jocky-like reassurance, he said, as if half soliloquizing, and half

addressing me: "How the devil can you, or anybody else, live under the full blaze of that artillery, that, with the very first fire, would be apt to knock a common man's heart into thunder?" And he illustrated his question by a low bow to Theodosia.

"Miss Bennett has attended this audience as one of business, and not of compliment," I said, choking down the horrible loathing that I felt, and throwing as much point as possible into the accent, as I knew it would not be good policy to offend him by discourteous language.

"True; very true, sir. But did that business, which is of a family nature, belong properly to you? In short, sir, if you have no personal interest involved, I must ask why this interview should necessarily include a third party?"

"I have to answer that question," said Theodosia, once more lifting her beautiful head, the very boldness of that lion look now strong with the finest and truest instincts of her womanhood; and standing back to my side, she added: "As my tutor was not here, I have invited this gentleman to attend me. It is both my custom and my right to be so attended in the reception of strangers. If you have anything to say, then, let me hear it before him; and, pray, let it be over, for I dare not stay much longer."

"You confine yourself too closely. You will make yourself sick," he said, with some expression of a genuine interest and feeling; and yet it was susceptible of the most hideous application, as Theodosia instinctively felt, for she seized my arm and trembled violently.

"We must let the old folks go. It's the way of nature," resumed Mr. Malford, raising his eye-glass, and deliberately surveying Theodosia from head to foot, as if making a full inventory of her charms. Then abruptly turning to me, he added, "What are you to her?"

Theodosia interrupted him. Retreating another step, and lifting her head still more statelily, she said: "He is a dear friend,

and one whom, above all others, next to my own father, I love and honor."

The veined cheek was pale and clear, the eye strong and straightforward, and the whole expression marked by an intense earnestness. She had instinctively answered a most insolent and loathsome question, which she had felt rather than understood; and in her truthfulness she had grown strong. She had, by instinct or inspiration, spoken directly to the point. I saw the face of the villain, as it were, collapsing with every word she uttered. I say villain, for such he seemed to me, though I knew he was only an American gentleman entering into the peculiar speculations of that highly favored land. But did I fully comprehend this? could I have believed it, or could Theodosia? No; otherwise we should not have stood there thus. And yet we both felt instinctively that there was a person there who did not exactly recognize a lady in addressing Theodosia, and yet who dared not openly say that he was in pursuit of "fancy articles," and had come in the character of a speculator. But these facts began presently to appear, as he said, in reply to Theodosia:

"That's all well enough—friendship, and all that sort o' thing; quite sentimental no doubt; but circumstances alters cases. You'll find, Miss Bennett, that things will come very different; but, come what will, such a woman as you are, by Jove! would not be likely to want much for a dozen years, at least. I tell you what 'tis, you'd better not hang over that sick bed too long; it'll make you tired, and dull, and dim. I often think that in such cases bright looks and cheerful ways are better than handsome features."

What he meant by "*such cases*" was even yet to me an enigma; for I could not, notwithstanding all these evidences before me, think that any man could be so barbarous as to go into the house of the unfortunate, and present himself before a timid and delicate girl, with such intentions, and such beastly insinuations, so coolly and savagely uttered.

Theodosia again answered him so happily, it seemed as if she must have been assisted by some divine power; for pure as her life was, and cloistered as it had been, she could not then have imagined aught so base as the actual fact.

"I thank you," she said, with a slow, emphatic inclination of the head, "for the anxiety you express concerning my health; but as we have always near at hand a family physician, we do not accept of professional advice from others, especially from strangers. And now, sir, as I see you have no *business* of importance, I bid you a good morning."

"You are joking. You don't mean to leave me; you cannot be so cruel!" said Mr. Malford, advancing as if to intercept her retreat, for she had already turned toward the door. "If you knew," he continued, pausing before her, how much I've ventured in this visit. Why, my wife is an all-fired jealous woman; and if she knew I had spoken to *you*, beyond and above all other women, she'd be the death of me; she would."

Theodosia turned toward him with a mingled look of astonishment and horror. Had she heard aright? and if so, what did—what *could* it mean? But the confession of duplicity which he had thus unguardedly made, she understood and answered.

Looking directly into his slinking and flashy eyes, she said: "You acknowledge, then, that you have come here with a falsehood in your mouth. Hearing this, I have nothing more to say;" and with a scorching look of honest indignation, she turned away.

But now that he had fairly thrown off the mask, he showed himself a bolder, if not a better man. Again lifting his glass, he coolly surveyed the noble head, which, from its whole surface, now seemed to exhale a pure scorn. "Very fine—very fine, indeed," he said; "all the better for this spirit. With a little breaking in, it'll be the best in the world; and, besides, there's some fun in the breaking. "Yes," he continued, brightening and glowing with the thought, "there's interest, there's sport in it!"

How I had heard and seen all these insolent and incredibly

insulting things, without dashing him to the earth, I cannot tell you. I am not a fighting man, as you well know; but there are certain defences that are instinctive; and I am not sure that they should not be resorted to, to quell and put down the human as well as other brutes. But there I stood, as if charmed and chained, while every fibre, and every particle of this strong right arm contracted, as if to clench him; and the muscle stung me, it was aching so to seize and hurl him headlong into the street. And yet, with all the apparent self-violation of this struggle, I did not, and could not, even touch him. How it would have ended I cannot tell, had not the Padré at that moment come in. Under cover of his protection we made good our retreat.

As we passed along the hall, Theodosia left me suddenly, and rushed into the library. Knowing that she was violently agitated, I followed.

"Do not come now, Shahmah," she said, holding the door against me; but seeing me resolute, she gave way, and I went in.

"I beg of you not to come here," she continued, turning herself away, and clasping her hands strongly together. "I am too angry to be seen; I am too angry to speak, to think, to be! O God! was there nothing to save me from such a look? Was there no lightning to blast that man?—nothing in heaven or earth to protect or defend me? Then I *am* lost," she exclaimed, and, with the last words, fell upon the floor, a dead weight.

Madame and the servants were promptly summoned. Our utmost efforts were for some time unsuccessful; but at length she slowly revived. At first there seemed to be a blank unconsciousness in her mind; and she looked surprised to see the anxiety that was manifest in all our looks and actions. But how awful was the waking! The whole truth rushed back upon her mind, and springing up with a look of terror, she cried: "Save me from that man! Save me! save me!" It was frightful to hear.

Her shrieks were so loud and piercing that we had to close all the doors and windows, from fear of alarming the neighbors. She had a look of insanity, and her dry, clear eyes were of terrific brightness. But when she thought of her father—his dangerous condition, and his pitiful unconsciousness, the unnatural tension gave way, and she wept, oh, how terribly! I never saw anything like it. But all the tears that had been so long congealing there, were melted, and poured out. The conflict was really frightful. It seemed as if with every wrench the straining heart-strings *would* be broken. But at length the long-needed indulgence relieved her. She grew calm and quiet; and, dropping down on the sofa, she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion.

It is now late in the night, and I must bid thee a hasty adieu. What I may have for my next writing, Allah only knows.

"God is merciful and gracious;"* "God is mighty and wise."† "But they who make merchandise of God's covenant and their oaths, shall have no portion in the next life."‡

Ever thine,

SHAHMAH.

* Koran. † Id. ‡ Id.

LETTER XXXII.

THEODOSIA SENT TO THE CALABOOSE.

The Padré is alarmed—Necessity of Immediate Action—Resolves to take Theodosia to New York—Sudden Preparation—Hurried Adieu—On the way to the Steamer—An Interruption—Armed Men—A Writ served—Remarkable last Clause—Theodosia resolves to surrender herself quietly—Her beautiful Faith—Her Courage fails—Her Cries and Distress—Indignity to the Padré—Visit to Mr. Slicer—That Gentleman finds the Papers all right—Advises Shahmah—Congratulates himself—Shahmah's Horror and Disgust—Slicer in the Plot—Shahmah suspects his Sanity—He defends his Self-consciousness—Most horrible Wrong projected and defended by civilized and Christian People—Shahmah withheld from chastising Mr. Slicer—All American Women in Danger—All who do not protest against it, involved in the Guilt—The Prison—An unexpected Friend—Unspeakable Bitterness—Sudden renovation.

LODGINGS, NEW ORLEANS, Oct., 30.

BROTHER HASSAN :

At the close of my last, I had left Theodosia to the care of Madame, and gone to attend the Padré, who had expressed a wish to speak with me alone. I saw at once, by his look, that he had nothing to say, that could cheer or strengthen us in the dire extremity, which, with every moment, I instinctively felt to be more nearly approaching. Even in his distress, which was deep and searching, I could not help admiring the delicacy he manifested in introducing the foul and hateful subject of Mr. Malford's visit. He confirmed my worst impressions. In short, he believed that the creditor had come, for the sole purpose of seeing whether Theodosia would, in any wise, be a sufficiently good speculation, to justify him in daring the trouble that might ensue, should he attach, and lay claim to her, as property. It was, furthermore, his opinion, that as the impression was evidently a strong one, he would be likely to assert his claim ; so that, if

we would save our treasure, something should be done, and that immediately.

"How can he dare to do it?" I exclaimed. "Who ever heard of such a thing? It is impossible."

"Not in the least impossible;" returned the Padré, sadly.

"How can this be?" I asked. "There have been two marriages with free men, since the taint occurred. Would not both, or either of them expunge the curse?"

"Not if I understand the law," he answered. "Slavery inheres in the female line. The child follows the condition of the mother; nor would freedom in the father, though he were a king, be of the least use to the children, in a legal point of view. In this case, you perceive, there is a direct descent through the female line. If it had been interrupted at all, it would not, at least, have been so clear as it now is. Doubtless, the descendants of the sons of this ignoble ancestress, who married free women, would now be considered free. Slavery is thus made perpetual in the female line, and nothing but a special act, under certain legal forms and conditions, can, in any case, annihilate or set it aside."

"But would not many years of foreign residence do so?" I still urged. "Not only the mother, but the grandmother, lived both in France and Spain, as the mother and Theodosia have since done in Brazil."

"Under the governments both of Spain and Brazil," he answered, "slavery exists by law; and although France is less guilty in this respect, I am not aware that she has any special act of manumission, by which a slave would be made free on touching her shores. And though all these points may be open to discussion, yet by a summary course of proceeding, which the vast preponderance in favor of slavery will sustain and sanction, the presumptive significance of the law may be carried into effect, before the question can be fairly—or at least legally raised. In this case, as you must see, there will be every temptation to such a course; and the chances of a fair investigation, which in these

cases are always faint and remote, will, by the wealth and popularity of him who brings the suit, now be greatly diminished."

"But if there is no law against this most monstrous and horrible thing!" I exclaimed, "is there not, at least, a feeling against it? Will these people permit the house of a gentleman—one of their own peers—to be invaded, and his daughters carried off with impunity—or without a strong protest being urged against it?"

"That remains to be proved," he responded; his sadness deepening with every word, as he added; "I should be very glad to encourage you, if it were possible. I must confess, however, that it looks extremely dark. But argument is not what we need at present. The question is—and it presses urgently—what shall be done?"

After various propositions, it was at length decided that Theodosia should be sent to New York with the Padré, where some quiet and safe place in the country might be found, until her father was able to rejoin her. I was to remain, and assist Madame in the nursing and protection of the sick man. In pursuance of this plan, Madame, with more judgment and decision than I had ever before seen her assume, made herself busy with the wardrobe, selecting only a few necessary and plain garments; and I was pleased to witness her dispatch. Theodosia, meanwhile, was left to repose; and it was only when the arrangements were completely made, that we awoke her. At first she protested against leaving her father. But when reminded of her probable fate, she made no further objection, and directly began to prepare herself. The carriage was already at the door, having been brought round to the rear of the house, in order to be more out of sight; for bad rumors had evidently gone abroad, and neighbors and passengers were making their own observations.

There were but few words of adieu. Theodosia was just permitted to kiss her father's now still and almost lifeless cheek, and to embrace Madame, when we hurried her into the carriage, and

drove with all possible speed, as it was very nearly time for the steamer to sail.

She had again renerved herself; and as we rode along, she dictated various messages to her father and aunt, with requests and directions for Madame and the servants, with surprising strength and clearness. In her speech, however, she often stopped, conjuring me in the most earnest manner, to remain with her father, and not to leave him, until the Padré should return.

As we were passing along an upper and very quiet street, I heard for some time a noise as of horses galloping in furious haste; and I began to have a kind of nervous sensation, as of being followed. I think Theodosia had the same feeling; for as it came nearer, she stopped speaking, and clung to me, saying: "O Shahmah! when shall I ever see you again?"

It was the first word by which she had noticed our coming separation; and I had almost thought that it had become to her a thing of indifference. At this moment the Padré also started, and turned very pale; and the next, we were surrounded by an armed troop. There was a loud call for the driver to stop, and a rough threat of firing into the carriage, if the least resistance should be offered. One of these men knocked the coachman from his seat, though on what pretence it would be difficult to tell, as the poor fellow had not made the least opposition. And while others were brandishing knives and fire-arms on every side of the carriage, the sheriff proceeded to read a document, setting forth that a levy for the security of debts had been made on the goods and estate of Joseph Bennett, of New Orleans, Louisiana, in favor of Jason Malford, of Mobile, Alabama, enumerating houses, grounds, horses, carriages, household furniture and negroes.

We had almost begun to breathe freely again, so long was he in coming to the one most fearful and terrible point. Nor was he, the cold reader of that cruel and monstrous law, which thus had classed human beings among brute beasts, and insensate things, altogether unaffected by a consciousness of some

sort; for having finished the above, which ran into details of considerable length, particularly describing, with almost equal precision, the stew-pans, and the "girls" and "boys," he suddenly became silent; and it was not until one of the officers swore at him pretty roundly, that he went on again to add, that the young woman, known as Theodosia Bennett, was thereby claimed, and arrested as a runaway slave.

I remember only how right royally that attached runaway—that piece of human merchandise—bore herself in the conflict that ensued. As if she had anticipated my purpose, which was to seize and hold her till the last moment, rather than suffer her thus to be taken, she resolved to throw herself upon the mercy of her pursuers.

"Look!" she said, pointing to the men; "what can you do, but let me go? Our friends from Feliciana will be here to-morrow. They will be able to do something for me. Do not fear. I shall only, as I hear, be taken to the prison; but they cannot shut out heaven. They cannot exclude me from God and my sweet mamma."

Glancing hastily from the carriage window, she said, as if seeking only to comfort and reassure us: "They are human still; and they will not—they cannot do me wrong."

"I shall be near you, my darling," I whispered.

"And he whom I most fear!" she whispered back again.

"Shall not enter," I added, grasping her hand; for the sheriff was impatient; and the excitement round the carriage looked rather alarming to his party. We could see that this proceeding was more or less understood, and that questions had arisen concerning it.

"I am content, then," she responded; and as the sheriff took possession of his prize, everything swam before me. I was aroused, however, by the Padré, who informed me that for safe-keeping, and protection against impending mobs, or attempts at forcible rescue, Theodosia was to be carried to the city prison, generally here termed the Calaboose.

But when she came to be torn away from us, her strength once more failed her. I never shall forget, to my dying day, the look of despair with which she clung to me, still entreating, during that last most horrible consultation and action; "O Shahmah! O, my good Padré! do not let them take me! Save—save me!"

Upon this the sheriff seized her with a rude hand. At the touch, she stiffened, and turned so livid, her face was almost purple. I thought she was absolutely suffocated, and would never revive again. It was in vain that the Padré wept, and prayed to go with his dear and precious child. They thrust him off rudely, brandishing knives and pistols in his venerable face.

Leaving the Padre to act in this extremity as he best might, I flew to Mr. Slicer; and, fortunately, as I thought, found him at home. But what words—what letters—what merely external signs can convey to you a sense of all the utter loathing that he gave me! I thought at first that I did not hear correctly. I would not believe that he really understood the case. But he cut me short in my protestations, by coolly and quietly saying, that he had spoken with the witnesses, and examined the papers; and, finding them all right, had nothing more to say.

Still, I would not believe, and was proceeding to explain, when he broke me off abruptly by saying: "My advice, young man, is, that you let this matter alone—entirely alone. There, see! I have just been looking at the affidavits, and I find them clear and strong. The case is good as any case can be."

"But suppose it is good," I answered, still combating, because I was yet unwilling to believe him so wholly a brute; "suppose she is what she is represented. She is your brother's daughter—she is your own near kindred. Cannot you give bail?—cannot you give money to release and redeem her?"

"Men don't give either bail or money—that is, if they're prudent men—without something to show for it. 'Twould be against my principles to interfere in such a case, besides not

ward step and paralyze the lifted arm. It might have been my good angels; for now I see how I should have wronged myself—wronged Theodosia—to have touched him, even with the end of my cane. But he is a good, honorable, business man, of a good social and religious standing in this free, republican and Christian country! Is it possible that any really right-minded and conscientious person can know this thing that is called American Slavery, and not protest against it? What woman, I ask, can be truly honored and honorable—can be really *safe*—in a country where deeds like this are sustained and enforced by law! If a young lady of a noble family and unrivalled fairness can be ranked with negroes, and attached as property, where is the woman in all the United States who can absolutely feel herself safe—especially if she be of a dark complexion—who can have full assurance that she may not some day be seized and sold to the man she most abhors, and to the most abhorrent connections? And how many good and modest young girls there are, even among the servile classes, who have ministers of the Gospel and good Christian women to say that they must submit to the pollution, however modest and true may be their feelings. The minister that gives them the holy sacraments of the church, covenants with the evil doers, and sells them for a price; and every woman in the land who knows, and does not protest against it, consents to the wrong. And thus by proxy she herself becomes polluted, though in her own person she may be—

> "Chaste as the icicle, curded of purest snow,
> That hangs on Dian's temple."

And thus her sins are multiplied, with malignant and fearful rapidity. Do American women ever think of this? and can they tell me how to escape such a dreadful malediction, as they are thus continually drawing down upon themselves? It is a curse that cannot die with them, but will descend to their posterity, with the seeds of innumerable and deadly evils so long as slavery exists, and perhaps even much longer.

I rushed from the house, for if I had looked at him again—if I had met once more that cold, cruel, leaden-blue eye, or heard another of his maddening and insulting words, I could not have answered either for his safety or my own. As the defender of Theodosia, my life had now become more than ever precious to me. And thus it was saved, even against my own consent or will.

Having announced myself at home, that there might be no needless anxiety on my account, I went to offer to Theodosia all the protection I could, that of my openly expressed will to stand by her to the last moment. It was almost dark when I reached the prison. I resolved to remain there through the night, though in this I had much opposition to contend with. The police and city watch repeatedly ordered me away; and why they did not use violent measures, I cannot imagine. I, however, addressed them quietly and respectfully, but with firmness. I told them that I had a friend in there, a young, innocent, and unprotected girl—that all I wished was to keep as near by her as possible—I had promised her that I would do so. I assured them of peaceful intent, and also that I was wholly unarmed, and almost an entire stranger in the city; and, in fine, that they might appoint any force to watch me, provided only that they left me to my quiet vigil, which I had no mind to share with any.

I was surprised when I saw how much what I had said affected them. Are there not sometimes other and higher influences, that lend power to our persuasions? So it has seemed to me; and in this case, especially when I know that, from the very strain of suffering that was on me, I spoke coldly, yet never did I produce such an effect, and that, apparently, upon the most unpromising conditions.

One of the men, who had not spoken all the while, said, warmly: "You are right. And I, for one, will stand by you. If I'm anywhere about, they'll have to take up the pavements before they take you."

Then coming closer to me, he said, in a low whisper: "I sup-

pose I saw her; and because I'm a father myself, and don't know what'll come to mine, I want to do something for her. But that won't be much," he added, regarding the heavy walls with a mournful look; "still, I want to do something, for I know how frightened and skeery the poor little thing must be, and she so tender and pale-looking."

Then coming still nearer, and speaking still lower, he asked: "What was it, anyhow? It could not have been crime —and"——

Seeing that he had really an honest, good feeling, I gave him, in a few words, the leading points of the case.

"That is awful!" he said. "I have heard of many terrible things in this line, as everybody that lives in the way of it must —but I never heard anything so bad as this. It makes me feel as if I wanted to take my own honest wife and daughters, and get out of the track of such things. I tell you what, this has come over me like the voice of God sounding in my ears, saying, 'Arise and go forth. Tarry not, for where such things are done, there is no assurance of health, or peace, or safety for any—no, not even for the highest.'"

At this moment he was interrupted by some one calling in the distance, and grasping my hand cordially with a low-spoken—"I'm with you, in heart and soul!" he left me much surprised to hear such language from one of the officials of the city of New Orleans. But are there not many such minds—many such strong and true wills, if they could be freed from the fetters of poverty, which this overgrasping monopoly is continually riveting, more and more closely, around them? I believe it; and I see, moreover, that the gyves are breaking—not of class or color merely, but of humanity; and, like bands of scorched flax, they will, at no very distant day, fall apart of themselves. The working-hand, and with it the growing mind, must and will be free.

I did not say it; but I had inly resolved not to leave that place alive, until she whom I had come to protect should be brought out, so that I could know that she was safe.

But oh, what floods and depths of bitterness rolled over, and opened into my soul! It is inconceivable, now that it is past, how I could have endured that night—how I could have thought, moved, breathed, and yet have known that my beautiful and peerless Theodosia was locked up there among common criminals—that she was made a thing of price—a piece of merchandise—to be bought and sold—that she was in the clutches of a strong and relentless law, and might—nay, probably would—be delivered up to that gross and beastly man—to be compelled unto the death to the commission of foulest sin. If all that I thought and felt in that horrible night could have been put into language, there was a cry in my soul loud and strong enough to reach every heart in the land, of man, woman or child. And I sometimes think that I *have done* this; for, as I lay there, on the cold ground, a will to waken the sleepers went forth, with an infinite agony that almost rent the life out of me in passing.

There I lay prostrate, and nearly unconscious for a while; but at length a complete newness and wholeness of life possessed me. I knew then that my cry was heard, or felt—consciously or unconsciously—and that it should be answered—answered by fathers and mothers—answered by husbands and wives—answered by brothers and sisters—answered by men and women, and little children. By a tide of power flowing from all hearts—by an atmosphere of light, emanating from all minds—by a sense of justice, opened by all men—by a feeling of humanity that is native to all women, the work of a complete social renovation must and will carried be forward. If I had not seen this, so clearly as I did, I verily believe that either life or reason would have paid the forfeit, in that most terrible conflict.

And how was Theodosia all this time? What fears, what terrors, what dangers might not have beset her—her, the pure and cloistered one, now locked up among the vilest, in a common prison? But shall I say the vilest, when such a person as Mr. Slicer walks abroad, an honorable man, to feed, with his

cankerous gold, the fat tithes of Christian churches? I recall it; and declare it, that where such men are honored, virtue must fly to the ranks of the outlaw. I am more and more drawn to the unfortunate classes; for they have not willed themselves to be the slaves of sin, any more than the poor negroes have willed themselves to be the slaves of cruel and barbarous white men. All classes are sufferers; and thus I come back to my great hope for right and redemption for all.

And thus, for the time, I leave you. I shall report all the changes as they occur; for I well know how your fraternal hearts will be watching and aching for them. As for myself, it seems as if I had no feeling. I am yet stunned with the blow that has struck me. I can write no more at present, but my salaäm for thee and Youley.

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXXIII.

THEODOSIA SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

Arrival of Mr. Van Brouer and Robert—Mr. Bennett passes over the Crisis—Mr. Malford resolves to have Theodosia—Young Men coming to the Rescue—Theodosia appears—Her serene Face—The Note—The Auction Room—Many people gathered—Insolence of two young Men—Shahmah dashes them off—Is cheered—His Speech—Theodosia's Reply—The Padré's solemn Confirmation—Shouts and Enthusiasm—Theodosia sold to Mr. Malford—He dares not take her—She is remanded to Prison—She refuses to accept his Proposals—Robert and his young Men—The Plot matured—The Rescue—The mutual Declaration—Embarkation and Adieux—Theodosia and her friends sail for Brazil—Shahmah and his return Home.

LODGINGS, NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 31.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I return to the prison, and my lonely vigil there. As the morning advanced, I became the object of curiosity, and the subject of remark to many idlers, and loitering groups. But I did not heed them; for I was resolved, at all events, to maintain my post. About nine o'clock I was cheered by a visit from the good Padré, who informed me that Mr. Bennett had come out of his stupor, and was evidently past the crisis. He appeared very anxious about Theodosia, wondering why she was not there. But, on being told that she was confined, just at this time, and unable to come out, he was fain to content himself with that; though he was not exactly satisfied, wondering much what it could mean, because she was never sick.

I was also further cheered by the presence and sympathy of Mr. Van Brouer and Robert, who had not been inactive, though they were not able to be with us as they had arranged. They had held several interviews with Mr. Malford, hoping to make

some arrangement for the rescue of Theodosia; but their efforts, as yet, were unavailing. He openly declared that he wanted her himself, and that money would not purchase her; for he was determined to outbid any ten men that might come against him.

They all entreated me to go home for rest and refreshment; but I could not leave that door for one moment; for we had learned that Theodosia was to be taken to the place of sale that very morning; and I was afraid of missing her.

Finding me resolute, they left me, Robert first engaging to see a number of young men, who were leaders in certain military companies, through whom he hoped to effect her rescue. He knew, he said, that by every principle of honor and chivalry, which they so truly cherished—toward white women, at least—they would be ready for the work, both here and in Mobile, where Mr. Malford would probably take her.

Several times in the course of the morning the great door had opened, but I was doomed to disappointment, until just before noon, when a carriage drove up, which I directly thought had come for Theodosia. But no stir was made for some time after; and my patience was nearly exhausted. At length, however, the door opened; and by the curious and earnest-looking groups that were clustered about in the dim and naked halls, I knew that something unusual was astir.

As soon as I saw her, even at that distance, I knew that the angels must have been with her, through that long and fearful night. Her face was really radiant, as if the light of heaven still lingered about her. What surprised me most was that she seemed quiet and strong—better than I had seen her at any time since the first bitter day of her sorrow.

She saw and recognized me instantly, waving her hand almost gaily in answer to my salutation, as she was led along. As she came to the door, I received her in my arms. If all the hosts of hell had been there, to hiss and sneer at me, I could not have done otherwise. I kissed her pale cheek, devoutly thank-

ing God for her safety—and for the peace, comfort, and hope that seemed to shine out anew from her beaming eyes. Then, drawing her arm through mine, in spite of the officer who had her in charge, I led her to the carriage.

"I will be there," I whispered; "and so will other good friends who have come, and are waiting to see you."

Before the officers had fairly crowded me out, I had received from her a bit of paper, which I kept carefully, holding it tight in dashing out of the carriage—which I had to do in order to escape *being* dashed out. She had pressed my hand in adieu; and the grateful look that she gave, as the carriage turned, I shall always carry with me. That look was so vivid in me, that I almost forgot the paper, for which I had then but a single moment of attention. Beautiful—wonderful were the words which I unfolded.

"Dear Shahmah," it began, "I have not been alone—or afraid—or distressed. Strange as it may seem, it is true. I asked mamma to come to me; and she came. I know I saw her, and felt her hands touching me and caressing me. Oh, how mamma must feel to think of this; and how glad I am that my dear father did not know it! I am sure that I shall be brought out of it. I have felt the power of God in my soul. I know he will not forsake me. And the holy Madonna came very near me—nearer than ever before. The light that shone out of her filled the prison. Still shall I be kept, as I keep myself, her pure and worthy votaress; for her sweet grace filled me with peace and comfort. I know what my enemies are seeking to do; but they shall be confounded. Tell them all, my good and true friends, how truly I love and bless them—bless them with this present strength, that comes I know not whence—unless it is from God. Do all you can for me, as I see you will; and be assured that I am strong and true enough to bide this terrible day, looking away from the wrongs below, up into the sweet heavens, from whence God, and the holy, and the

sanctified, are sending down to me streams of life, that *will* sustain and carry me through."

How full—how overflowing with her own beautiful spirit, was this short and simple missive! I gathered its sanctity into my soul, knowing that that heart was not to be polluted—aye, and believing also, that the rescue, which she so strongly proclaimed, must be, and was at hand.

Fortunately, on my way to the auction hall, I met Mr. Van Broner, the Padré and Robert, who were seeking me, to give information of a change in the place of sale. It had been at first reported, and even advertised, to be at the principal slave mart —a fine building with a noble rotunda, and worthy a better use. But for some reason they had taken her to one of the common auction rooms, of which there are several in the city.

We all agreed that it was the intention to complete the legal formality of the sale with as little disturbance and outside show as possible; and as Mr. Malford resolved to buy in the victim, at any price, it was plain that the less competition there might be in the sale, the better it would be for him. Nor was he without strong fears of losing his prize altogether; for he well knew that the common sympathy and good feeling, even of New Orleans, could not bear this—especially of the younger, and less corrupt portion of the people. Robert also assured me that he could, and should, raise volunteers to any amount, for the ultimate rescue of our brave Theodosia, whose heroic and noble conduct had won commendation from all. She had, indeed, seemed to transcend all heroism in her really saintly spirit and behavior. My good Robert also said that he had the word of at least a dozen leaders, who had declared that she should never be taken to Mobile, where rescue would be more difficult and dangerous, and where Mr. Malford would have the advantage of being at home, and we the disadvantage of being among strangers.

"Let us take comfort, then, and hoard our strength for this

great trial ;" said Mr. Van Brouer, as we turned toward a common-looking, two story house, around the basement of which, and all along the several streets and lanes leading to it, was gathered an immense throng.

"Let us take comfort," said Robert, "these are the very flower of the city." And I noticed, as he spoke, that the greater part of them were fine and noble looking young men.

"This augurs well, indeed," said the Padré, bowing in return to the salaams on every side. "There are many of our own church and people here. Will they suffer our dear child to be slain? But look you, yonder." And he pointed to a large auction bill, that had been put up, and was not yet demolished, as most of its fellows were. We then read that a very handsome, accomplished and *white*, Spanish-American girl, was to be sold at public auction that day, without fail. My brain swam and reeled, as I read ; yet how many such things may, and will be seen, by friends equally true and loving—aye, and far more helpless !

When we reached the stand, we found that Robert's private telegraphic circular had done its work well, and many looks and signs conveyed to him intelligence which was not understood elsewhere. Rumors of the beauty and accomplishments, as well as the remarkable history of the young captive, had also excited considerable attention, and a great deal of good feeling. The crowd increased rapidly ; and I knew by the look of the faces, that there was not only a good degree of interest, but a strong will in their expression. Yes, be it recorded. There is a spark of honor left, even in the hearts of American slave-holders. The arrest and exposure for sale of such a young lady as Theodosia, was an outrage against even *their* cold and hard-faced custom.

It was only the half brutish that presumed to approach her. Others held back respectfully, as if she had been in any other place.

As we came up, a low and beastly-looking fellow, whose foul flesh was saturated with whisky, and bloated with licentiousness in every form, had proceeded to make a personal examina-

tion of the "great candidate," as another of the same stamp who accompanied him had just named Theodosia. She was standing nearly in the centre of a low, dirty platform, round which several gentlemen had gathered, and stood conversing together, very earnestly.

I saw that Malford was watching them with an evil eye; but though evidently disturbed, he wanted courage or good feeling enough to defend her.

Gracious Allah! how the sight maddened me! I felt at once the strength and the rage of a tiger. With a single bound I sprang to her side, and seizing each of the fellows by the throat, I dashed them aside, with a force that must nearly have sent the breath out of their vile bodies. I knew not, and cared not then, what should become of me. I expected nothing but arrest for a high misdemeanor, if not for a treasonable offence. But instead of this, loud and long-continued cheers, saluted and encouraged me.

But intermingled with these shouts from the better class, there were low and sullen cries of, "Pitch him off!" "Tote him out!" "He's no business there!" "Nobody'll buy her with that hoss hitched on!" "That fellow's a buffalo, powerful, strong and hearty! Pitch him out there!"

But, to my surprise, not a hand was laid on me. The officers, if they had intended such a thing, had felt the public pulse too truly to dare it.

"Be comforted, my Theodosia," I said, passing an arm round her waist, for I feared she was going to fall. In the meantime, our friends had come up and stood in a group around us.

As soon as the tumult had subsided, still holding Theodosia by the hand, still embracing and supporting her with the left arm, I said: "Gentlemen, permit me a moment's speech."

Loud cries of "Hear! hear!" ended in a profound silence, so deep was the interest the scene excited.

"Gentlemen," I began again, "before God, and in the presence of all these witnesses, I declare that I love this young lady

with a true and honorable love; that I have come here to protect and defend her to the utmost; and so long as my presence can be of the least service, I will never desert her."

There were loud shouts of "What does *she* say?" "What has *she* got to say?"

For an instant, the young trembler drooped with so sweet an expression both of tenderness and modesty, that I was pained for her. It was *but* momentary. Her fine instincts at once taught and strengthened her. Then, as the stillness deepened, a single sweet and silvery voice was heard, low indeed, but so clear and distinct in its melodious utterance, that not a word was lost.

"I, Theodosia Bennett, answer you. Truly as this friend loves me, so truly do I love him; and in the presence of God, I declare that I neither will nor can give my love to any other."

There was no shrinking—no shamefacedness—no terror. She stood still and calm, grasping my hand, with the clear light of that sweet heaven on which she gazed shining into her soul.

There was a low murmur of applause, but it was subdued and respectful.

Then the Padré came forward. Laying his on our united hands, with the tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, he said, solemnly: "And may Almighty God, who has this day given you to each other, keep you, and bless you, and abide with you, forever and ever."

And the "Amen" that he pronounced rose and swelled into a thunderous volume, as it was caught up, repeated and prolonged by the excited multitude.

I was as one entranced. I knew not whether I stood on the earth or sea, for everything was swimming around me.

I was recalled to my senses by one of the officers rudely attempting to drag me away. Then what happened I hardly know; but a short time after, they told me that Theodosia was sold for $10,050 to Mr. Malford, though Mr. Van Brouer had over-bidden him up to the very last.

There was then a move made to take Theodosia on board a steamer. But her purchaser, after repeated efforts, was so stoutly resisted, that she was remanded to prison.

I have watched by this jail now for nearly a week. If I have had food, or drink, or rest, it is not due to myself, but to my friends. Mr. Malford is still afraid to visit her; but he keeps up a correspondence, in which he has dared to proffer his base and beastly love. We, too, have found means to open a correspondence; and thus we learn every movement. She has declared to him solemnly, that he shall never take her out of that prison alive. Thus the matter stands. He dares not take her against her wishes, because he knows he would only draw a mob to her rescue.

I have been so fortunate as to procure a small room that commands the whole area of the jail; but much of my time is also spent in the street, walking before, and occasionally quite round the environs of the building. Besides the real anxiety, I like to keep up a good show of interest and watchfulness. It is policy to do so.

Nov. 1.—Robert has been here to my room, and has just gone away. He tells me that there is a well-digested plan on foot for the rescue of Theodosia, and that she has heard and approves of it. She is to pretend to be softened or subdued by her imprisonment, and very gradually to yield her consent to go with Mr. Malford. The time fixed upon is next Thursday evening; and this is Monday. She is to go to Mr. Malford, but not with him; for it is expressly stipulated that she shall be taken by an escort of his friends and conducted to his hotel. On the way, she must be rescued, and taken on board a ship for Rio, that will then sail. And there her father and friends will be to meet her.

Good God! if there should be any mistake or failure! I can write no more.

Mississippi Steamer, Nov. 5.—It is a quiet, summer-like afternoon, and for the second time I am ascending this great river;

but oh, with what an experience! I can hardly assure myself that it is real, and not a long-drawn fantasy of the over-heated brain. But how shall I express to thee my gratitude? Theodosia is safe, and on her way to Brazil! With this thought in my heart, I have been for hours prostrated before God, and melted into tears of heartfelt acknowledgment. All that is deepest, strongest in me, has been stirred to the centre by the experience of the last few days, until at length my reason almost reels in the intense excitement. I am in no mood for writing common-places; and everything, after this, appears stale to me. All language is trite and cold; for there is no sign nor image that can properly shadow forth histories that have been written, as with a pen of fire, on the naked tablets of the quick and living heart. They live there still. They burn into its life; and they will live and burn there, for many months or years; but there is no language on this earth, no external sign, whatever, that can utter them. In their full power and terror, they must remain unspoken, until that day when the records of life shall be unfolded, and read as they were written.

But you are waiting for the outside narrative. I will give it, well as I may; but in few words; for speech is not my mood at the present. Unfathomable depths of power—feeling—reason—passion—are stirred, and stirring still more profoundly within me. But I turn back, though unwillingly, to the outer life.

Everything went well on that eventful night. Mr. Malford had invited guests to his elegant rooms, which were splendidly illuminated as for the celebration of a nuptial feast. In the meantime, about one hundred young men, who had been carefully chosen, with begrimed faces, and all manner of strange and almost unearthly disguises, intersected every avenue by which the carriage was to pass. They had telegraphic lines radiating from the prison, in every possible direction which the *cortége* might take, so that in an instant of time the signs could be communicated from one to another, without the slightest disturbance.

Robert and myself had taken a carriage, with two good friends inside, and one on the box, all of whom, including the coachman, were in our interest, and perfectly understood themselves.

Everything, as I said, went well. The carriage was intercepted, and Theodosia taken, with but little disturbance, without loss of life ; and, as I believe, also, without great personal injury to any of the actors. The arrest came so suddenly, and every movement was executed with such promptness and power, that the few gentlemen, who composed the guard and escort, were struck dumb, paralyzed, and made but little resistance—as how could they against so strong and well-advised a force? And our good Robert had planned and carried out all this, so quietly and truly, that neither himself, the actors, nor any of our party, were implicated in the measure.

I shrink from this narrative as you may see ; for what can so few, small, measured words do, with the infinite tide of feeling, and thought, and passion, that is rising, and swelling, and surging in me? I would go to the Desert, the great Western Prairies, or the Sea, that the infinite within, might be matched by the boundlessness without.

But what shall I say—what *can* I say, in words, of that moment, when I received Theodosia in my arms—when I held her to my heart—when, in the almost agonizing sense of joy, I pressed my lips to hers, and for the first time felt her answering kiss. We could not speak ; but our tears silently and quietly flowed together. Never were any tears so tender, so grateful, so divine. It was a reunion such as the angels seldom witness, when all the anguish we had suffered was converted into divinest rapture. Every pang we had felt was returned to our hearts, like a shaft of living joy ; and the bitter waves of anguish subsided into a calm, grateful and delicious sense of rest and peace.

It was only just before the carriage stopped, that we were able to speak at all; and then I said: "You are young, my Theodosia.

In spite of all these untoward ways, the world is still bright and beautiful before you, with many things to love and cherish—many things to enthrall and bless—which you yet have never seen. If, then, at any time, this betrothal of ours may seem to you forced; or if, in calmer moments, when the soul stands up in its full strength, to assert its own, you shrink from it, in the least, as a thing which, in its full measure, you could not indorse, with unquestioning assent—then be free, my Theodosia—perfectly free; for no otherwise can I accept you."

She looked me earnestly in the face a moment, as if to read my thoughts; and then said, naively as she first spoke to me: "Shahmah, I should love to tell you, if I could, how dear you are—how dear you have always been to me. I have thought much of these things, ever since that first excursion that we made together. I think that my eyes then began to be opened; for since I have not been the child I was before.

"But I thought I was too young and simple to be your companion. Sometimes I felt so much your inferior, that I dared not think of it. But now, suffering has been to me in the place of years. In that strength I feel myself your equal.

"O Shahmah! I could not think—I could not dream of loving another. But still I say to you—and I say it, though my heart should break with the loss, be free. Be free. Otherwise *I* could not accept *you*."

"Blessed be the hour I found you, my Theodosia!" I exclaimed, bending to kiss the cheek that nestled in my bosom, with the eyes looking up to mine, so meek, and pure, and full of trust.

And it was so beautiful that we could speak thus, before our friends, and know how gladly they welcomed, and witnessed our mutual joy. This is but an after-thought. At the time we were abstracted from earthly objects, our souls recognizing only God and his holy Angels, as being present with us.

This, too, was the only time for speech, as the ship was to sail instantly, with the arrival on board of Theodosia.

Directly as we had done speaking the carriage stopped ; and Robert, standing at the door, received Theodosia in his arms. As he carried her over the platform, our young guards, who stood around, raised their hats, and waved them, with low murmurs of joy and triumph.

Mr. Bennett and Madame were already on board. Everything was prepared and waiting. The Padré embraced me with blessings. So did the father. So did the daughter. So did Madame.

The hurried adieux were over in a moment ; and we were escorted on board this steamer, where we found our venerable friend, Mr. Van Brouer, whom we had persuaded not to enter the *mêlée*. A few minutes after, watching from the deck, we saw the ship glide majestically down the river, under the escort of a steamer.

It must be all well; for they are true hearts to whom we have commended her. God, and his good Angels, will still protect her. And now I rest.

Adieu ;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXXIV.

SHAHMAH WITH THE SOUTHERN SPORTSMEN.

Consciousness of Spiritual Protection—Shahmah at Sea—The Pilot—The Southern Cross—Morning ride with Robert—Agitation of the latter—Mysterious Expressions—A Troop of Hunters—Business of the day opened—Robert and Shahmah join them—Effect of the Group—Master Solomon—Robert's private Word to Shahmah—Blood-hounds taken by surprise—Hunters refuse to believe Robert—Fall into an Ambush—Robert and Shahmah hurry forward—Reach the Camp—Hurried Embarkation—The pursuers at hand—The Canoe makes off—Simao, Zindie, and the little Boy left—The Negro's defiance—Shahmah faints.

COTTONWOOD, Dec. 16.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I left you in my last writing, with a sweet hope of rest. In this delicious sense I have kept myself all the while, but communing more inly with my own soul, and reaching out, with all that is truest in me, to that other, finer soul, whose presence is evermore necessary to make the wholeness of mine.

I have gratefully enjoyed the genial and hearty sympathy of all these good friends, with whom my heart claims so true a kinship, that I wonder sometimes why they were not, from the beginning, ordained to be mine. There seems to be such a natural fitness in this, that I often find myself lost, in poring over the possibilities that might have confirmed in the exterior, what the interior so truly reveals. Nor wouldst thou, my brother, nor would our Youley be excluded from the group. Wonderful it is, indeed, that I should have been brought to these; and yet, when we consider that we are guided, and that our actions are often inspired, if not dictated and controlled, by wiser and truer beings than ourselves, neither fitness of arrangement, nor the unfolding of unknown intelligence, should appear startling, or out of nature.

It is simply the leading of higher minds, as a parent leads the child, as a teacher his pupil, putting things right by the way, and adjusting, as far as possible, the facts to the conditions. I have always had an idea of this overwatching intelligence, ever since I sat under the date-trees in the desert, a slave-child. Falling asleep in the long, deep noon-day, I dreamed that the two angels, of whom my good mistress had told me, stood by me, one at each side, and I saw how their light led me, and would lead me through life. That vision was to me a reality; and though of so early a date, the record never faded away. It still lives, opening into profounder and diviner truths; and these impressions of the interior life are multiplying and deepening with the experience of every day.

I have been interrupted by Robert, who came in to prescribe a long ride on horseback, in this bright and sunny air. I will just say, then, that we are all ready for Rio. Our luggage has been sent on board these two days. Robert seemed to have a motive for hurrying it along so; but I have loved my quiet rather too well, in these days, to question him very closely about it. Nothing that he does, that is strange and out of other people's way, either troubles or surprises me now. And since the good work which he planned so well, and executed so nobly, I could go with him to the end of the world.

I have only seen Mrs. Slicer a few times since my return. She has been very ill—and I can well see the reason, poor soul! She has not yet gone back to the city, because of her illness. But they all go next week, as I hear.

Adieu for this time.

At Sea, Dec. 27.

The night is unspeakably peaceful and lovely. I have been aloft several hours, and, for the first time since I came on board, it has seemed possible to write. I have made acquaintance with the pilot, and find him a very intelligent and manly person, and one of great general information. He has made place for me in

a snug out-of-the-way corner of his caboose; and there, in a quiet and comfortable position, I can get the widest view which the ship affords at one glance. When this fails in interest, I love to watch the working of the ship; and when, for a moment, Mr. Waterman leans to the wheel he is working, and converses in desultory scraps, I love to look at him so engaged. His figure is almost Herculean, and of the most perfect mould. The face, also, is manly and intelligent, harmonizing well with the form. He has a great deal of constructive genius, and knows much of the philosophy of mechanics. I sometimes think, while watching him thus, what a noble subject for marble he would be, with his trousers confined loosely at the waist, the shirt open at the neck, showing the strong and well defined throat, and the sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, leaving the arms bare and brawny with the healthful exercise. I have not seen so fine a subject since I came to this country, for either the pencil or chisel—unless it be Simao. And, strangely enough, these two understand me, and my peculiar views, better than any other persons I have found, except that dear home circle, that I have so strangely and hurriedly left. And this reminds me that I must, however painful it may be, go into a detail of what has happened since I last wrote.

But how shall I lift the veil that covers all these maddening memories? At the very thought of them, my brain whirls, and the heart leaps, as if the shock of that terrible scene were to be improvised with the next breath. But, with all its pain, the experience of the last few days, has been so rich in achievement, so triumphant in success, that I would not part with it for years of tamer life. The truth is, I have been quite ill—of something like a brain fever—and my good friend, and physician, has countermanded all exciting topics. But the time has come, and it must be done. I will go out awhile into the stillness. That always soothes and renovates me.

Just returned; and much better. As I stood on deck alone, watching the zodiacal light, I became suddenly quiet and reposeful. Nothing can be lovelier than this phenomenon. It is a clear,

calm, soft efflorescence of light, rising in the southern horizon, and gradually ascending toward the zenith. And while the beautiful night dropped her dusky plumage over me, I seemed to feel the soft folds of her drooping wing-coverts, so kind and motherly, that my heart sang back to her a hymn of praise for all her goodness. And now, more clearly defined in the darkening sky than I have seen it before, comes forth a beautiful constellation, which I have learned to welcome as the Southern Cross. It looks now just as I saw it in my vision, on the bright angel's forehead. Like a new gospel of freedom to a benighted world, it is opening a way of light amid the darkness. If it could really shine into men's souls, there would not be much longer such histories to write, as that which I will not now forget I have to tell you.

It was the very morning of my last writing, when the doctor invited me to an early ride on horseback, as I told you, that the drama unexpectedly opened. Though he kept on before, for the most part seeming rather to avoid conversation, I soon saw that he had a troubled look, and that his flushed face had suddenly become of an ashy paleness. I rode up to his side, and asked what had happened. He was listening intently—for there had just been a report of small fire-arms—and did not observe me, until I laid my hand on his arm.

"Good God! these are perilous times!" he said, reining in abruptly. "I tell you, we are none of us safe!"

He wheeled his horse, and waving his hand toward the house, which was still in sight, he said; "Keep quiet, and be firm, I conjure you! The safety of those dear little children—of my precious sister—of my good brother—and our aged father—all depends upon our discretion. And, worst of all, we may betray into a second bondage, and thus ruin our free and faithful servants! Oh, it is horrible!"

"Speak!" I said; "speak, I implore—I demand it of you—and tell me what is the meaning of all this?"

"I cannot tell you now," he said. "There is no time; and

everything *may* go off well. But one thing I will say, even though you find me acting very strangely, inconsistently, falsely —to-day you must follow my lead, for in no other course is there safety. And now let us forget this unpleasant reflection, and enjoy the ride ; for that is as necessary a part of the game as any other."

Saying this, he fell back into a fit of abstraction, and if I attempted any conversation, he seemed almost out of humor. It was all a mystery ; but I was gradually withdrawn from the oppressive fears he had awakened, by the exhilarating exercise, and the beauty of the morning. The day was really charming, the landscape varied and full of freshness, and the air, though rather cool, soft, balmy and delicious. It seemed to me that one with even sound lungs, to take in the bracing air—to say nothing of a soul capable of inspiring along with it that deep sense of the beautiful, which everything suggested—must have fairly revelled with the joy of life. So it was with me. But it was in vain that I tried to rally my companion. He was obstinately silent.

Suddenly stopping his horse, he drew a note-book from his pocket, and writing a few lines on a blank leaf, he tore it out ; and giving it to Samson, who attended us, he said something to him in a whisper, which I could not hear. The black instantly dismounted, and taking a parcel from his own horse in which I saw the doctor's tin herborizer, and something that looked like overcoats, he lashed it on behind his young master's saddle, and then mounting, turned his horse, and instantly and rapidly rode toward home.

I was going to ask an explanation of this conduct, when there was a sudden report of fire-arms apparently not far off ; and this was followed by the deep-mouthed bay of bloodhounds.

" Gracious Heaven ! they are coming !" he said ; and then I saw that the ashen lips had suddenly become pale and rigid as marble. Drawing close to me, he whispered, " Simao and all his family are in the swamp. The hunters are already out ; they are coming ; we shall have to join them ; our lives, and

the lives of our poor friends, depend on our prudence. Be quiet, and be careful."

Hardly had he done speaking, when the whole party came galloping down a cross road, and reined up, forming a circle with their horses' heads all turned toward us. There were about twenty, as I should judge, a few of them young scions of nobility, sons of the plantations around, who had joined in the chase, as one of them said, for the simple fun of the thing; but the main body consisted of officials about the neighboring estates, the sheriff and his hangers on, in whom I easily recognized the class which had been described by Mr. Raffe, the poor, miserable, lazy, ignorant, unmanned white slaves of the South. No human beings could be more revolting. With the loosely strung forms and features, the flabby and drivelling mouth, stained with the loathsome tobacco juice, that oozed from either corner, the uncouth, ragged and filthy garments, the brimless hats, and the commonly dull faces, now lit up by tobacco, whisky and bad passions, to a kind of savage ferocity, they made such a picture, as one who loves his species, would not like to draw.

Nor were the young lords, either in dress or deportment, what should have been expected from the comparative refinement of the class to which they belonged. With many of them, at least, the difference between the lord and hoosier would be simply a change of garments, with perhaps, in some instances, that distinction which a man owes to his outside habits. I had forgotten where we were, in studying the effect of the group.

I remember that the doctor had thrown himself from his horse, and with the bridle hanging over his arm, he had plucked a small flower, and was examining it very attentively. They had saluted us cheerily at first; and so engrossed did Robert appear in his scientific observations, that he did not instantly seem to see them. Then, with a well-feigned nonchalance, he looked up, exclaiming: "The devil, Sol! what brings you out so early? And what's all this about?"

"Stop that thunderin' nonsense," returned the one addressed,

a very complaisant young gentleman, "and be off! come along with us! I tell ye what, Bob! there's game up! d'ye know it, old boy?" And he cracked his whip across his book, as if to concentrate the attention.

I saw the sharp, fierce-looking eyes scan the face of my friend as he spoke, and I trembled for his fate. But he looked up with the utmost coolness, and said in a low, quiet, indifferent tone of voice: "Game? what sort?"

"Oh, the right sort," answered Master Solomon.

"Yes; the right sort!" was echoed and reëchoed round the whole party; and then they sent up a shout, so demoniac in expression that they seemed more like the Shanbah of the desert, than gentry of one of the most civilized nations of the earth.

"Yes," shouted one; "there's Madame Morrison's old black rooster; and Slicer's yaller Biddy, with two white chickens and a black one"——

"And Wells's pullet, that's neither white nor yaller," said a third.

These remarks were followed by allusions to the several parties, so profane and so indecent that I should blush to write them. Meanwhile, my good Robert answered so quietly, and with such well-disguised looks and tones, that I was fairly taken by surprise.

"You don't tell me so?" said he. "You don't say that Sim's gone? I thought he was a fixture; and I should just as soon have expected to see the Levee itself a marching off."

"Glad of it, I'll warrant, if half what folks say is true," returned the sheriff, eyeing him sharply.

"Out of your reckoning there, neighbor; but that won't hurt me," responded Robert, with a sort of half-smile, half-frown, but so completely quiet and comfortable, that it really misled me; though I thought I knew what he was about.

Then, with a look of insulted majesty, he continued: "I'd thank you not to cast any imputations upon the honor of a

Southern gentleman, sir! or, by the old Harry, I'll have you turned out of office, before you can say Jack Roberson!"

Then rising, and approaching close to the sheriff, he said:

"Do you know young Badenough wants that place of yours? He's in a great way about it; but I go for old friends, and so do all our people."

It was astonishing to see how effectually the official gentleman was quelled by this implied threat or patronage, instead of being enraged as I had expected.

"Meanness is the nature of the beast," whispered Robert to me, as he remounted and came alongside; for I was not included in the circle, but a little apart from it.

He drew up the rein with a quick and resolute motion; and, with the air of a dashing military hero, rode back into the group. Swinging his cap, with a cheer, to which all responded, he waited till the shouting was over, and then spoke: "Neighbors and fellow citizens! there's no time to lose. If that fellow, that has always been treated like white folks, *is* out, I'm the first to help haul him in. And I believe friend Shah wouldn't have the least objection to enter into the sport."

"All right," said the sheriff. "Let us be off. Some say they're over in the corner of Tennessee, among the mountains; others that they're in Snag Swamp; others that they're out under the bluff."

I had no time to reply, and I hardly knew what to say to this unexpected compromise of services on my part.

"S'pose he's 't a loss for English," pondered the sheriff, seeing my hesitation.

"Shouldn't wonder if he was sometimes," returned the doctor. "But as to Sim, I believe he isn't a great way off. I've seen him round Snag Swamp a number of times lately, when we've been out botanizing. Haven't you, Shah?"

To this I testified in the affirmative; and, knowing of no better way, I surrendered myself outwardly, calling my good angels to witness my strong desire to do right, and praying them

to lead me truly; in the name and power of Allah, I felt myself ready to do whatever might open. I was never more calm in my life.

"You know every inch of ground, in wood and swamp?" said Master Solomon, a flaxen-haired young gentleman, of evidently Anglo-Saxon parentage, yet one of the most ferocious of the group. Swinging his cap in the air, he encouraged the men with bacchanal shouts, obscene suggestions, and profane speeches, intermingled.

"That's the sort!" said Robert, lifting his own hat, and dashing off with such hearty good speed that I was completely bewildered, and almost doubted his integrity. From the instinct of his own companionship, rather than from any will of his rider, my horse took me beside him. And as we were a little in advance, he whispered, laying his hand on his heart:

"All right here, Shah. But when we get into the woods keep directly behind me. Mind, I say *exactly behind*."

I had no time for question before the others came up. It is impossible to give you any conception of this revolting and hideous scene. Humanity shudders at the memory; and common decency would be profaned, by either description or repetition. The most inhuman—the most brutal outrages of man and woman, were spoken of with a cold and careless levity, that made me absolutely wonder if these were, indeed, among the gentry of the Southern States—representatives of the truest refinement, and the most excellent moral power of the young men of the United American States. As I listened, more and more, both became incredible.

We dashed on at a furious rate, until Robert and myself came to the border of a dense swamp, when, instead of taking a path which was tolerably well opened, he entered another that was obstructed, narrow, and obscure. Remembering the charge, I kept behind; though I had more than half a mind to take the wider path, in defiance of what seemed to be a mere whim. Soon after entering the swamp, the hounds came to a compara-

tively open area; for it was covered only with piles of brush, that lay loosely about, with many large stumps and some low bushes. Here they set up such a horrible yell, that my heart sank within me. The whole party dashed forward at the cry; for the broader path led directly through this space, round which the dogs were running, sometimes putting their noses to the ground, with low, sullen growls; then, tearing at the earth with their paws, they uttered frantic and savage cries.

"That's the true nigger scent, good and strong!" said the sheriff, at the same time—perhaps by a kind of savage instinct, perhaps by a brutal sympathy, or the force of habit—contracting and expanding his own nostrils, as if he had caught the taint himself.

"Yes," echoed Sol, "that's the true music. They're somewhere in here. Haul 'em out! Drag 'em out! Pisen em! Shoot 'em!"

"I tell you what, you're all a set of thunderin' fools!" exclaimed Robert. "Slicer's dogs have a trick of that sort."

"You'd better speak respectful of Mr. Slicer's dogs," said a very thriving young gentleman, with a heavy, bushy, red beard, who boasted the distinction of being that honorable's overseer. "I say the' ha'n't such dogs to be found 'tween Orleans an' Cuby."

By this time the dogs were yelling more fiercely; and the whole party, choosing to accept *their* testimony, were reconnoitering the premises.

"I tell you," persisted Robert, "that I believe that's a muck hole; and you'll be into it, head and ears, if you don't look out."

But the dogs, with their noses all toward the centre, bayed more savagely than before; and when something seemed to stir underneath, they burst into a perfect panic of growls and roaring. This decided the question.

While the pursuers were dismounting, and probably so engaged that they did not see us, Robert lifted my bridle, and, with a

significant sign, struck out into the broader path, and plunged into the deepest part of the swamp, I following, more as if under the influence of some maddening and demoniac dream, than as a perfectly sane and consciously awake person.

"Put in the spurs," he whispered, as my horse, which was rather weaker than his, faltered in the race; "every moment is precious."

Then listening awhile, he said: "They are all in for it; and we must make the most of the delay, or our poor friends are lost."

Distant as we were, sounds of shouts, yells and cries of mingled anger, terror and suffering, made the air quake.

Rounding a point toward the southwest, we came out into a clear and beautiful wood, where the path was more open, and we proceeded with less labor and difficulty. Suddenly we dropped under the shadow of a tall bluff, round which we proceeded by a winding path that led to a little bend or bayou, where a large canoe was moored. The place was in the deepest seclusion, apparently cut off from the whole world. Robert listened for a moment; then taking from his pocket a small whistle, he blew two or three notes. Directly after, a cautious footstep was heard, and an Indian, whom Robert addressed as Waughban, suddenly appeared.

"All here?" asked Robert.

"All," answered the Chief.

"To the boats, then. Lose not a moment. Call up Simao."

Then, while the Indian was gone, he said to me: "If they come up, as they will soon, you must make a great feint of loading and firing. Here is a patent revolver; but the barrels are out of order—the whole six. You needn't be afraid of doing the least damage. Mine is ditto. But we must put in a little powder, and blaze away, and swear a great deal; and if we're surprised before they get off, you must be taking the fugitives. But we'll both be too good marksmen not to miss every time. I shall get you and me chosen to pursue. Simao understands it

all; we've chalked it all out; so don't be shame-faced about it. Act like a true Southerner. You've had something of a lesson this morning. The more savage, the better."

In the meantime, Simao and the Indian had been putting the stores, a few bundles and boxes, into the canoe; Robert took the large parcel from his horse and put that into the boat, but after a word with Simao, took it back. Zindie and the children, and Mary Ann, who was betrothed to the Indian, had come up; and so long as I live, I shall never forget that group of ashen faces, when the ring of horses' hoofs and the sharp, passionate cry of one of the bloodhounds burst out of the swamp close by. Poor Zindie did not shriek; and even the young girls stood perfectly still, with their large, brilliant eyes strained wide open, as if they had been suddenly congealed into statues of speechless and unutterable despair; while the little boy hid his head under his mother's apron, and I could see that every particle of his flesh quivered with terror at the voice of that dog. Poor child! he had not forgotten.

Waughban had put Mary Ann in the canoe, and was inquiring what should next be done; while Simao himself was unmooring the boat and pushing her off; for she had got a little too far aground.

"Save the girls," whispered Zindie, as her husband was about taking her; and then her ashen lips became rigid.

Simao regarded her with a look of that intense love which yet cannot make him selfish; and then all the nobleness of his nature triumphed, as he said, mournfully: "Yes, let these poor children be saved, for their fate is worst of all."

He then took them, one under each arm, and, walking out into the water, put them in the canoe. But in attempting to get the little boy in, he struggled, because he did not like to leave his mother, and fell overboard.

In this delay, the horsemen were heard approaching. At a sign from the doctor, Simao made a desperate effort to get both Zindie and the little boy on board; but failed in both. He saw

it was too late, and gave the sign of departure to Waughban, who fell to the oars with such a powerful impulse, that the canoe darted off with great rapidity.

Meanwhile, Robert—first saying to me, "Hold Zindie as prisoner"—ran round the bluff, raised his handkerchief on a long pole, and shouted for help. This was to me more incomprehensible than all the rest had been; but I soon saw that they were so near, it was the only chance of maintaining our credit with the pursuers. It also attracted them to a part of the bluff from whence a good sight of the fugitive canoe could not be obtained, and thus lengthened the period of safety; for he well knew that if it should be discovered while within the range of shot, there would be dreadful havoc among them.

A bullet whizzed by and grazed the cheek of Zindie, whom I still held. I was binding it with my handkerchief at the moment, when one of the bloodhounds attacked the boy. The negro seized a club and dealt such a blow that the savage brute lay dead at his feet. Then seizing Zindie and the child, both with the left arm, he ran to the height, and stood brandishing his club with such a defiant air as kept the pursuers for a few moments at bay.

What a sight was there, in the face of God and heaven—in the face of the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution—in the face of Humanity and the Christian religion—to see that man—a husband and a father—standing there, with nothing but a bare club to defend himself with, against the bullets, bowie-knives and bloodhounds of American Freemen, and avowed *defenders* of its Constitution—with a plenty of legislators and ministers of the Gospel—and good citizens—fathers and mothers—husbands and wives—standing quietly in the background, and coolly declaring that he *should* be there *so*, unless he would go back out of humanity into chattelism, and be a THING.

He stood for a moment still, as if actually turned to stone, with the club lifted toward heaven, and a face of such unutterable anguish as only the highest degree of strength could either

feel or express ; for poor Zindie had fainted, and hung as if lifeless on his arm.

The men shouted with most horrible oaths ; bullets flew, and the bloodhounds yelled. Then the whole scene, rock, trees and horsemen, with that most piteous group in the centre, all, everything, reeled before me ; and I fell to the earth, faint and sick, but well pleased to be so, that I might not look upon the fall of that brave man.

I am sick of my subject, and cannot write any more now. I will close this, and have it ready to send by any chance that may, and probably will occur, in a few days.

Robert has just been in, and has countermanded my writing for some days, at least.

And thus adieu ;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXXV.

SHAHMAH MEETS A HORRIBLE MAGNETIZER.

Robert recaptures Zindie—Escape of Simao with the Boy—Robert chafes and foams—He arrests a Shot aimed at the Fugitive—Recommends capturing alive—Abuses the Sheriff—Shahmah assists Zindie to escape—Their flight through the water and holes in the Rock—A Terrific Scene—The Eye of the Snake—The Eye of the Man—The Effects of both—Zindie prefers Snakes to Slave Hunters—Shahmah forces a Retreat—They Emerge—Blessing of Water—Its probable Virtues—They go in Pursuit of the Boat—It is gone—Zindie's Dismay—The Voice of Robert—He has joined the Pursuers—They take Zindie and Shahmah on board—Proposal to send her back—Robert opposes—Eulogy of his Friend—They go after the Canoe—Dreariness of Scene—Sufferings of Zindie.

CLIPPER SHIP VULCAN, Jan. 4th, 1853.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I have been reposing almost continually since the date of my last, and am now much better and able to resume the narrative, in which, if I remember right, I had just reached the point where Simao stood upon the defensive; which is the last I recollect of that scene.

By what feint Robert had succeeded in so well maintaining his character, I do not precisely know. His grand stroke was the capture of Zindie, who still remained quite senseless; though I have no idea how he accomplished the feat, with any tolerable aspect of sincerity, and yet without injury to Simao. The first thing I knew about it, he had laid her on the ground beside me; and dashing water over both of us together, he shouted tauntingly: "You're a famous Algerine! Come! stir yourself; and see whether you can keep that dead woman from running away."

In spite of myself, I felt indignant at this imputation of

cowardice; though I own I am not remarkable for physical courage; and this helped to rouse me, as he had doubtless intended.

But a new uproar, more terrible than anything that had preceded it, completely brought me round, back again to consciousness. Robert suddenly left Zindie, whose dress he had been loosening, and sprang to the top of the bluff, just in time to miss Simao, who had seized the boy, and made a leap from the summit, into deep water.

"What are you about?" he cried, "loiterers! Cowards! Take him! take him, before he reaches the boat! He's a devil of a swimmer."

By this time Simao, with a secret sign to Robert, which no one but myself could see, swam out toward the canoe, which, by his motions, we found was just below, protected by an impassable swamp; but as it swung round back a few points to meet the swimmer, it came out from the shelter of the bluff, and was thus brought within the rake of gunshot. But though many bullets were sent after, the bold swimmer escaped unhurt.

Robert, meanwhile, acted like one wholly demented. He alternately deplored the losses, chafed at the defeat, and, in a general way, abused the whole of us. I was a little afraid, at first, that he might, in his acting, "overstep the modesty of nature," but I soon found that he had taken a very accurate measure of the faculty of gullibility * in his auditors—who seemed wonderfully impressed with the noise he made. And this is the secret of many victories. Take away sound, though it be empty, and the result would be quite another thing.

But at length, as Simao was about getting into the canoe, being necessarily kept for a short time in the same range, he furnished an excellent mark for a rifle ball, which instantly attracted the attention of Solomon, who was one of the greatest shots in the country, and seemed to regard the position artisti-

* I do not know whether the Brain Meters have marked such an organ; but I am certain there ought to be one.—Ed.

cally, or with the enthusiasm of an amateur. He had run down the bluff a little way; and by leaping a small inlet, had brought himself within a fair range of the fugitive, just as having deposited the child, he hung by the canoe, with his sidehead turned directly toward the marksman.

But Robert, who seemed to be everywhere, was really at the heels of Solomon, who looked round with surprise, to find him so near; saying at the same time: "See there, Bob, what a beautiful target! Fifty to one, now, I'll put a bullet right into his ear."

"What under the heavens do you mean?" exclaimed Robert, knocking the rifle from his hand with such force that it went off; but by good luck neither was hurt.

"Do you know what you're about?" he continued, before the young gentleman had recovered from the collapse of his astonishment and anger, at being thus insulted. "Don't you see that that fellow must be taken alive? and I've got the way to do it. Besides, you endanger Slicer's articles, by going to work that way. Sim wouldn't be held under three thousand, any day. Five hundred apiece would be the least we could calculate upon, to bring him in alive. Such a sum, you must allow, would be very convenient for young gentlemen of pleasure, like you and me."

"All right," said Master Solomon, unbending himself very genially to the emollient idea which thus happily covered the indignity offered to him, in the person of his rifle; for this young gentleman's rifle *was* a person, and perhaps he thought the most important personality about himself. But thus appeased, he proceeded to lift and examine the beloved bride of his savageness, with more interest and affection of manner than one would have thought him capable of.

Just then the sheriff came up. He, with most of the troupe, had been running down the bluff, trying to find a passage between the river and the swamp, but without success. It is strange enough that they did not think of taking a boat, and pursuing

the fugitives. But probably Simao was not a power to be encountered in a very close grapple; for in his escape from so many armed men he had already shown strength, bravery, and skill of no common order.

This dignitary, to my surprise, fared no better than the others had done; for Master Robert, who seemed to have constituted himself generalissimo of the whole, rated him as severely as he had the others.

"'Tis a most scurrilous piece of business," he was saying, just as that gentleman, who was a little plethoric, came tugging and puffing up the hill—"bad luck, to say the least. If I wasn't a minister's brother, I'd swear outright, to see you all so infernal helpless! We've lost a cool five thousand to-day, the least cent that can be reckoned, to say nothing of the respectability of the thing!"

"What is to be done?" responded the sheriff, looking woefully crest-fallen at this presentation of the matter.

In the meantime, Zindie, who had been consigned to my especial care, began to revive. She looked around at first with a kind of dreamy expression, but in another instant comprehended the whole; for thought, in such cases, is sometimes very rapid.

"Gone? All gone?" she whispered.

"Yes," I answered; "all but the doctor. He is with the men, over the bluff yonder, to the south."

In an instant her whole face was lighted up with an almost superhuman expression. "Can you row a boat, master?" she whispered.

"Yes," I answered, "as well as the best of them. Is there a boat near?"

"Close by," she returned; "and in such a sheltered place that we can get to the canoe, that won't be far away, I know, because they promised to wait, if any of us should be left. Perhaps Waughban will be there, or Simao. I think they will, one or both."

Then looking me full in the face, with such a beseeching expression as I could not resist, she said: "Will you go, master?"

It would have been impossible for anything to have had a more powerful effect on me than these few and simple words.

"I will go," I answered, for I thought of my own Theodosia, and henceforth, for her sake, I shall think more truly of her sex.

She seemed to thank me, not only with her whole heart and soul, but with the whole power and sanctity of womanhood. I have never seen a more eloquent gratitude, than there was in the full look she gave me.

Just at that moment Robert called out from the top of the bluff, in the distance; "Guard that nigger with your life, Shah. She's a rich one; and Slicer'd give half his plantation to redeem her."

At this poor Zindie fell to trembling, so that I had to support her. The moment had come. Looking up, and perceiving that we could not be seen from the top, I said to her: "In the name of God, lead the way, since I cannot do otherwise than go."

"We must wade through the water under the rock," answered Zindie. "It isn't very deep."

But when the poor creature stepped down, I saw that she could not stand against the current; and when she attempted to walk, her strength wholly gave way. I took her in my arms, and crept cautiously under the sharp brow of the rock, following her direction, until we came suddenly to a little slope. Just over it, landward, there was an opening in the rock, but so well concealed with ferns and shrubs, that I did not perceive it, till she drew the rank plants aside, showing me a roundish aperture, of perhaps three feet in diameter. The room we entered was an irregular oblong, and high enough to admit of standing erect. Passing down a few steps, we came to a subterraneous path, dimly lighted by an occasional crevice in the side of the hill along which it ran, opening, at length, into a still darker but wider place.

Having thus obtained shelter, we crouched down in the dark, to listen. Directly we heard a tumult of voices, the sound of hurried steps, and the stamping and tramping of horses. Soon, also, the hounds came in for their part of the noise; for having tracked the scent to the water, they were bellowing away with a great swell, as not only dogs, but men are wont to do, when they find themselves "at fault."

I cannot fitly describe—because I cannot now well conceive of—the horrors of that scene. It was one of those terrible passages of life, which, happily for all the future, seem to burn out, and obliterate themselves in passing. At first a thought of the awful position I had taken, gave such a sense of anguish as seemed almost to cut through my heart, with an intense and deadly pain. What was I, but an hour ago—aye, less than an hour since—what now? Up to that time I was an honorable man, respected everywhere—self-respected. Now I was an outlaw—the companion of slaves—a criminal in the eye of the law—self-doomed to a cruel punishment—shame—disgrace—perhaps an ignominious death. I never knew before how strong the love of mere outside character is. For a moment the unwonted sense of degradation came upon me with such power, that I was nearly crushed.

But I looked upon my companion, pale as she was, and almost lifeless. I thought of Theodosia—how wronged, how helpless, she had been, and with the look and the thought, my strength came. I had not done this thing for my own sake. I had not done it even for the sake of any idle whim, or trifling pleasure to her—but for her soul's sake—to preserve her in a life of purity. I knew, then, that the will of God was in it; and my self-respect came back again; but it was through a most terrible and bitter struggle. I saw that by some unknown means we should go out free. We had not before spoken, or stirred. We had hardly dared to breathe, the voices above seemed to come so near. But with this feeling so strong within me, I could not forbear whispering: "Have courage, my good

Zindie! God is with us, and we shall come out of it bravely."

Just as I said this, there was a rustle—or rather rattling sound, close by; and then something cold and heavy touched my hand. I had not thought before that the cave was damp and mouldy, a fit abode for the most noisome creatures. I had not thought of serpents. It was plain, now, that there was something of the reptile kind about us. I knew not how to tell this to Zindie; but I was afraid it would come upon her suddenly, and she would scream. So I said to her, quietly as possible, that I believed there were snakes there; but she must keep still, and I would see what was best to be done.

I never shall forget the look of horror which then met me. I had been in the dark so long, that I could just see the outline and color of her face; and the darkness made its changes still more unearthly and horrible. The ashen features, the strained and rigid muscles, the dilated and burning eyeballs, were so terrible, that I forgot the snake. I shook her. I spoke with severity, hoping to rouse her.

"Shall we go back?" I asked, pointing above.

And what a scorching commentary on slavery and its advocates, her reply was. I thought of it, then, amid horrors that seemed to quench all other thought, and wondered if any one who ever realized these things, could defend a system that included them.

"Oh no, massa," she answered. "Let the snakes come. They aint so bad as them up there—not half so bad as them over yonder;" and she pointed toward New Orleans, indicating her master. "I'll try to be still, massa, I will!" and the poor creature clenched one of my hands, with a power that drove her nails into the flesh.

In the meantime the sound of our voices, or something else, had roused the serpent again; for we heard the same rustling noise. Looking toward a darker corner of the hole, and not more than four feet from me, I saw, slowly rising from the ground, two

small, bright drops of light, like fire almost at a white heat. As the head was thus lifted about a foot from the ground, I could hear the body throwing itself into coils; and knowing the habits of the reptile, I expected a spring. But instead of this, the eyes seemed to expand and become iridescent; and they shot forth flames that were almost blinding.

I found that my sight was chained to the eyes, and as they sent forth every moment more splendid and vivid colors, a peculiar sense of dizziness and sickness in the head and stomach, began to affect me, and at length so powerfully, I thought I should lose my senses. It was something like the effect of a strong narcotic; and I think that I inhaled this with the breath, as well as absorbed it through the sight; for a noxious and oppressive effluvium, doubtless from the breath of the snake, seemed to fill the air. I had heard of the power of fascination in some species of serpents, but had always been very skeptical in regard to its reality. And judge how I felt, when, in this horrible way, it was beginning to be made true to me!

Then I thought instantly, "if the eye of the serpent has *this* power, the eye of the man must have greater power. Let us try it."

I felt then as I never did before, and pray I never may again. It seemed as if, with the first thought of power, a crust broke in my brain, opening a furnace of liquid fire; and streams of such terrible intensity, that they burnt and blinded me as they ran, were sent out from this, and refracted by the lenses of vision, were poured through the eyes.

I had a distinct sense, that the current thus put in motion, must be deadly to anything it was carried against; and this gave me still greater strength, and enabled me to keep the enemy distinctly in view, which, otherwise, I might have forgotten. I could see those barbed shafts of fire penetrating the subtle and fiery brain of the reptile. This consciousness of power rendered me, also, calm and self-possessed. I knew that I was quelling the light in those terrible eyes, even before they lost their corus-

cations. Gradually they faded to a kind of white-ash color; and then, to my inexpressible relief, the lids dropped meekly down, and I saw that the whole mass of rings seemed to collapse, as if in a sleep.

After this horrible experience I had no fear of men, nor of any injury, nor any torture, that could be inflicted by a merely human power. Neither could I appreciate the question between liberty and slavery, to such a degree as to be willing to remain. So I roused up Zindie, and told her that if there was no other where for us to go, we must return. But oh, I shall never forget the look of unutterable horror that she gave me.

"Go, massa, go," she said; "but please—pray leave me here."

"I'm afraid to leave you, my good Zindie! I dare not leave you!" I answered, shivering in every nerve, as I thought I felt the coils stirring again.

"Then it is because you don't know who my real enemies be," she answered. "Do you think I'm more afraid of snakes than *them!* O, massa! you don't know what slavery is! If you'd seen 'em cut up as I have, after they've been took in the swamp! Snakes isn't half so bad! They know we're their enemies, and it's natural for *them* to bite; but, O massa! they are not cruel, like *them!*"

"But my good friend, tell me where to go, then," I said resolutely; "for the serpent will be up—perhaps before we can get off. So be quick, for there may be others—there may be a den here!"

I sprang on my feet, and took hold of her with a strong hand; but it seemed as if every particle of her flesh was quivering with the intensest strain of anguish. I never knew anything like it. Grasping my hand, she tottered, and I thought would have fallen. Whether my hand, or her good angels gave her strength, I know not, but she suddenly recovered; and after listening intently for a while, she said in a low, but earnest tone: "I guess they're gone now, massa. Walk right straight out of

here, and then it will be light, and we can see what there is."

"Lead the way, then," I said; "and pray be careful how you step."

"Yes," she returned, with a coolness that came of these bitter experiences; "I just ease the foot down, feeling-like, and then I shan't hurt 'em, if I touch."

Taking advantage of this hint, I followed in her steps, through a very dark passage, and so narrow as hardly to be passable, for the distance of perhaps fifty feet. How we came out of that suffocating hole I know not. If it had been roofed, paved, and lined throughout with living serpents, it could not have been more frightful; for the brain was at that pitch of excitement, which could not take in anything more terrible.

We emerged into a wider and lighter space, and this again opened into an oblong room, that seemed to jut into the side of the cliff. It was tolerably well aired and lighted, and bore the marks of recent occupation; and from it, Zindie said, there was a way led down to the foot of the bluff. In the corner was a pool of rain water, quite fresh, in a large hollow of the rock. Full of life as the waters of Zemzen *—full of beauty as the well of Ezzerka,† it opened to me truly the waters of salvation. Seizing a broken gourd-shell, I drank, I bathed; and never shall I forget how delicious was the draught, how refreshing and reinspiring, the cool and pure streams, that I poured over myself. It was a mere instinct; for I was beyond all power of reason; but if I had not found the water I believe I should have died. It cooled the flaming, and as it seemed to me poisoned eyes; it relieved the excited nerves; and through the skin sent volumes of quiet and coolness to the throbbing and heated brain. From this experience I am led to think, that there must be a great

* The sacred waters of Zemzen, which is the Spring of Hagar, are said to cure all diseases.—Ed.

† Ayn Ezzerka was a favorite resort of Mahomet, who was never weary of contemplating amid its pleasant scenery, and looking into its pure and limpid waters.—Ed.

medicinal power in water. That these natural and universal fountains of health, such as air and water, should have some special relations to health, and thus be susceptible of general or local application in the cure of disease, is, as it seems to me, more than probable. I must know something of this.

We kept quite still for some time ; but as there was no sound to be heard, Zindie at length went out to a gap in the rock to reconnoitre. As it was judged best, we remained for a while under the shelter. The terrible anxiety I suffered during that time cannot be described. The possible night in the swamp, amid ferocious beasts and reptiles, as dangerous and loathsome as that from which we had just escaped, with perhaps days and nights of starvation—the malignant man hunters—the shame and disgrace of being taken—the not very improbable result of an ignoble death—the pain and danger that would come to my friends on account of this high misdemeanor in their guest—all stood before me as absolute realities ; each of them appeared so terrible, I had no power to say which might be the worst. It seemed as if I had conjured up a whole host of demons.

But I thought to myself again : "Is this manly ? Is it, in fact, just to myself that I should thus punish myself by anticipation for what an irreversible duty has compelled me to do ? Shall I not say to myself, that it was right to do what I did ? for if it should occur again and again, I could not, so long as I am a man, fail to repeat the act. I will, then, vindicate myself ; I will stand by myself, and declare that by whatever strength there is in me, I will maintain not only the position I have taken, but the right to take it. My good angels, doubtless, see that I need this degree of strength. I will, then, take it to myself, and be braver and truer for it."

And thus I quelled in myself an anxiety which had racked me so intolerably that any tangible and certain fate seemed better than this unknown terror, that hung over the next hour, and might be sprung with the very next moment. And when we came out of the place I was calm, and earnest, and resolute.

Winding round the foot of the bluff, sometimes wading and sometimes walking on dry land, we at last struck upon a very obscure path, consisting at first only of logs at stepping distance, in a soft, deep morass, where one would not like to take a plunge. This led into the depths of a cypress swamp, as I thought. But quite unexpectedly, to me at least, we seemed to cut across a corner, and come out to a sheltered little inlet, round which Zindie gazed with a wildness of look that terrified me. The boat was gone. This was a new aspect of terror; and the poor creature was so dismayed by it that I really thought she would have convulsions. It was some time before I could rouse her at all, so as to obtain any information whatever.

Fortunately, I was just in the act of apparently seizing and shaking her, when we heard hailing voices. Never have I experienced so great relief as to recognize that of Robert. He was in the boat with six men, among whom I was happy to see Mongolie, an Indian whom I knew was a friend of Waughban, the chief, and therefore counted on his integrity and assistance, should we need; for I was confident that Robert was planning a manœuvre by which he would recapture the fugitives, and thus by some means rescue them.

The first words that I heard distinctly were these: "All right, Shah! All right. Hold on there."

But when poor Zindie saw the armed men, and especially the sheriff, it was not quite so easy to do this; for my now captive was yielding to her instincts, and determined to run away. The conflict thus became actual and earnest, and that in the full view of the authorities themselves. So I had no need to make any verbal report of myself, seeing that my actions spoke for me. Feeling now assured that we might trust to Robert's sagacity and discretion, as I knew we might to his honor, I lost no time in consoling Zindie, though I was glad she had struggled as she did.

They made all possible haste in getting us on board; and after a few questions, which, for the most part, Robert volun-

teered to answer, your humble servant was pronounced covered with glory, earned in the service of the American slave-hunters. Seldom have I felt so degraded as I did then, at the bare imputation, spite of my own consciousness.

At first it was proposed that Zindie and myself should be sent back to New Orleans; but Robert, whose counsels had fallen wonderfully into favor—especially for the zeal which he had manifested in hunting Zindie—opposed the measure. He urged the delay it would cause, and the weakening of the available forces, in which he seemed to have great respect for my strength and presence of mind.

These suggestions were mostly thrown in as aside remarks, some of which I caught. "Shah is about the greatest man you ever saw—strong as a giant—resolute as a bull-dog—and true as the day of judgment. Don't say much, but pitches right in. To tell the truth, I'd rather tumble you, half of you, overboard, than lose him."

With this flattering conclusion to his remarks, he came off conqueror. The argument closed here; and though I am not much given to laughing, and the occasion certainly did not seem proper for the indulgence of mirth, yet I could not resist a smile, to see the profound gravity of look and demeanor with which he uttered this, and to hear the coârse, raw *patois*, which, to my extreme and continued astonishment, from the first moment of our encountering the hunters, he spoke fluently, as if it had been his native tongue.

It was next suggested, by Master Solomon, that a small steamer should be chartered to go in pursuit. This was opposed also, on the ground of its unfitness to make chase up and down among the unnavigable bayous, where Simao and Waughban, who were both old boatmen, would undoubtedly find refuge.

Then the doctor very composedly added another objection that quite startled me; for he announced that we—he and myself—were bound down the river that night, at any rate, on our way to New Orleans, where we were to take passage for Rio,

as he had before said; that if we could serve our country and friends, by rendering them any help along the way, he and Shah—whose grit, he was happy to say, they had tried—were ready to volunteer.

This latter touch of sentiment and patriotism had an excellent effect. He carried the whole, and with loud cheers they put up a small flag, which had been fastened to a pole; and thus gave our expedition something of a national character.

So Robert, again suggesting that the owners of these slaves, especially Slicer, would do something handsome, in case we took them alive—which he meant to do—it was finally agreed that we should take our prisoner along, and make chase after the canoe.

I could see how, in every possible way, Robert was seeking to comfort and strengthen Zindie; though the communication was necessarily restricted to looks only, yet they were so earnest and eloquent that they did not fail to rouse her for a while. But she would soon sink again into that death-like stupor, which seemed like the troubled ghost of sleep—its helplessness without its peace. What ages of agonizing emotion—what torture of soul she must have endured in the horrible anxiety of that day; and, to increase her distress, she greatly feared that Mongolie had lost his way among the many bayous and inlets that intersected the main stream; for the leader had, according to the private directions of his chief, taken the most obscure passages.

Had we even been at ease, the effect of the scenery would have been saddening in the extreme. The woods, as I have said before, derive a very peculiar appearance from the long festoons of southern moss, which hangs down from every branch in clusters from ten to twenty inches long. No description can give any idea of the peculiar weird and gloomy look of the forests during the short period in which they are leafless.

The next thing to be noticed is the great number of climbing, woody, and often prickly vines, hanging in immense masses over the trees and shrubs. There are few marked and characteristic plants. It is the general tone of the whole landscape that

affects us so powerfully. This, however, to be understood and appreciated, must be seen.

In this country the bayous, or branches of the Mississippi, instead of flowing into the river, flow from it. Except in very low water, the creeks and depressions are lower than the Mississippi's level, and if connected with the river, serve as slight outlets for it.

All the lower parts of the forests are swamps, in which the water stands the year round. And a more lonesome, God-forsaken place than a southern swamp, I never looked upon. Imagine, if you can, these hideous wilds, with their solemn funereal look, and their pestilent atmosphere, stretching for miles on every hand, ending only in wilder entanglements, and gloomier shadows. Then came the solemn cypresses, without so much as a dead leaf to brighten or relieve their sombreness. Even the gay and happy Robert, who has a most loving instinct of finding beauty everywhere, was oppressed by these indescribable glooms. And yet the Cypress Wood was not wholly without its good cheer. These great forests, with their seemingly boundless shadows, stretching back, and forward, and around, seemed to brood over us with a sense of protection, as if we had felt in them the drooping wing-coverts of hovering angels.

But poor Zindie had not this assurance. The love of life was once more revived. Her thoughts had gone forth to her husband and children. But it was in vain that she strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the forward canoe in the far distance. The great waste of waters and swamps, with their impenetrable wilds, stretched between her and all that was dearest. And how would it be when they were met by these strong, armed, and cruel men, even though dear Master Robert and his good friends were with them? Would they be taken alive, or killed? What, indeed, would become of her? I knew that these thoughts were in her mind, though she did not speak them. I could read her impressions clearly, as if they had been written and laid before me. I wish that all those who disregard the

sufferings of the lower classes, could have had my "dreadful post of observation," for that one day. My opinion on the subject has undergone quite a change since then. I now believe that, under the same circumstances, the weak and ignorant suffer most; for they have not only less resisting power, but fewer mental resources, which often act as palliatives, or stimuli, to the more highly developed faculties, as I have myself experienced.

Poor Zindie! I could not give her a word; or, except by stealth, even a look of comfort. At length a sense of utter desolation took full possession of her. She felt as if cut off from all human ties—a floating atom, alone in the wide world. Even the current that bore her forward, as if subject to some malignant, or evil charm, carried also beyond her reach the object she was pursuing; and yet, though she felt that they were not far off, the old swamps and woods, dim and deep as they were, could not hide them from their enemies. The canoe, with its precious burden, still fled before her. She was spell-bound, and could not approach it. She would not approach it if she could. How tantalizing and intolerable was the thought! It was a kind of waking nightmare.

The conflict was terrible. At some moments she would long to know the worst—to hear that her husband and children were dead—that they were suffering torture—anything, if she might only *know*.

Again, she was oppressed by the horrible *dread* of knowing. She would start wildly at the simplest sound. The color would then forsake her cheek, and she would tremble with apprehension that some final blow was struck, and that Waughban was coming back, to tell her that all was over. Sometimes she so feared to see the canoe shoot round a bluff, or headland, that she would cover her eyes; and again she watched with intense desire, and hope to behold it.

It was in vain that we urged on her the necessity of taking some nourishment. She would make an effort to obey, until so

sickened, as to lay aside the morsel quite untasted. Happily for human weakness, such periods of intense struggle are usually transient ; for no merely finite strength could endure their protraction.

Again I blend with thine, and mine, and Youley's, the sweet loves of Theodosia, of whom though I speak less in the unfolding of these exciting topics ; yet, in the profound calm of my inmost life, I cherish every simplest memory, every commonest thought or token of her, as so much of the presence of my Life angel, toward whom I hasten, knowing, too, that her spirit must have come out often to meet, and welcome me. Oh, delicious ! Oh, divine will be our meeting, when, in the unrestrained sanctity of love, I fold her in my arms, as now in my heart.

I can write no more ; and thus, for the present,

Adieu ;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXXVI.

A BOAT RACE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

The Canoe—A Dangerous Passage—Enemies meet—Bullet from the Boat—Grand Manœuvre of Simao—The Wounded Crest—The Chief's Retort—The Canoe escapes—Indescribable Glooms—The Manitou—A Good Omen—Terrible Sound—Bravery and Cunning of Litholu—Success of the Enterprise—The Boat drawn ashore—Scene of Confusion—Terrible Uncertainty—Struggles of Strong Men heard in the Dark—Friends recognize each other—Get on board the Canoe—Dim Outline of the Prisoners—Their Curses and Execrations—A Beautiful Group—Robert nearly Overcome—Delicious Sense of Rest—Unfolding Freedom.

CLIPPER SHIP VULCAN, Jan. 12.

BROTHER HASSAN:

Again I resume the narrative. The light canoe of Waughban, which we will now visit for a while, swam the waters like a sea bird. The chief repeatedly bent his ear close to the surface of the stream, and listened intently. The strong north wind was favorable to the transmission of sound from that direction; and at length his quick ear caught the vibration of human voices, and the familiar dip of oars. He had approached very near to coming in contact with the enemy.

Quickly, then, muffling his oars with soft strips of birchen bark, which he had provided for the occasion, he tacked a little, and entered a narrow bayou, making up between the main land and a long island. This passage, though of difficult navigation, combined the advantages of a deep shadow, and a shorter route, as it was completely sheltered by a thick wood, and formed a line across the inner segment of a crescent-shaped promontory, which was thus cut off from the mainland, and isolated. The race was for life; and with all the vigor and tenacity of life it was urged.

Lightly and safely, as if itself had been a free intelligence, the

canoe now darted between the heaps of drift-wood, and now seemed almost to leap over the protruding snags. Stilly as the bark of Charon, yet safely as if it had borne a charméd life, the canoe swept on through the sullen waters that lay brooding over the horrible dangers they embosomed, still, black and terrible as the waveless River of Death.

The sachem had not miscalculated. He came out into the main stream almost simultaneously with the boat; the difficulties of the passage having required as long a time for him to cut across the inner line of the circle, as for the latter, having the advantage of a strong current and a freer course, to round the head-land. But he was one moment too late. It had been his intention to arrive first off the point, and thus meet the enemy unexpectedly face to face; for he well knew that the cunning pursuers, though they would make good use of their own arms, would place Zindie in the most prominent and dangerous position. But if he could have accomplished what he intended, he would have boarded the boat, and having bound the men, recapture Zindie, and take off the friends, if they chose to go. As they entered the main stream, the boat was only a few hundred yards behind the canoe.

A bullet came hurtling through the air, to tell them they were seen; and then hideous yells and shouts rang and swelled over the waters and through the wood, as if the wilds had been one vast inferno.

Simao now saw Zindie leaning over the side of the boat, and hastily fastening a white handkerchief to a cane, he raised and waved it with expressive gestures of watchfulness, protection, and friendship. The signal was successful. He saw her head turned upward, as if in devout thanksgiving; and then there seemed to come, as the face turned back a moment, a smile of love—a benign expression of hope and faith. It was wonderful to witness how eloquent that face became, and how in this moment of sorest trial it was sublimed in its expression, as if invested with a divine halo.

Being assured of this intelligence, the sachem made another tack, and prepared for his grand manœuvre. The stream was here divided, by several long strips of raft or reefs of brush-wood, into deep and narrow channels. One of these, like that through which they had just come, made a short cut across the inner segment of a bend; but it was far more dangerous. Indeed, nothing but sheer desperation could have forced one into it. But Simao had weighed all the chances. He saw no other way; and with a strong self-reliance and faith in the true brother, to whom he had intrusted the navigation of the canoe, with freedom before and slavery behind, he knew he could look danger and death firmly in the eye, until they should quail before his indomitable heroism.

With a gesture of defiance, he hurled off a missile that had been discharged from the boat; and rising to his full height he stood for a moment calm, bold, and majestic, as some ancient statue, showing thus his utter scorn, of the meanness that sought its own safety by exposing the life of a helpless woman.

Then the sheriff laughed a most horrible laugh, as again crouching behind Zindie, he sent another bullet, which, with a ferocious smile, he declared should fix him. His face had been deeply marked with the small pox; and the seamed and scarry features, thus distorted by evil passions, made his demon-like visage still more hideous and revolting. The aim was so nearly true that it cut in two the eagle plume on the tall crest of Waughban; while, at the same time, it was driven into the stem of a tree on the opposite side.

For one moment the form of the chief was more proudly erect; but so intense was the scorn, that made his whole being rigid, it scarce appeared in the outward expression, as he said:

"The white chief is a boy. His bullet is hungry—but it only bites the tree. The old squaw of his father's wigwam shall teach him, that he may have a steadier hand and a truer eye."

Waughban having said these words, the canoe made a sharp turn almost in her own track; and, as if by a single leap, shot

into the current of a narrow and deeply shaded passage, sailing with such speed, that, in its buoyant motion, it hardly seemed to touch the surface. A shower of bullets was discharged from the boat, but the thick wood interrupted them.

A narrow opening in the trees gave the enemies a momentary view of each other.

"The white chief is brave; but if he would avenge his wrongs on the woods, let him take his hatchet, and save his bullets for the enemy," tauntingly shouted Waughban; and ere the vindictive answer came in a fresh shower of lead, he was again safely sheltered.

The negro was now to try one bold and desperate manœuvre, which seemed the only chance of rescuing Zindie, without greatly endangering her life; but to accomplish this, appeared to be in itself an act of desperation. The deep, gulf-like passage chosen by Waughban, he had reason to think, was wholly unknown to the other party; or, if it was not, he well knew that the leaders among them had not that deep, self-relying, and all-subduing courage of soul that would dare approach, or safely master, dangers so appalling. The highest courage—nay the only true courage—is a moral quality; and all history—all experience, have shown that bad men—tyrants—however willing they may be to endanger the lives of others—however much they may effervesce and storm—have, beneath all, a deeply-seated principle of cowardice, which makes them ever, in their cooler moments, apprehensive of personal danger, and wholly incapable of calmly meeting, or successfully coping with it.

The passage referred to was a deep gorge, or gulf, shut in by two projecting bluffs, and was so choked up with a heavy raft, or collection of drift-wood, that none but the most practised eye, the steadiest hand, and the most heroic soul, might dare its navigation. The old trees, with their roots left bare by the floods of many years, hung, rather than stood, in the projecting bank, the larger touching their jagged arms over the black current, and the smaller swaying back and forth, like troubled

spirits. Tall cedars, blanched to ghostly whiteness by the storms of centuries, gleamed, like spectral forms, amid the ancient shadows. Setting aside the absolute danger of its passage, the whole aspect of the place was gloomy, savage, and even horrible. A deep shadow rested on the troubled water, which the sun of mid-day had no power to reach. None but prey birds congregated in the dark wood; and the foulest reptiles, and the most venomous serpents were the only denizens of the impenetrable swamps. The harpy eagle bore her screeching prey through the deep silence of the wilds, while the giant osprey and the vulture-king followed on our track with keen and wistful eyes, as if their evil sense had caught an instinct of approaching death, and were already anticipating the gorge of prey.

But, nothing daunted, Waughban and his bold brother kept on—now winding cautiously amid the drifting timber—now shooting forward through the clear spaces with an arrowy swiftness. They had taken no refreshment since the early morning; yet still they pulled on; for if they did not clear the gorge and reach the headland before nightfall, their efforts would be fruitless. No human being might dare such navigation but in the fullest light. Still they kept on—the Indian and the negro—like some dark genii of the stream, apparently escaping danger by their magic, that converted obstacles, themselves, into means of safety and progress.

Long and longer stretched the shadows. Deeper and darker grew the wilderness; and only a blacker gloom told when the sun had set. For a moment they suspended the motion, and the still oars, lay poised on the edge of the canoe. The brow of the chief was troubled. For the first time during that eventful and perilous day, had a shadow of doubt crossed his brave and trustful spirit. But, just at that instant, a large eagle sprang, apparently from the ground, and making several curves round the canoe, with a triumphant cry, rose majestically into the air, soaring away to the south.

"Behold the Manitou!" cried Waughban; for the bird was regarded as an embodiment of his tutelary spirit.

"The omen is good. We are safe," continued the chief; and folding the arms over his broad bosom, he watched, with profound interest, the flight of the bird. And then, filled with renewed hope and strength, he bent his ear to the surface of the water. A deep, roaring sound came back with the southern night breeze; and then he knew that the junction of the Red River was not far below, and that the terminus of their route was close at hand. Tossing his dark arms upward with an expressive gesture, he offered devout thanks to the Great Spirit, in which all joined; and then silently he gave the sign to proceed.

Ere it was dark, they emerged into a wide open space, cutting through the centre of an extensive cypress basin. Nothing could exceed the sombre melancholy of the scene. The immense shaft of the cypress, towering to more than a hundred feet, terminates abruptly in an umbrella-like canopy; and these tops, meeting each other, form a high, vaulted ceiling, not only impervious to direct rays of the sun, but so dense as to be capable of reflecting sound—in some places producing very clear, deep, and perfect echoes. The profound silence—the apparently boundless extent—the utter seclusion—all combine to produce in the sensitive mind, a deep and terrible sensation of awe; nor was the effect lost on the present observers. But they had no time to waste in sentiment.

Cutting directly across the main stream, Waughban, having first muffled his oars, and enjoined perfect silence, rowed backward for the space of a mile, to a place where the channel was much narrowed, and shot into a little cove, where the canoe was brought to land, and safely deposited. Then, taking a coil of grape vine, having a stout hook attached to one end, with which he had furnished himself, he prepared for his final effort. Giving special orders to each individual present, he then unfolded his plan. An Indian, with a light and agile form, and a very expert

swimmer, was appointed to pass out into the current, as soon as the boat should be heard approaching, carrying with him the hook end of the wooden cable, which, under the cover of the darkness, he was to fasten to a ring in the stern, while the others, stationed at an oblique angle, should seize hold and draw it gently to the shore. Waughban himself was to grapple with the sheriff. Simao was to bear Zindie to an appointed place of safety; while the remainder were to engage with the subordinates.

Scarcely had these matters been arranged, when a deep darkness, as if anticipating and favoring the bold design, dropped its sullen mantle over the scene. At first, the silence was profound as the darkness itself; but as the night advanced, the solemn cry of the great horned owl: "Waugh, O! waugh O!" boomed out through those cavernous aisles, echoing from vault to vault, in the arches above, until it seemed as if their dense walls had roofed the habitation of a thousand fiends. Again the dismal performers had been apparently struck dumb with horror at the sound of their own discord—so deep and awful was the stillness that succeeded. In the midst of this profound silence, there was a sudden explosion, that shook with strange vibrations the whole atmosphere. It was a groaning sound, like the death-agony of the strong. There was a wrenching of fibres, and then a heavy fall, as of the dead body of a giant; and as it struck the ground, unearthly echoes, now gnashing the teeth, and howling like the ghosts of extinct monsters, then shrieking and yelling, like demons exulting over their fallen prey, filled all that black concave with an inconceivable agony of sound. The Indians believed themselves surrounded by angry and terrible spirits. It is not strange that the blood congealed, until every scarry bosom became cold and rigid as marble; for even the calm soul of philosophy would have been disturbed—aye, and shaken by a scene so terrible—so sepulchral—so tophet-like.

Waughban felt an awe amounting to terror, though he knew ıe cause. With a solemn and hoarse whisper, that showed how

deeply he had been moved, he gathered his men around him; and his explanation of the circumstances will be given in short terms. The cypress tree is subject to a singular disease, by which a gradual decomposition of the woody fibre takes place, beginning in the heart-wood, and proceeding outward, until the whole vitality being destroyed, the tree at length falls by its own weight to the ground.

Scarce had the echoes died away, and the voice of the chief become still, when, on bending an ear to the surface of the flood, Waughban detected the dip of oars. Instantly rising, he gave his hand to each of the silent group that surrounded him, as a pledge to strengthen the terrible league that bound them to their duty; and then, by signs addressed to the sense of feeling alone, as sight was void in the pitchy blackness, he distributed every man to his post. Nearer and more distinctly came the approaching sounds; and then the agile Litholu, taking the hook from his chief, waded a little way into the water, until getting beyond his depth, he committed himself and his trust to the fickle element. For some time, the little vessel was not seen; but at length it showed itself, as a patch of deeper darkness; and the swimmer, keeping just below the surface, boldly struck out for the boat, while those on shore waited the result in breathless silence. A slight stir on board told that the acute senses ever on the alert, had given warning of something unusual; but Litholu, fearing nothing, kept in the deepest shadow, and then, throwing himself into the current, held the hook prepared to grapple with the ring. The clink of the meeting iron again attracted notice, and a hatchet, striking at random in the dark, obliged him to retreat ere the hold was secured. In the confusion of this unexpected movement, his limbs became entangled in a coil of the cable, and his strength was fast giving way; for the labor of carrying the weight, and swimming against the current, as he had first done, in order to catch the boat as it shot by, had quite exhausted him.

But, striking into the calm water, and throwing himself quietly

on his back a moment, he soon recovered breath and strength, when the very alarm his action had occasioned, drove the enemy directly into the snare. As the disturbance had seemingly occurred on the farther side, the sheriff concluded that the foe, if there was one, must be in that direction; and he put off at an angle inclining to the shore. The Indian, again on the alert, just as the bark floated directly by, caught a view of the staple, which had become bright by being rubbed against the pebbles as it was dragged ashore. He seized it with a firm grasp. He fastened the hook tenaciously, and clearing himself from the rope, he gave the signal of his success to those on shore, by pulling it; and before any could tell why, or whence came the danger, the boat moving astern, struck, and became at once immovable.

Imagine the confusion—the terror—if you can! The sudden and unexpected shock of going aground, pitched us all together; and such a mass of struggling and rebellious bodies and limbs was never, perhaps, piled in one heap.

The alarm, too, was instant and intense. There were enemies or friends about us, as the case might be; but the deep darkness was unfavorable to the development of individuality; and the assailants, whoever they were, moved about us, clothed in black robes of impenetrable secrecy. I had no doubt myself in regard to them; and probably there were similar suspicions in the minds of others.

Directly I found that Robert had gone away from me. There was at the moment a universal debarkation, as it seemed; for all the men excepting myself, appeared to leave at about the same time. My impression was to keep still and quiet, with Zindie, both on account of protecting her, and that we might be together, when called for, which I doubted not would be.

There was a fearful uncertainty in this juxtaposition with unknown friends or foes. No man, unless by some finer instinct than I am master of, could tell who or what any form might be, which, in the struggling mass, was dashed against him.

After awhile there was a sound of strong men in violent motion, as of wrestling or fighting, accompanied by angry voices, oaths and blows, all dealt more or less at random in the dark. I had no doubt that our friends were moving in the matter; but the terrible danger of accident, or misdirection, or misarrangement in the dark, added much to the formless horrors that surrounded us.

This contest lasted perhaps nearly half an hour; but the time appeared much longer. After awhile I heard the voice of Robert cursing away as if he had fallen into some ambuscade. He was exhorting his companions, who appeared to be in the same difficulty, to patience; for he assured them that he could soon get his hand in his pocket, where he had a knife that would set them all at liberty—and then how they would be revenged. One of his hands was nearly free already; and at the rate he was going on, it would soon be so entirely. His voice was so earnest, and apparently indicative of real trouble, that I was alarmed; and Zindie, I knew by the short, stifled sobs, was sore afraid that some mischief had come to the excellent friend whom she regards with all an African's veneration and gratitude. The poor creature absolutely writhed in my grasp.

At length the violent struggles ceased; but the angry voices, now accompanied by hurried steps passing to and fro, continued. A few moments after, my hand was seized with a grip, conveying a private signal, which Robert had taught me only a few days before—and how opportunely—so I thought then, but now I know that it was all in the play. I could hardly restrain a cry of joy, thus to find our friend safe; but at the same instant a hand was passed over my mouth in token of silence. There was another, also, who had an equally agreeable intelligence for Zindie; and, thus escorted, we passed noiselessly out of the boat.

I could dimly see, at a little distance off, the outline of four men, tied to trees. They appeared to be struggling with all their might, and were swearing vociferously. Obeying still the

signal of silence, we went on board the canoe, and soon got off into the main stream where navigation was comparatively safe.

With the first dip of the oars, our prisoners cried out most piteously, imploring us not to leave them, and offering not only pardon, but anything that would be claimed in the shape of reward, if they might only be rescued, and furnished with the means of return. It was terrible to hear. In reply to this, one of the Indians shouted back that their boat was there ; and in the morning they could get free, and go where they liked. Upon hearing this, and finding us still at a distance, they gave vent to the most horrible imprecations and curses. I was fain to close my ears against those inhuman sounds.

Not until we had got beyond the reach of those angry voices, was there a word said above the breath. Never perhaps did as many human hearts, beat more stilly in their intense gladness. There were warm hands grasping each other, loving arms twining, and pale cheeks pressing together.

I never shall forget one group. Zindie was reclining, with the little one nestling in her bosom. Simao was standing over them, with his strong arms crossed, his noble head bending, and every feature so filled with a devout and tender joy, that the usually great strength and breadth of expression in his face became almost cherubic, with the sweetness of his new-born hopes. Good heavens ! I thought, if I could but have put that picture which was then before me on the canvas, it would have spoken more for the slave and the negro, than volumes of dry sermonizing, or cold discussions. "We are all here—all," were the first audible words I heard. And then a pair of arms came around me ; and I folded my good Robert to my heart, with such a fullness of love, as only the faithful can feel, and behold in each other.

For a moment his hands unclasped, and he seemed weak as a little child. I really thought he had fainted ; but on loosening his cravat he revived ; and then he laid his head in my bosom, and I felt the tears dropping over my hands. He has not a re-

markable degree of physical strength, but very great irritability of the system, which will work miracles, so long as he can keep himself in motion. But at length, it will drop down suddenly, and leave him wholly exhausted. It was not strange, that one thus constituted, and of usually quiet and studious habits, should have been overcome by the incessant strain of exertion and excitement, for many long hours. The greatest wonder was, that he could have done so much. But if his bravery was honorable, his true human feeling, that spoke in those loving and honest tears, was still more beautiful.

We were miles away before any one spoke of the prisoners we had left behind; and then, in brief terms, it was explained, that Mr.—— and his friends were made fast for the night—that their boat was secured, and a knife was near by one of them, who, when he could see the knot, would find no difficulty in freeing himself, and setting the others free. We were to bid adieu to the Indian friends who had served us so faithfully, at a little distance below, and take possession of a vessel disguised as a lumber boat, with which it was hoped we might enter the city before daylight. We had, however, secured to ourselves two faithful oarsmen, of that remarkable people, whose history, and whose character, I am very anxious to study.

The more I see of the American Indians, the more am I persuaded that they have elements of power, which are not only very important, but necessary, to the future progress and prosperity of the world. That they have certain special and essential relations to the civilization of the future, I cannot doubt, when I see how truly they have preserved the integrity of nature; but in what precise manner it may be unfolded, I do not yet comprehend.

Never shall I forget the quiet of that first hour, after the immediate danger, with all its straining anxieties, was removed, and the bare sense of relief seemed to bring with it the peace and joy of Heaven. All felt it. It was in the whole atmosphere, and we took it in with every breath. Zindie, with her boy, and the little girls, all slept with their arms interlacing each other.

But Simao could not sleep. He was reclining at a little distance, his cheek leaning on his hand, regarding them with looks that were full of the infinite thoughts of the future—the freedom—the humanity—into which they were just emerging. He seemed to be scanning the process philosophically, as one would look at a chrysalis, to see how the bright wings, and the perfect form, should be first unfolded. It was a beautiful scene to me, and all I most wished was, that the negro haters could have truly witnessed it.

But I seem to have renewed, by retrospection, the weariness of that hour, and I must now close.

If I am successful, as I hope to be, in establishing our affairs in Rio and New York, I shall soon be able to send for my brother and sister. In the meantime, believe that there is no love that can make me forget this of my earliest friends—the precious children of my mother.

We are now approaching the Brazilian coast. Thinking of Theodosia, I wonder often, if our sweet thoughts have not been carrier doves between us, conveying mutual intelligence, which yet we dare not recognize as truth.

Adieu now, my brother; for with that theme I prefer solitude and repose.

Thine;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXXVII.

SENHORA IPHIGENIA SILVEIRA.

Robert keeps his own Counsel—Arrival in the City—Walk—Write Letters—Dine—The Telegraphic Dispatch—Hunting the Fugitives—Robert's Story—The Brazilian Equipage—General Interest and Observation—Officers search the Ship—They are stationed along the Wharves—Shahmah is disheartened for his friends—The Brazilian Family embark—General Attentions of Officers and Men—Shahmah becomes disgusted—They get off—Family and Servants described—Shahmah Introduced to the Grand Senhora—Meets an old Friend—How it all happened—Beautiful Communion—Happy and Grateful Hearts.

SKIPPER SHIP VULCAN, Jan. 16.

BROTHER HASSAN :

Returning at once to the former subject, which I am anxious to close, before another more engrossing comes up, I will say, in short terms, that our arrival in New Orleans was effected in due season, and that without accident or obstruction. We were, however, hailed once or twice, in a courteous way, and duly reported that we had lumber from Sheldon, Arms and Co., Davenport, to Houston, Hart and Co., New Orleans.

Having landed in a deep cove with our real lumber kept snug below, while there was a great show of large business, though with but small capital above, Robert and myself immediately went ashore, leaving in the box of a cabin, our property in the human catalogue, and that without my being able to learn anything in regard to the disposition that was finally to be made of it. Robert was so reserved concerning the matter, that, after various futile attempts, I resolved to let him keep his own counsel. He, however, cut off short the sorrowful thoughts I had in taking leave of them, and even the adieu itself, by hurrying me on shore.

Having taken a ramble about town, and attended to the vari-

ous minor matters one has to think of before a voyage, we took a room at the St. Charles Hotel, and ordered dinner, it being the policy of Robert to court, rather than shrink from, observation and notoriety at this juncture ; and though I had my fears at the time, I now see it was best. We also wrote to our friends in F., informing them of our position ; though Robert assured me that this was hardly necessary, any farther than very briefly and blindly to assure them of our safety, as they were prepared to expect a sudden movement in that direction. But with what anxiety they must have contemplated it, with the safety of this darling brother, and all these great humanitary and personal interests at stake !

Robert, moreover, charged me to be so guarded in expression, as to give the letter no power to tell tales, even if it should be opened—which would not be very strange. Such things had been done, and would be again.

Before we had fairly risen from our seats at dinner, there was a great bustle in the adjoining rooms, when Robert, advising me to sit still, went out to learn the cause. On his return, with a look of the utmost unconcern, he threw me a telegraphic dispatch from Baton Rouge, saying at the same time : "The news has got down."

And then, he as carelessly added a word, as if for any spies, or loiterers, who might have been observing us. "We shall get hold of them yet. They must be round in the swamps somewhere, and they can't escape us." Upon which a gentleman came up, and asked if we knew anything about the runaway niggers from up the river.

This was just what he wanted ; and, in return, he gave his own version of the affair, describing at some length the capture of the officers and citizens, by a company of Hoosiers (mind, he did not say Indians), who had come in to the assistance of the slaves—that he and his friend, meaning me, had escaped out of their hands ; and having been taken on board a lumber boat, had reached the city in safety. He dwelt on the dangers we had

escaped, and especially those we had dared in behalf of this great principle of Southern Rights, touching every part that could be made subservient to effect, with the highest coloring.

This story produced a great deal of interest, which was to me annoying in the extreme; and it called forth so much observation, and so many questions, that I trembled for the result. Not so Robert. He dashed on, hap-hazard, happy in his revelations of the present moment, and trustful for those of the next, I, meanwhile, hardly knowing which to admire most, his ingenuity or his effrontery—unless it was the good and true heart, which I knew lay below all. We were, in short, the heroes of the hour. Crowds gathered about us, and the officers who had only come in for a moment, were detained from their search about the wharves which they were prosecuting with the utmost diligence.

In the midst of this confusion a very splendid equipage drove up, and there was a general reaction, all the runners, waiters, and supernumeraries of the hotel, making a rush for their several posts, gentlemen stepping out on the piazzas, and strangers, visitors, and citizens, among whom were Robert and myself, flocking to the windows.

It was under this full blaze of observation, that an elegantly dressed lady alighted from her carriage, and, as I thought, was rather disconcerted by it. And curiously enough it happened that, as her own valet was out of the way for the moment, when she came out of the carriage, the policeman very gallantly tendered his hand, to steady her steps, for she appeared either much agitated, or extremely weak. Just at the moment the gentlemanly landlord passed along, who is well known to both Robert and myself.

"Is there no way to disperse these barbarians?" said the doctor, addressing him. "You see the lady has no other protector than her aged valet, and this idle curiosity must be a great nuisance to her."

The hint was sufficient. The crowd dispersed, and the lady, with her family and servants, was duly escorted to her private

rooms, where I heard incidentally, dinner was served to them in as sumptuous style, as their great wealth, and high rank might have any reason to expect. I also learned that the distinguished guests were the Senhora Iphigenia Silveira, just from New York, and on her way to Brazil, with her daughters and servants.

Directly after, Robert informed me that we must lose no time in getting on board, and thus broke short the train of reflections caused by this splendid equipage, and the vulgar interest it had excited.

The ship was said to be just ready to sail, and was only waiting for us. But notwithstanding, a delay of several hours occurred, during which time, the officers, with their search-warrant, came on board, and turned every part of the ship, as far as possible, inside out. The search was at length completed; and we were really then, about getting off, though I had begun to have a nervous anxiety about it, as if the potent spells of some evil genii hung over us; for when I saw the officers, disappointed as they were, malicious and hungry-looking, station themselves at short intervals, so that they could command a view of every part of the crowded wharf, I could not forbear trembling for the fugitives, and wondering where they were, and how they should escape the fangs of the law. I could not resist the feeling that prompted me to whisper something of this to Robert, as we stood together leaning over the railing of the promenade deck, and watching the operation of getting loose. He answered only by a gesture that led me to notice an unusual stir along the Levée, and there, making its way heavily through the crowd, was the same Brazilian equipage we had left at the hotel.

"Ha!" said Robert; "so the most honorable Senhora, with her family, are to be our fellow passengers; if, indeed, in the plenitude of her high rank and fortune, she may deign to shine upon us, common mortals."

Hardly had he done speaking when, this time promptly assisted by her valet, the lady alighted; and as she passed along the platform to the ship, the same officer, who had before been

so civil, could not content himself, as it seems, without a renewal of gallantries. At first, saluting her with a very low bow, and finding it returned or sanctioned by a gracious nod from the lady, he furthermore walked on the other side of her, in passing over the platform, and then performed the same service in protection of her daughters, who were respectively under the escort of a tall Brazilian officer, and a mulatto nurse.

I could see that the lady, herself, seemed to shiver ; and I thought they all rather shrunk from these attentions, notwithstanding they were proffered in the most civil and respectful manner. But the illustrious party passed into the ship, where they were received by the captain with every demonstration of courtesy, and conducted to their state rooms.

From the first moment I looked on her, there was an uncommon interest hung about this person. In the bare glimpses I had of her face and form, I thought she was very beautiful; but I felt also that there had been inharmony, or unhappiness somewhere. There was a tremor in the elegantly turned foot, and in the finely moulded hand and arm, that startled, and became painfully suggestive to me. I thought, however, that I had not seen in America a group of persons with so distinguished an air. I have speculated much on this subject, whether the fact of illustrious descent through many generations, does not give one a consciousness of nobility, that inevitably comes to *be* the thing it assumes.

These people were elegantly dressed; but I thought to myself: "It cannot be that the mere clothes they wear gives them this look of nobleness." And I thought again, as they came nearer : "There is, there must be, something in this consciousness of high rank, that naturally would, and does, produce a corresponding dignity in the mind and carriage, until it finally becomes a part of the character itself."

The little misses were slight and timid girls, the elder just verging into womanhood. I did not wonder at this timidity, seeing they had probably been kept much secluded. Besides the

Brazilian escort, there were several colored servants; but I did not get distinct views of any them, except the man, who was an aged negro. I noticed his head, which was well formed, and the long white hair and moustaches. These with the tall, but now gently stooping figure, gave a kind of Oriental dignity, and even grandeur to his whole aspect. The white head was bowed beneath the weight of years; and his once strong limbs trembled, as he moved in quiet and courtly style about his lady, for whose comfort he seemed very solicitous. He had the air of one who might have held a high official station in some of the Oriental courts. Seldom have I seen a human figure so imposing.

There was considerable excitement as the elegant and courtly group passed along the saloons; and I, myself, had seemed to feel more for them than merely the simple fact, that they were to be our fellow passengers. The Senhora everywhere was received with the greatest deference. The common sailors raised their caps as she went by; and the passengers stood graciously aside for her to pass, or gently bowed as she came near.

At length I became disgusted, with what seemed to me a mere, vulgar curiosity and homage. "All this," I thought, "money does; for if this same woman should be, at this moment, divested of the paraphernalia of wealth, there would be none here so poor as to do her service." Thus utterly loathing this vulgar and degrading Mammon worship, I turned away, and soon forgot the grand-looking Senhora and her indiscriminating sycophants; for deeper thoughts saddened and oppressed me. And so the sun-set fell upon us; and with its last rays, I said good night to the land of slavery, weeping to think that the peerless Land of Freedom, I had greeted so lovingly on my first arrival, was nowhere to be found. But the morning and the evening are only *one* day. Is there not a more benignant day yet hidden away among the darkness of the future? I wait for the dawning thereof; and if I did not believe it, I should pray that my life be cut off in the midst; for who would live, as the witness only of wrong?

But I return to the events of my story: for the drama I was so unconsciously developing, is not yet played out.

In the morning the Senhora did not appear early. Was she over-fatigued, or sorrowful at leaving friends, or ill? Or was this simply her custom? At length she came out of her state-room, and passed along the saloon, supported on one side by her duenna, and on the other by her gentleman of honor, while the old black valet walked behind, leading the little girls, one of whom kept the hand of a little mulatto child, whom I had not before seen. They had hardly passed us when Robert took hold of my arm, and surprised me by saying: "You must have an introduction to the Senhora Iphigenia. She would like to speak with you."

"Do you really know her?" I asked, turning to attend him.

"Not as well as I hope to," he replied; and, as it seemed to me, with a very curious look.

Thus saying, he led the way across the saloon, toward the lady, who was speaking to her servant, with the face aside. We came close to her without being perceived, when Robert familiarly laid his hand on hers. The action, which was precisely that of an old friend, surprised me; but I was not long in doubt.

The head turned quickly toward us; and veiled only by those long, drooping lashes, with the radiance of their first joy melting into tears, I met the large, grateful, quadroon eyes of Zindie. Neither of us could speak; but we all clasped each other by the hand, as we stood there; and if the kind heavens ever looked into more grateful hearts than were throbbing in that small circle, it can only be once in a long period of time. But as words could not express our emotions, so words cannot describe them. Here they all were, a whole and happy family, as you have, ere this, been interpreting for yourself. You have doubtless recognized the mulatto servant as Mary Ann, the Brazilian gentleman as the strong and stately Waughban, and the aged valet as our friend Simao. Are not the Entertainments of the Thousand and One Nights outdone by this wonderful Drama of Life, which I

have not only seen, but have actually assisted to unfold? What does it want but to be put into the mouth of an Eastern story-teller, to be the most thrilling and marvellous ever told?"

January 18.—I have been talking with Robert this morning, in regard to the part he took in the late, happily-ended adventure; for it has been *one* of the great Americam mysteries, that he could have been able to speak, act, and even look, so out of all proper character. His reply was simple enough:

"It was precisely because I *could* act, and you *could not*, that things went on as they did. You must know that I once took an important part in private theatricals; and by the study it required, as well, perhaps, as by a natural aptitude, I became quite an adept in personation. So I had merely to imagine an extension of my stage, and an improvisation of my speech, and I went on without any serious qualms of conscience at the moral obliquities that came into my part. This is the grand secret of my fortunate strike upon the key note, without making any jar. There is no telling how far mere empty sound will go. I have outswaggered, outswelled, and outsworn them all; and, to crown the whole, have taken the premium for lying; and if I have sinned in this, may God forgive me; for he best knows how earnestly I have tried to do that, which I believed would be most pleasing in his sight."

"It is a miracle to me, notwithstanding," I said.

"I am well aware of that," he returned; "and it is for that very reason, and no other, that I kept you out of the secret. I knew that you could not do otherwise than tell the plain, simple, direct truth. You now acknowledge my providence in getting all things aboard, as well as the warm coats and wrappers, that were so comfortable down the river."

"Yes; as well as in the swamp ambuscade, the getting ashore, and a number of other things," I answered; "but still the great mystery is to me—*how you did it*."

"As to the first," he answered, "it was all very simple. We took up the stones from a patch of muck, and covered it with

light bushes instead. One of the negroes, the morning before, fortunately cut himself; and as the wound bled profusely, it occurred to me to catch the blood, and make *that* use of it. So, as I was the surgeon called to dress the wound, I drew as large a contribution as the case would bear, before binding it up; and, as you saw, I made excellent capital of it. By sprinkling it profusely over the place, the hounds were first attracted, and then the masters. After this, nothing more was wanted than a hint that it was miry, and a bit of advice not to go that way."

But notwithstanding this explanation, it was all to me like a sojourn in Kaf-Land *. I was roused from my reverie by the pleasant voice of my friend, who was arranging his trunks.

Shaking out a certain garment which belongs, of right, to the fairer sex, and along with it several little frocks and aprons, he said jocosely: "Look here, Shah; isn't this a tolerably fair outfit, for a bachelor?"

"Truly," I answered, "have you been a thoughtful friend, as well as a brave deliverer." I could not laugh with him; for I was thinking of his goodness. I had wondered much at the immense amount of luggage he had sent off; but now I saw what was indeed true, that he had taken the risk and responsibility of transporting the clothes, and personal possessions of the whole party—even to the toys of little Kitty. Robert is a rare man. It is pleasant to think one can be so brave and true, in what would be to the world but an ignoble—and to those more nearly connected with it, a criminal affair. It is rich to know that there is an integrity, that can neither be bribed, nor intimidated—that there is a true generosity, even in this selfish world; and, what is more, in this *most* selfish clan and country.

And what do you say to my theory of inherent nobleness? I cannot go into any speculation on the subject now. I know that Zindie seems far grander to me since I have recognized her, than before. She is truly noble—almost queenly, now that she

* Mt. Kaf, which surrounds the earth, like a ring, is the abode of Deëves and Peris, or supernatural beings of the Persian mythology.—Ed.

is really free; and though not improved by culture, she has a good mind, with manners of more than ordinary refinement. The simple fact of outside, mechanical learning will come easily, I have no doubt. And in respect to ancestry, after all, we know not what royal blood, of what highly-developed races, may be flowing in her veins.

Here we are, all together. Robert and I do not make a great show of intimacy with this really noble family; though the captain understands it very well; and sometimes, in the still and shady nights, we love to stand a little aside, and see them all clustered, and clinging, and twined together, so profoundly happy in their quick, new sense of freedom and reunion, it would seem as if, in spite of all ordinary trouble, this earth would be an Eden, if it only left them at liberty, and together.

Jan. 19.—In accepting the testimonies that have been forced upon me, do I stand here, to-day, to denounce American slavery —to impeach the integrity of that nation, that is murdering freedom, with a lie in its mouth? No. Slavery, itself, does this. It holds up its Branded Hand, before God and the whole world, thus dumbly invoking judgment. It touches the Levitical Law, and calls for that Year of Jubilee, that never comes. It grasps the Christian Gospel, and demands the mutual recognition of the Golden Rule. It points significantly to the Declaration of Independence, and asks for the reinstatement of that principle, for which it fought and bled, bearing its chains meekly and hopefully, all the while. It questions of its violated humanity—its dishonored wives and daughters—its stolen husbands—its separated families—its scourged and toiling bodies—its dark and dwarfish minds. And will it be forever disregarded? No. It invokes judgment by all its sufferings, all its wrongs, all its degradation, all its crimes—by the right of all being to unfold and progress, according to the laws of its life—by the right to be strong—by the right to be true—by the right to be wise—by the right to be good—by the right to be happy—by all that men *should be*, and slaves are forced to *become*, it demands restitution. And who

hears? God. And the answer is coming. Listen; watch; pray; strive; lest it come in shame and sorrow—lest it come in blood and fire—lest it come in woe and death.

What hope is in this people now, if they do not create to themselves a truer life—a life that can be unfolded only through active and uncompromising justice?

I must leave this; for the struggles and terrors, that I see lurking everywhere in ambush, overwhelm me with grief and astonishment.

From over this far sea, I am gathered back to my native land, to home, and thee, and Youley. Still I turn to the region of the Faithful; and the beautiful Felizia is always my unshadowed, my castle of delights.

And thus I bid thee adieu;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE BLISSES OF REUNION.

Rapid Views of Rio Janeiro—Islands—Mountains—First Port—Second Port—Birds—Flowers—Roads—The City—Forests—Groves—Arrival at Gloria—Kind and Loving Reception—The Spirit of the Alcove—The Surprise—More Beautiful than ever—Robert Welcomed—They send for the Fugitives and entertain them—A Happy Evening—The Charméd Life—Theodosia tells her Love—Shahmah thinks how it might have been—Statistics of Brazil.

BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, Jan. 24, 1853.

BROTHER HASSAN:

We have been delayed for a few hours in getting ashore, and I must while away the time between me and Theodosia, by sketching for you with pen, as I hope some time to do with pencil, the aspect of this beautiful city, as we approach it from the sea. But not without telling you, though I feel I need not, what blisses—what raptures—what divine enchantments—are luring me away to that beautiful home, where my heart assures me I shall find Theodosia, safe and well, though I have not heard from her since she left New Orleans, on that evening when, if the American laws had been put in force, she would have been compelled into shame and ruin, unless she had perished by her own hand. This thought comes to me sometimes with such a goading sense, that I feel as if I could sting it back into the consciousness of that hard-headed and hard-hearted nation. I do not choose this topic, either for thought, or speech, or writing, but it obtrudes itself upon me—not in the name of Theodosia only, but of all her sex. How can any who have even a decent respect for women, live quietly under such laws?

But I will turn to the more genial subject suggested above.

When, sailing from North America, you are making for Rio de Janeiro, the first indication of it is Cape Frio, about 60 miles east. Then Round Island appears, and soon after Razor Island, when the whole coast of Brazil, as far as the eye can stretch, comes plainly into sight. You turn from left to right and from right to left—you look ; you gaze ; you are filled with admiration and astonishment. You are almost pained with the beauty you behold, so rich and wonderful is its development, so perfect and overwhelming its power. At first an intense amazement seizes you, and takes possession of all your faculties. No such landscape scenery ever before presented itself to your wondering gaze, or had ever risen before your entrancéd sight, even in the unbounded conception of dreams. It is only when you become somewhat familiar with it, that you begin to enjoy.

As far inland as the view can wander—as far up and down the coast as you can see—valleys, hills, peaks and mountains in every form, are spread out, and rise up before you, like a picture of enchantment. Such a wonderful wealth of beauty you cannot yet conceive of as being real. You are a moment diverted from the almost too intense pleasures of the view, by the remarkable varieties of form in these mountain ranges, which not only like a vast and abrupt amphitheatre, inclose and shelter the city, but they also pervade and intersect it. Here they round out with a gradual swell, like large hay-stacks ; there they lift up their abrupt walls into huge sugar-loaves. Now they expand into broad arches, or range away into castellated structures, with towers and battlements ; and again they shoot up into the clear blue with a sharp outline, like slender and lofty spires. In short, so varied and beautiful are the forms, that you almost unconsciously think of some giant architect, and wonder whether he has exhausted all his strength and fancy in their production.

You pass the entrance to the bay, with the Sugar-loaf Mountain on one hand, and the First Port on the other ; and here you are hailed to give information of your name, where you are from, and how many days out. All this is done very quietly, and

without coming to. You proceed up the bay, and your delight increases to ecstasy ; for the whole panorama of unequalled natural scenery, opens at once to a full and near view. The same wonderful variety in all things, everywhere greets the eye. The numerous rocks that stretch along the shore give an aspect to the scene at once grand and picturesque. Bays, capes and promontories, rapidly succeed each other, and numerous little green islands, like a necklace of emeralds, wind over the rounding bosom of the queenly city. As far back as you can see you behold mountains rising above mountains. They stretch before you. They expand on either hand. Straggling through the valleys, or winding picturesquely up the hills and mountains, roads or foot paths open in every direction, leading off the mind, with all those deep and suggestive human interests, that seem to hang about unknown paths. In the distance lies the city, with its spires and larger buildings relieved against the sky. On the left you look down, as far as the eye can reach, into a large street, which skirts the city and bay. Directly ahead is the island upon which the Second Port is built ; and a little farther on you come in sight of Snake Island. All over the land, in the valleys, at the base of the mountains, amid large clumps of shrubbery and clusters of trees, behind and on top of the large rocks, peeping out from every niche, nook, and corner, and winding up to the very mountain-tops, you see the white houses, smiling at you with inviting allurement. With the same reach of vision you see the orange, lemon, coffee, cocoa, and banana groves—some laden with their ripe fruits, others shedding forth their sweet smell, and showering down their fragrant blossoms upon all. Trees of inconceivable majesty, grace, and beauty everywhere adorn the scene, from the dark crown of the Brazilian Pine, to the silk-cotton tree, with its delicate and feathery foliage. You behold the land covered everywhere with a most prolific vegetation, here a wood, there a clump of shrubbery. Yonder the forest, embosoming in its profound depths unimaginable splendors, stretches its gorgeous drapery over the distant hills—and everywhere,

overspreading the whole earth, are ten thousand flowers, many of which seem to mock the analysis of the botanist, and as yet have no name. Thousands of coast birds, often of the most brilliant colors, are seen flapping their large wings, or riding carelessly on the gliding waves, giving by every motion, life and animation to the scene.

If you run close in shore you are charmed by the hosts of other birds ; and you are filled with delight and wonder at the variety and brilliancy of their plumage, and the rapidity and vivacity of their motions. And you think, perhaps, that the flowers or the gems have taken wing, as you see the insects, like a shower of rubies, sapphires and emeralds, darting through the air. In short, the gorgeous splendors of the scene are utterly inconceivable, and the eyes that are unused to them soon become pained, and require rest.

I am interrupted. We shall get to shore directly. Adieu, then, for this time.

Gloria, Jan. 30.—I have been—nay, I am—at the beautiful home of Theodosia. Shall I speak of the improved appearance of Mr. Bennett and the really parental greeting that he gave me, or of the Padré and Madame ? Be assured that all with them was as I could wish, and more than my fondest wishes anticipated.

Go with me then to a small circular alcove in the western terrace of this palace-like structure. It is a kind of fairy bower, where the rarest things both of nature and art are grouped rarely. The walls and pillars are of a cool, delicate rose-white, as if the color itself were an essence of the soft blooms that appear amid the profusion of trailing vines, delicate and varied in foliage, flower and perfume, that are growing somewhere, and cling and clasp at everything they can reach, almost hiding the exquisite marbles—statuettes and busts—which they crown and drape. The lattice of the wide door and windows is thrown back, opening the view of highly ornamented grounds, descending to a clear stream of water in the distance.

n so lovely a place as this, did I find my Theodosia, who is self lovely enough to make all places pleasant. She was lining on a low oriental couch, and looking wistfully toward e new moon and the evening star, that were just beginning to e defined in the clear and ambery twilight.

I looked at her almost with wonder. I had forgotten how resplendently beautiful she is. And yet, this does not at all express what I wish to convey. There was a spiritual light and glory about her that woke in me the feeling of prayer; and with devoutly folded hands, I stood there in the silence, before my Beautiful, my Sanctified. It was so heavenly to look upon her, with that reposeful, but at the same time, prayerful expression, that I almost feared to break the charm. Thus I stood, calmly watching and willing her to see me. And she answered me. With a slow turn of the graceful head, with a slow lifting of the radiant eyes, she seemed to feel my presence even before she saw me.

And then, O my brother, how she came to me! with what undisguised love, and joy, and sweetness, folding herself in my outreaching arms; and then, in her deep happiness, nestling silently in my bosom. It was so beautiful, so immaculately pure and tender, that my rapture was chastened, thus to share emotions so delicious, and yet so fine and delicate.

"Oh, come to papa!" were almost the first words she uttered, lifting her head from the bosom where I still gathered her, and smiling through her tears. "Come to papa, and let me put my arms round you both together, that I may thus know I have you both once more restored to me, my two best—my two dearest—my two most precious!"

And the father, at the same time, was standing there, with a divine benediction in his heart and eyes. We sat down all together; nor was the presence of the tender parent any check upon the freedom of our pure loves.

It was then that I rehearsed to them the last drama, witnessing with fraternal joy the cordial reception of Robert, and how

truly Theodosia appreciated, and how eloquently she thanked him for his noble service.

The carriage was immediately ordered, and all our refugees were brought over to the fazenda. Words cannot do justice to the enthusiasm of the meeting, and the unbounded delight of Theodosia at the rescue of all, especially her dear little cousins, who are really becoming noble and intelligent girls.

"Oh, if Aunt Elize were but here!" exclaimed Theodosia, as she embraced them; "poor, dear, unhappy Aunt Elize!" At the name of their beloved friend and mistress, Zindie and the little girls burst into tears.

But notwithstanding these shadows, it was a happy evening that gathered us all together, conversing, or sitting in more expressive silence, until late in the night. There are some things that, when they come, seem worth suffering for, and which, if they could have been foreseen, the suffering itself could not have been so great. And this was one of them.

Simao has not yet marked out any settled plan for himself. They are all to stay here at Gloria until a safer shelter can be found; and it is beautiful to see the attentions they receive from our charming young hostess. Simao appears filled to overflowing with a deep, unsearchable happiness. The young girls are fast recovering their wonted gaiety, and in the companionship of Theodosia, who has received them like sisters, their human and womanly consciousness, along with their beauty, is fast expanding. But I fear much that poor Zindie has received her death-blow. She makes no complaint; but after this long life-struggle she has borne, with the late terrible shocks, it would not be strange if her constitution should now finally break down; though under these happier conditions she may revive.

My Robert, too, is here with me; and we no longer have any secrets for each other. He is so cordially glad for me in this happy love—though I often think he is rather saddened by his own bachelor condition—that his character appears more generous with every new day.

And do you ask how my Theodosia is changed, as changed she would almost certainly be, at her unconfirmed age? In person, the outline is more symmetrical, and the expression more mature. I can see now that she is more beautiful; but with these wonderful gifts, with this sweet and winsome spirit, a plain exterior would be charming. And thus I take her beauty, as all her other good gifts, and love her for it, because it is hers—and the possession of these qualities makes her what she is—a being to love, and be loved, not only with the affection of the innermost, but with the intellect and reason of the outermost. And thus I find both concentration and expansion in my love; and hence I know it is true, because it lives in all the faculties, and sates and inspires the whole being. I like not to think my Theodosia should be other than she is; and I rejoice to find the same madonna-like dignity and gravity, unexpectedly overtopping the same child-like simplicity and sweetness I used so much to love. It is one of the rarest and most beautiful gifts of nature, when these traits are combined genuinely in the same person.

And what of this charméd life we lead? Is it a dream—I often ask myself—or can it be real? If it *be* real, more than the heaven of the prophet has descended upon earth to bless me; for an houri like Theodosia, Mahomet never dreamed of. Every day we have a sweeter, a fuller, a more perfect companionship. We have not yet renewed our old studies. It is enough for us now to inhale, to absorb this beautiful love, which is the very spirit of the pure air and the radiant light of this ever-blooming land. Sometimes, for hours together, we sit almost without words, penetrated and filled with the infinite consciousness of love, that is so free and true in both of us.

I have also learned something of her heart-experience during our separation; and from this, too, I augur well for the future.

Her rare beauty has attracted much attention. But none of the young senhors, dons, or foreign gentles or nobles, who frequent the fazenda, have particularly interested her; for in

none has she found a response to the higher and holier nature with which she, as a child of genius, is preëminently endowed. And yet she seems to love everything that surrounds her. I rejoice to know that if there had not been a preoccupation of the heart she could not have loved these.

She revels amid the beauties of this glorious land, in one of the loveliest nooks of which she was nurtured from early infancy, though born in Louisiana; and like the flowers, and birds, and gems, she is nourished by the light, and bloom, and music, which are instincts of the clime.

She is a perfect child of nature under the happiest circumstances; and never did Nature cherish a more filial spirit—a more devout worshipper. She has known but little of the world, or of general society. In the home circle of friends, with her father, her tutor, and her governess, she has hitherto lived, perfectly contented and happy, because with them she could best enjoy the freedom, which, until that horrible American adventure, had never known the shadow of restraint.

Since this most blissful completeness of understanding in our reunion, I am grown covetous of happiness, and grudge every moment that might have been more truly understood and appreciated.

And I have thought, too, of the reverse of all this—how it would have been, if I had never spoken the word—how this young heart might have pined in secret, either brooding too faithfully over its cherished affection, or else have rushed—half-blindly, half madly—into an unloved marriage. But alas for Woman! Bound by the present forms of society, this is often her fate—to love in silence; and though a word might break the spell, to feel the weight of an oppressive custom crushing the heart, and paralyzing the tongue that would give it utterance.

But why should I, in the bright and blissful present, brood over these oppressive fancies, that sadden you, as well as me? I will, instead, do what will be much better for both of us—

give you some statistics, which I have been at pains to collect for you, of this rich and noble country.

The fine empire of Brazil stretches from 5° north to 34° south of the equator, and from 36° to 73° of west longitude, embracing about 3,400,000 square miles of territory, and a population of 7,000,000. It is watered by the largest rivers in the world. With every variety of surface, it has a very large proportion of the richest soil; and though chiefly included within the tropics, its climatic changes exhibit almost every degree of temperature known on the globe; for in ascending the high mountains, which extend from 10° south, to the extreme southern point, and from 40° to 55° west, you pass, by gradual transitions, from the atmosphere and productions of the torrid zone, to those of the temperate, often varied by the conditions of winter in the latter regions—frost and snow, on the highest peaks, being not uncommon. The tropical heat is also mitigated along the coast by the sea breezes, and seldom reaches 95° Fahr. But the temperature falls, as you advance southward, until, in the extreme southern part, it is much colder.

This country is but imperfectly understood and known. It is however gradually making its way in the world, and will, doubtless, soon obtain for itself all that interest and attention which a great, free empire, embracing conditions that are unrivalled by any other, may naturally expect and demand.

Here everything which administers to the wants, or contributes to the pleasure of man, is produced in the greatest abundance. I speak now not of what it has produced, but of its great capability of production. It is stated in McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary that three-fourths of all the coffee in the world is raised in Brazil; and this probably is hardly even a fair estimate. The finest Indian corn is grown here, and that widely diffused esculent the potato, is found in its highest excellence, and is undoubtedly native. They have every description of garden vegetables known in the United States, and others peculiar to themselves, among which is the mandioca root, *(jatropha)*, from which the

cassava bread of the country, and the tapioca of commerce are both supplied. The cocoa and vanilla, the dye-woods and medical plants of the tropics, are produced in the greatest abundance; one of the last-named, the ipecacuanha, being indigenous to Brazil.

The proper Brazil nut is about the size of a half-grown human head, and contains from a dozen to twenty well-flavored kernels, which are the cream-nuts of commerce. The fruits defy all description, as their delicacy and richness exceed all imagination of those who have never tasted them.

Cattle, hogs, sheep, goats, and all kinds of poultry, are raised successfully; but horses do not flourish in the warmer portions. No country presents stronger inducements for the settlement of farmers, for nowhere can a larger variety of produce be raised, or with less labor, and when raised command a higher price than here. It is pretty generally known and conceded, that the soil is of the best quality; and that the climate is one of the most healthy in the world no one can dispute. The government is one of the most steady, sound and reliable on the face of the earth; and the general good faith and honesty of the nation, none can dispute, or impeach. She offers the most liberal inducements to foreigners to settle in the country. She hails them with pleasure, and receives them with the confiding hospitality of her ever-open arms; for she knows that by so doing she is promoting the future prosperity of the country. In short, she cherishes no Young Brazil to insult, and if possible, realienate the stranger.

To mechanics and scholars she holds out equal inducements that they may come among her people, and enrich and elevate them by their superior knowledge, ingenuity and skill. But I must remember that we have a grand excursion to-day; so I will first hurry to post this, happy amid all other pleasant things, that I *can* now post my letters when I like.

Salaäm;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XXXIX.

SUDDEN AND TERRIBLE DISPENSATION.

Ascent of Corcovado—Scene from the Summit—Theodosia weeps—A Bright Scene closes—Mr. Bennett falls sick—His sudden Dislike to Shahmah—His Danger—The Will—The Guardian—Theodosia's Protest—Mr Bennett's Madness—Terrible Threats—Theodosia promises—Mr. Bennett dies—Theodosia's Grief—Peculiar Trials—She is comforted—Supposed Monomania—Fears of the Guardian—Opportunity and Temptation to Wrong.

GLORIA, Feb. 12.

BROTHER HASSAN:

Since my last writing we have made many excursions about the country. We are always attended by either the Padré or Madame, not suspiciously, but because we all prefer it. Robert has also been with us, but is now gone to assist Simao in getting business, and establishing his family. The noble negro has obtained a post on board the Pernambucana, a small steamer that plies between this and some port below, where his family are, for the present, to live, on account of its being more completely beyond the reach of Slicer. But I must tell you of our excursion of yesterday. We ascended to the summit of Corcovado, a treat which Theodosia had been promised for a long time. Passing through coffee plantations, groves of tamarinds and lemons, with groups and borders of orange and mangrove, we at length reached the point where it became necessary to dismount; and though a litter had been prepared for Theodosia, she insisted on walking all the way, a feat which she accomplished with seemingly less effort and fatigue than any of the party; though Madame had strenuously insisted, first, that

she must ride; and then, when Theodosia was good naturedly perverse, as she is sometimes, that she would be glad enough to call for help, long ere the summit was gained.

"Let her try," said Mr. Bennett, who wisely has encouraged the development of muscular strength. "Let her go on. It will be easy enough to stop when she can go no further."

And sure enough, it proved that Madame had miscalculated; for the girl, winding about hither and thither, now stopping to botanize, now pausing to catch some pleasant view, went gaily upward, with hands, and eyes, and heart, full and overflowing with her innocent but fervid joy. And whether Mr. Bennett, to gratify her pretty little vanity of being most active, detained the other members of the cavalcade, does not appear, but only the fact that Theodosia was first on the summit. And never did those lovely wilds echo a more musical shout than that which thrilled out from her soul, as the wide landscape lay, in one view, before her, the gayest and sweetest panorama, spreading out to the horizon. Even her father was greatly moved, though not remarkably ardent in his admiration of the beautiful, unless it is embodied in the human form; and then, in his singular devotion, it is nearly concentrated in the idea of his wife and daughter—the one lost—the other reabsorbing more than the loveliness of the departed.

"Oh! paint it! paint it, Shahmah!" was Theodosia's first exclamation; and then, as her eye wandered over the almost bewildering fairness of the scene, her emotion grew more intense.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the wide landscape that is there presented to the eye, whether one were scanning the single features, or taking in the whole effect. The transcendently beautiful bay of Nitherhoy, which forms the harbor, is so completely secluded by the encircling mountains, that it has received the poetic appellation of "Hidden Water," and is unrivalled by any similar scene in the known world. The shipping, seen in the distance, appeared like fairy fleets. The clear

waters of the bay—the sweet islands that gem its expanse of silver with dots of emerald—the fair city itself, which hardly appeared a city in the rural seclusion of its mountains—its picturesque environs—the endless variety of the broken hills, all dressed in the light airy verdure that clothes and crown them, the crested palms—the plume-like foliage of a thousand creepers—the deep seclusion of the valleys that peep out, like so many Edens, from the wooded and viny slopes—the castellated peaks of the mountains, shooting up into the wildest and most romantic forms, and the flashing white beaches of Praya Grande and Botofogo, were all seen through an atmosphere of such perfect transparency, as enhanced the beauty, which it yet made so clear and well defined.

Theodosia, in the depth of admiration, had been silent for some minutes; and then she sprang into her father's arms, and clinging to his bosom, said, pressing her cheek to his, while the tears streamed from her eyes, "How good is God to make this world so beautiful! And O, I am so happy that he has let me live—that he has let me live here, with you, and Shahmah!" and reaching out her hand to me, she drew me, also, into the close and dear circle of her inmost affections.

"And I do not forget dear Madame and the good Padré," she added, her vivacity breaking through, "only I have but two arms—and they are not the very longest!"

But I must not linger here. When we returned, after this day of unmingled happiness, I was surprised to find Theodosia weeping. She was oppressed, she said, by a dreadful presentiment of approaching evil, but could give no reason for it. I remembered the late events, and shuddered to think of the unprincipled men, who might be interested in laying snares for her. But Theodosia assured me that her father had discharged all his debts in New Orleans, and had also given her papers of legal manumission. Much as I was rejoiced at this, I yet failed to comfort her.

Thus the day that had begun with brightest hopes, and

sweetest smiles, ended, like many days in this changeful life; and the sun that had risen so gaily, set in tears.

As one who is about to leave some bright garden of elysium, casting a woeful eye on the wilderness and the desert, that, wild and dreary, stretch their haggard wastes over the distance, would fain turn back again to the blissful bowers, still lingering fondly on the borders, so would I fain clip the wings, were it possible, and abide forever amid the Loves and Joys that people Paradise. But alas for the vanity of such a thought! pure Happiness is an exile upon earth. She has no constant abiding place; and if, like an unknown angel, she may sometimes deign to visit us, there is no charm can secure her stay. Ere we are fully conscious that she has been ours, she spreads her irised wings in flight; and we recognize her only in her departure.

The augury was prophetic. The guardian angel of Theodosia, weeping as she did so, has suddenly dropped the curtain over this first, bright scene. I see that she must now be called to the development of a higher power, which can only come through the ministry of severer trials. But is this always to be necessary for us? Is there never in this earth-life, to be a time when the soul can develop, as it were naturally, and without these seemingly unnatural pangs and struggles?

I must not pursue these questions, but tell you what has happened—painful and terrible though it is. Little more than a week since, Mr. Bennett was seized with a malignant fever, which, from the first affected his brain in the most remarkable manner. The really paternal regard which he had always expressed for me, was suddenly set aside; and he became so irritable at my presence, that, at length, I was obliged wholly to absent myself. This was a great source of suffering, both to Theodosia and myself; but conceiving it to be the result of a mere temporary derangement, the Padré advised me to keep out of sight; though poor Theodosia was nearly overcome by it. But its consequences were more disastrous than we then dreamed of, or can at pre-

sent fully comprehend. In this trying hour, when I ought to have shared the vigils and anxieties of my poor Theodosia, I cannot tell you how bitter it was, thus to be alienated.

It soon became evident that neither medical skill, nor the prayers and tears of his daughter, might save the sick man. And he, too, though wild in most other points, had a clear conception of his danger. In this extremity he became greatly excited, and solicitous to persuade Theodosia of the justice of a former will, in which his brother, Mr. Slicer, was, in connection with the Padré, named as the guardian of the person and fortune of his child. He had chosen him, not because he had ever felt any great love, or even friendship for the cold, austere, and wily man of trade; but because he was his brother. He was, like many others, governed by a sentiment of consanguinity, in thus consigning to his trust so precious a charge. It may be said here, that he had always been almost willfully blind to his brother's faults; nor did even the Central American speculation, or the part which he took in regard to Theodosia, have any special effect in disabusing him of his mistaken trust.

"One of a cold and rigid temperament like him, is more likely to be honest—and when he looks on my little Theodosia—the fatherless—the motherless—his heart will soften and melt; for who can resist her beauty and sweetness? He is of her own flesh and blood; and he will—he must love her."

Thus had reasoned the proud father, several years ago, before he had left Rio, and when Mr. Slicer was comparatively a stranger; and under this impression he had added a codicil to his will, in which, with a rich legacy, he had intrusted him with a power, which, of all other men in the world, he was the most certain to abuse.

This act was suddenly revived in his mind; and having the instrument brought to him, he read it carefully, and then appeared to reflect on the matter for some time. He next ordered a servant to tell the Senhora Theodosia, that he would speak with her.

He sank back on his pillow as he spoke; for he was nearly exhausted; but his ear caught an echo of the soft step that came stealing into the room; and the wondering and weeping girl knelt beside his couch, and gently embraced him.

Theodosia had not been permitted to know the danger; but now she more than suspected it; for there were many sad signs; and there was a strange air about the whole house. Everything appeared dark and sad, and every person looked strange and unnatural. A constraint had been worn for her sake. But how mistaken is all such deception! Disease is sent, that, by its gradual action, the blow may be softened; but when it is thus disguised, terrible is the abrupt recognition of the impending bolt! awful is the sudden explosion of the inevitable death-doom! Theodosia had spent the whole night in tears and prayers; for while there was a single doubt, she could not be at ease. It was the first night of real sorrow since her return, and of how many was it the dark precursor! Now she did not speak; for every word, and all her pent-up tears, seemed choking her; but she nestled further into the bosom, and pressed her lips to his burning cheek. It seemed as if she had drawn hope from the very atmosphere of that familiar resting-place, or perhaps from the very clinging of her affectionate heart which, trusting in its own strength, felt that it could not let go its hold. Lifting her head, and looking in his face, she said imploringly, "Tell me, papa! tell me if you *are* better!"

"Better!" he repeated, with a mournful gesture; "yes, my love, better prepared, I trust, for the higher and holier life which now awaits me!"

"You do not mean, papa—you cannot mean that you will not now get well!" she cried—her words passing into a shriek that really cut the air with the sharpness of its intense anguish.

"My child! my daughter! Theodosia!" he returned! "you have now attained to the age of reason. Pray exercise it. You know that all here is transitory—that Death turns not aside from his path, whether it leads to the cottage, or the palace."

"Oh, do not speak so!" she replied, placing her hands before her eyes, as if she might thus exclude the fearful reality.

"Theodosia!" continued the sick man, "sooner, or later, trials await us all. Your mother was taken from me in the very morning of our union—in the fairest blush of our young hopes. Now you must learn submission, my child. I am to be taken from you!"

"But you still had something to love! You had me, papa! But I—oh! I must be left alone—*alone!*" she cried, with another shriek; while the very silence of those large rooms seemed to be filled with the sad echo of that dismal word as if it were repeated by pitying angels; and again, as if in accents of fiendish exultation over the defenceless prey, came screeching back those fearful syllables—"a-lone!"

"But, Theodosia, my love, you must command yourself," said Mr. Bennett, after another fierce struggle quieting himself. "Hear me, my child. From the day of your birth up to this, you have never before given me pain. You have only been a joy, and a blessing to me. Would you plant my death pillow with thorns of the keenest anguish? Would you pour molten lead over the plumes that are already expanding for heaven? Would you hurry me off, even before the few hours allotted me shall have expired, and with all this heaviness on my soul? Then make an effort at composure; do! do, my child!"

"I will try! oh, I will, papa!" she answered, and clasping her small hands together, she imploringly lifted them, while the lids were closing over the upturned eyes, as if to shut out all but heaven, she appeared silently invoking strength. And how much strength was latent in that tender heart, no one, as yet, knew; though its effects were directly manifest. She became almost instantly quiet and subdued, as if some hovering angel had breathed into her bosom a holy calm.

"I am stronger now," she said, after a moment's abstraction. "Tell me, dear papa, what you wish. I will still be worthy of you."

"God bless you, my Theodosia!" he fervently ejaculated; and again drawing her tenderly to his arms, he held her there a moment; and then motioning her to sit beside him, he said. "And now, my child, promise me that you will not indulge in vain grief for my loss. You have hitherto lived as a part of me. You must now learn that you have an individual character to achieve, and an individual mission and work to do in life. The world is full of beauty and truth. You have both a heart and a mind, to love and expound its divine teaching. The elements of happiness will be still around you; for the great Soul of the Universe has infused them into all things. Wherever God lives and breathes, and makes himself manifest by unnumbered acts of love to the obedient and conscious soul, there must be peace and hope, and joy, passing the comprehension of the unawakened senses. Remember, my child, that to repine at the inevitable is, at least, unwise; but to resist, or murmur at the dispensations of Divine Providence, or to suffer an unavailing sorrow to come between us and present duties, is very wicked. Promise me, child, that you will remember, and strive to obey all that I now require of you."

"I will remember, papa; and I will obey," she repeated firmly —"all that you say now—all that you have ever said." But the thought of that beautiful past, which was now so suddenly to terminate, again subdued her; and sinking into his arms, she was yielding to her tears, when perceiving the distress they would cause, with an effort that seemed almost superhuman, she controlled herself; and whispering, "You are tired, papa. I will go out and let you rest;" and softly kissing his cheek, she drew herself away.

But motioning her back again, he said, averting his eyes at the same time, as if he knew how painful a thing he had to unfold: "I have appointed your uncle to be your guardian. Be obedient to him; and strive to love him as you have loved me."

She gasped, she choked, she almost fainted; but still she

struggled for right. "Oh, not him, papa—not him!" she exclaimed, with a look of almost frantic terror.

He grasped her hands with the fearful strength of insanity; and with his burning eyes fixed upon her, he said: "Yes, him—my brother and your uncle. Promise me," he continued, "promise that you will obey and strive to love him, or I shall curse you with my last breath."

"O no, papa!" exclaimed the frightened girl, "do not curse me! I will do anything—do not curse me. Do you know me, papa—me, your child—your Theodosia? Oh, do not look so! I *will* promise!"

"Heaven bless you, my dearest love!" he murmured, losing at once the insane and fierce look in the recognition of his child.

Encouraged by this, Theodosia struggled for one more chance of freedom. "Dear papa," she said, bending nearer and touching his hair caressingly; "sweet papa, why can I not be married—married now? Do you know that Shahmah is here and wishes it; and our good Padré and Madame think it is best?"

"Who is Shahmah?" he returned, suddenly clutching at her, with a more terrible look of returning madness.

The shock was too much. Theodosia fell to the floor fainting, and was thus removed from the apartment. When she went back, she was an orphan.

The tender sapling that has always reclined against its parent stem, when the prop is thus suddenly withdrawn, may languish and droop long, ere it can securely poise itself on its own basis, or learn to live and grow solely by its own strength; yet such a process is essential, or it can never become a tree. The struggle was indeed more bitter than Theodosia had conceived; for how should she, out of the sweet harmonies of her previous existence, have truly imagined aught of bitterness? There is no process of the reason that can heal at once the lacerated fibres of a tender and loving heart. The one all-engrossing thought of loss must, while it is yet unfamiliar, barb every old association with poignant anguish. To Theodosia the death-

sorrow was enhanced by the terrible circumstances under which it had come. But her trustful and happy nature could not long be content with the shadowy side of any question that had relation to its loves; and the distress and chagrin she at first really felt, subsided at length into a sweet and tender pity.

"Poor, dear papa!" she would say; "how he must grieve now, if he remembers what he has done."

Then, as if afraid of reflecting the least shadow of blame on his actions or feelings, she would say: "But it was his disease. Ah, that poor, troubled, sick brain! He must know how it was, and he will not suffer remorse. We can see now why he could never perceive the wrong his brother had done him. It was because that terrible sickness had affected his mind."

Then again she would suddenly exclaim, as if she had been long pondering on the subject, "And he loved my dear Shahmah so well! Ah! sad it is now to think that he went away without looking in that good face, or pressing once more that kind hand!"

And thus she comforted herself. It was also the opinion not only of the Padré and Madame, but of the physician, that a kind of monomania had supervened for some time previous to the present attack. Dr. Walcott, a learned and skillful New England man, also suggested that the disease had been induced by some terrible shock which the brain must have received within a few months, and which had continued to act upon a strongly sanguine and highly nervous constitution. And in this explanation I can see how the anomaly of almost willful blindness came to be induced in one who was on other topics not by any means obstinate. It was a morbid and diseased adhesiveness, abnormally excited, and thus in a moment of frenzy daguerreotyped on the brain, with a simple inversion of the true image.

And here is one victim of that most wicked man. Will he be content with this? I am really troubled at times in regard to the future movements of Mr. Slicer. I fear much that one so cunning and unprincipled as he, will want neither motives nor

expedients to induce and aid him in transcending his prerogative. But the Padré thinks that, as the will provides that Theodosia shall not be separated from her tutor and governess, whose livings are expressly defined, they will, undoubtedly, be able to protect and defend her. And, besides, here in Brazil they will have a great advantage over him ; for Mr. Bennett has been a remarkably popular man in all his relations, and his intimate associates and friends are among the best in the empire. There are, besides, very large estates here, vested in lands in and about Rio, which, by simple rise in value, have already expanded into millions, and may into millions more, if only left undisturbed. But all this, when *I* look at it, only seems to me the greater temptation to that insatiable cupidity which knows no other God, no other life, than money.

The Padré has also spoken of our marriage, which, as it appears to me, in view of all the circumstances, would now be judicious ; though I should far rather wait four or five years than bring my Theodosia into any condition for which the completely unfolded strength of nature had not prepared her.

But the Padré thinks we had best defer this matter till we hear from the guardian, hoping thus to conciliate ; whereas, any precipitate measure would be almost certain to offend. With this argument I am forced to content myself, though I have not forgotten the horrible confession he made in my presence, coolly suggesting, that not to lend his aid to any means that would outlaw his brother's heir, was a degree of short-sightedness of which the acute Mr. Slicer was not to be considered guilty. I shall never forget the audacious self-possession with which he uttered this. If the will had just been made, it might be broken by the positive proof of mental disability in the testator. But it was made years ago, and is, confessedly, the act of a clear and unbiased mind. Was there ever seen such a web as this ? And out of all these meshes, will not that wily and wicked man weave snares for the innocent and helpless ?

Theodosia seems to have nearly forgotten the last part of the

death scene, and to remember only that fond and really conscious exclamation: "Heaven bless you, my dearest love!" These words she softly repeats to herself, day by day, and hour by hour; and they are so sweet, so soothing, it seems as if some strengthening angel were breathing round, and in her soul. Though she has often in sleep stretched out her arms to clasp the dear form that is forever removed, and in the sudden waking, felt the whole burden of sorrow fall upon her heart, with weight enough to crush it; yet gradually she is growing calm, trustful, and even happy. Most religiously she is seeking to obey her father, even to the very letter; and the effort she has made is not unrewarded.

She has long cherished the illusion—if illusion it be—that the spirit of her mother is with her, and often communicates intelligible thoughts and impressions. Now she believes that both parents are hovering around her; and thus she is beguiled of her loneliness. And is this, which corresponds so well with the experience of almost every human being—can it be nothing but fantasy? Is it not an unnatural, as well as a repulsive and cruel thought, that the souls of the departed are forever shut out from the presence of the nearest and dearest? If they have any of the attributes we are wont to associate with the idea of disembodied spirits, why should they not have power; and certainly they would have the will, to visit, and by the holy breathings of a higher sphere, to soothe, admonish, and bless, those they leave behind. Should this be considered a *super*-natural process, and thus invested with nameless terrors? Is it not, on the contrary, in the highest degree pleasing and natural? The time is coming, and perhaps now is, when these questions may be answered truly, even here.

The effect of this faith on Theodosia is very salutary. A true spiritual light, and mental strength, are prematurely developed. Sorrow has opened the inner depths of both mind and heart; and the lessons of wisdom and love which she daily receives from the good Padré, and Madame Laurette, sinking into the rich pro-

found, take root, and are preparing to bring forth fruit against the time of her extremest need.

As her mind recovers more of its natural tone, it requires a stronger aliment than it has ever craved before. And her whole course of reading and study, is now more like that of a student preparing for a university, than of a young girl, whom fortune has marked out as a fasionable woman—one of those human brilliants, who seem externally to have imbibed the splendor of gem and flower—who flit awhile, apparently without care, or thought, through the mazes of their sunny life, like the butterflies that people the air of this brilliant clime, with bright but perishing forms of beauty. But such Theodosia is not destined to be. Happy are they, even amid the terrors of the darkest hour, to whom affliction, under whatever form it may come, is a healthful discipline; for they have everything to hope, and really nothing to fear.

I have not said much to you of all that Theodosia and I have spoken, in regard to you and our dear sister ; and although I know that I need not assure you of this, yet at present I am moved to say, that Theodosia, as well as myself, thinks of you both with unreserved affection. So soon as everything is arranged on a sure foundation, we shall expect you to join us, and share, as long as you like, our beautiful home, and the good fortune that seems still held in reserve for us.

Theodosia is so young that I have not been willing to cloud the beautiful present by any far-off cares in the future ; but sometimes, when the way opens, we speak quietly together of our conjugal and parental responsibilities, and the rights and duties that will grow out of these relations ; and happy am I to know, that we are beginning to regard this subject with the eye of reason, and as a great moral question, involving mutual and personal rights and duties, as well as in a purely affectional point of view. In anticipation of these nearest and dearest relations, what divine hopes inspire us, not merely of happiness in ourselves, but of blessing, also, for those who may live around,

and come after us. And in the clear and strong unfolding of the mind, in the perfect faith and repose of the affections, how truly is my Theodosia preparing herself for the sweet offices of motherhood—the most important, and the divinest relation under Heaven.

I have this evening, for the first time, spoken to her of the difference in our religion. We were sitting in our little alcove, with the aroma of woods and meadows, and the evening murmur of birds and insects, stealing in upon us, in clouds of perfume and drifts of sweetest music. The crescent moon and the evening star were, as on that first evening of my arrival, just beginning to extract their opalescent rays from the warm fusion of the gold-and-sapphire air. And we were silently watching their forms as they became more clearly defined, with grateful thoughts, and hearts full of love, that went up silently to the Giver of Good. Thus our minds were naturally drawn upward, into a proper atmosphere for considering this subject, which for some time I had been intending to introduce, and which at length pressed so hard upon me, that I was silent for awhile.

She did not interrupt me, as she seldom does when I sit so, but waited lovingly for me to speak.

Drawing her to my arms, and parting away the sunny-chestnut waves of silken hair, that rippled over her bright face, I said: "Do you know I am a Mahometan, Theodosia?"

A shade of deeper expression passed over, and softened her radiant features, as she said: "Yes, dear Shahmah, I have thought of this many times."

"And how did it seem to you?" I returned, wishing thus to get her true, unbiased impressions.

She looked up a moment, with a dewy softness melting through her eyes as she answered:

"I have thought—and I know—that my Shahmah loves the same Truth, the same Beauty, the same God that I love; for his God, like mine, is to be worshipped with a pure life, and acts of loving kindness toward men—with good thoughts and good

deeds. I, too, believe that Mahomet was a great prophet; I believed it long ago. And you, too, my Shahmah, know that the life of our Christ was a divine benediction to the world."

"It is even so, my Theodosia," I returned, clasping her yet more tenderly to my heart; "and if they who are so angrily fighting for outside forms, doctrines, and points of faith, would think something less of these, and more of the vital essences which they involve and diffuse, worshippers of every grade would come much nearer together than they now can do. The religious principle is a unit, though its radiations and divergencies are infinite. It is the human faith in a higher and invisible power, which, whatever names it may take, is always radically the same. And if a person is troubled by any uncharitableness or distrust of another, let him return to this central point, and test there, not his neighbor's integrity, but his own. Let him try his own truth by this standard, and see whether it really proceeds from that beneficent Life-Fountain that delights only in good, and feeds with equal, though more or less obstructed streams, all spiritual life."

"I knew you would say something like this," she returned, half playfully, half earnestly and sadly; "and I like sometimes to have you seem so very old and wise, and stand up so tall, as you now do, because it is such a pleasure to look up to you—yet not all blindly, for I know I shall be able to understand, and love, and even appreciate you, though I be now so little."

I was almost going to chide her for speaking so, but the ruby mouth pressed against mine in a way to silence me, as she added, in a deeper tone, and with a more thoughtful look: "I, too, am growing old and grave—so much older than I was a year ago, that there seems to be an age between that and this;" and she sighed profoundly at the momentary retrospect, which had in it so many saddening, and yet divinely beautiful memories.

Then we spoke long together—lovingly and tenderly of the past, hopefully and trustfully of the future; and thus, with this clear understanding and appreciation, we are daily unfolding the

power to make each other worthier of the happiness which our life may hold in store for us. And since the highest excellence is not yet achieved, nor the great work of preparation accomplished, so even this happy period may be only another of the bright dreams of youth and love, that truly seem too beautiful to last. But if we reach a higher plane of thought and feeling, even through suffering, we shall occupy vantage ground, from whence to take another step. But whatever comes, the life we are living belongs to the indestructible experience of our souls, and can never be lost.

And thus, my Hassan, I bid thee adieu for this time.

Salaäm;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XL.

MR. SLICER ASSERTS HIS PREROGATIVE.

An Excursion—Theodosia very happy—Becomes suddenly depressed—Return Home—Shahmah called away—Guardian arrives—Visits Theodosia—Commands instant Departure—Hurried preparation—General distress—Theodosia comforted—Shahmah arrives Home—House of Mourning—Flies back to the City—Arrives too late—Theodosia is taken away—Madame left behind—Ship Sails—Agonizing distress on Shore—Shahmah resolves to pursue.

GLORIA, Feb. 26.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I resume the writing under circumstances so unexpected and so terrible, I cannot comprehend them. How changeful are the aspects of life! But a few days ago, I was at the very pinnacle and highest summit of joy. Where am I now? I can only tell you that the blow has fallen. The devourer has come. I have lost my Theodosia; and sadly, madly, almost hopelessly, I am preparing to seek her. But I will endeavor to explain how it all occurred.

The Padré, as I have told you, was appointed executor of the will, an office which found its business soon dispatched. But in due process of time, there came a letter from the uncle, acknowledging his acceptance of the guardianship, and merely saying that in the course of the year he should visit his ward, when he would attend in person to the future disposition of her affairs, forbidding positively any important step being taken until he came. For the first time, it then occurred to Theodosia that he might control her movements, and perhaps curtail her freedom. But she would not indulge the idea, though it often intruded itself, with a feeling of uneasiness, for which she could not

account. The letter itself was so cold and measured, even in its attempts at condolence, that it oppressed the orphan's heart with a sentiment of distrust and repugnance, which she vainly strove to banish; but still she was far from realizing that the word of that severe uncle was, for several years, at least, to be her law. Thus she was wholly unprepared for his reception, when, without any previous announcement, he arrived at Rio Janeiro.

This event happened at the close of one of our happiest days. She had been, with her queenly retinue, making an excursion into the country, which was more than usually successful. She was highly elated; and Madame Laurette, and the Padré, had often exchanged glances of mutual congratulation during the day, when they saw that the beautiful joy-beam was again breaking out, as of old, in that rich, dark eye, and the sweet peace of childhood was again revisiting her innocent bosom. Alas! they knew not that the timid doveling, that was folding its wings there so tremulously, was doomed to a sudden and violent death!

How often a premonition of evil steals into our serenest, happiest hours, as if we were only permitted to press our lips to the cup of joy, as a foretaste of heaven, while some internal monitor is directly sent, to warn us that the volatile essence is evaporating—lost—lost, forever. Thus it was with Theodosia; for often the joyous shout that sprang from her lips at the acquisition of some new treasure, was suddenly broken off, and died in the midst of its own sweetness—why, she could not tell; for she had never been so gay since her great loss. Still, that had been a very happy day, and, as I have since often thought, it may be our last.

As we passed through the city, on our return, I called at the post-office, and there received a hurried note from Robert, who had just returned from San Paulo, earnestly requesting to see me instantly, upon urgent but unmentioned business. Of course, I had no other way to do but to go directly to his lodgings. As

the carriage turned, a bright head came out of the window, and a beautiful hand was lovingly kissed to me. That was the last I saw of Theodosia. But I must not now think of this; otherwise I cannot go on with my story.

I found, on meeting Robert, that Mr. Slicer had been seen, and was actually lurking about, as he supposed, in quest of his legal prey. The intelligence nearly stunned me. I immediately acquainted my friend with the position of Theodosia; but he had such faith in the strong guards that surrounded her, as to detain me from the post where I should have been, but where I still might not have been able to save her. In short, I was to go with him in the night, and assist him in more effectually secreting Simao and his family, who had not yet removed from Rio.

Dispatching a note to Theodosia, to acquaint her with my change of plans, and also to warn her to keep herself within doors, with a sufficient protection, I went with Robert, and happily effected what we had undertaken. We obtained the protection of a Brazilian noble, and I assisted in conveying our grateful charge to his palace. It was too late to return that evening; and, having passed a sleepless night with Robert, I set off, by the first conveyance I could obtain, for Gloria.

Think of my horror when I found the whole house in confusion, the servants weeping, the Padré absent, and Madame and their young mistress already embarked for France. I could not believe this. It was a hideous dream. Hardly knowing what I did, I rushed out of the house; and having remounted my horse, hastened back to Rio. Judge of my dismay, when, on arriving at the dock, I found Madame tearing her hair, in convulsions, and the Padré pale and horror-stricken at the villainy which had been so wickedly and daringly consummated. I saw the ship, too, that bore away my Beautiful; and such a cry of anguish went after it as ought to have smitten through even that stony and diabolical heart. It was in vain that I stretched my arms; in vain was my anguish, my horror. Still it kept on—still it

went away—away! lessening with every moment, until at length, to my straining eyes, it was no longer visible. And then I knew nothing more until I found myself in the little alcove at Gloria, with the Padré and Madame kneeling at each side of the divan where I lay.

Of the horrors of that waking consciousness I have no power to tell; but I will endeavor to set before you, in their due order, the circumstances of this terrible event.

On her return, it was abruptly announced to Theodosia that a gentleman was waiting to see her in the library; and winged by a vague impression of terror, at the approach of some unknown evil, and at the same time with a determination to look it in the face, whatever it might be, she rushed into the apartment, without waiting for the accustomed escort of her governess or tutor. But her steps were arrested the moment she had crossed the threshold, and she was transfixed with an insupportable feeling of dismay and repulsion. There sat an elderly gentleman, severely neat in his person; but his whole air and expression were measured, cold, and hard. She did not recognize him at first, because he was more elaborately dressed than usual, and perhaps also, because he had, for the moment, dropped his accustomed sly and slinking manner, and had adopted a kind of swaggering bravado, if possible, even more offensivé. But with a second look she became too well assured that he was no other than the man she most dreaded to see—in short, Mr. Slicer—who appeared to her, just as he was, an obscene prey-bird, come in at the feast of death.

His very clothes sat upon him with a compression that seemed to correspond with the tightness of his soul. She would have given anything to have turned on her steps, and left the room; but if common politeness would have permitted this, respect for the memory of her father would not. With a strong effort, nerving herself, she advanced. But it seemed as if some repulsive force emanated from every point of the person whom she now, more than ever, despised and loathed. Still she struggled

against it; and, timidly holding out her hand, she approached him, her eyes filled with tears for the memory of her dear father.

Wholly incapable of perceiving feelings so delicate and tender, he had been surveying her with an eye of cold and measured scrutiny; but as she came nearer, he rose; and saying, "I hope I find you well, Miss Bennett," he took her hand, and as he led her to a chair, he stooped down and kissed her forehead.

His lips were rigid and cold as icicles. Theodosia had not only a true heart, but a strong will; and remembering her father, and his injunction to love her uncle, though she instinctively felt that it was impossible, she would not surrender without the strongest effort to preserve obedience to that dear word, which was still her highest law. With the memory of that sainted father warming through her heart, and melting in her eyes, she looked up into his face, and said, "I did not recognize you at first, my uncle."

"I was half brother to Joseph Bennett," returned Mr. Slicer, as if pondering within himself how far, under that sanction, he should or should not go. In a moment, however, as if restored to his outside consciousness, he added: "But pray, miss, be seated; for as my business will admit of very short stay in this country, and the ship in which I am passenger just touches at this port, we have much to do in a short time."

The forced words of welcome died on the lips of the girl; and oppressed with an intolerable feeling of loathing and abhorrence, mechanically she obeyed.

"To-night, miss," he proceeded, "you will have all your personal effects put in readiness for removal, as I have arranged to place you in an excellent seminary in Paris; and the ship will sail very early in the morning."

If the earth had opened before her—if a thunderbolt had broken at her feet—Theodosia could not have been more astonished or terror-stricken. At first she was actually dumb; for the quivering lips denied the passage of a word; but she had

never known anything of arbitrary power, and could not yet comprehend it. She had been, from her birth, the undisputed empress of her father's domain; and if she had really been invested with imperial dignity, she could not have been more zealously attended and obeyed. Truly hers had been only an empire of love, and she knew nothing of any other sphere.

Not with an idea of opposition; but simply from the habit of referring everything to her own convenience, rallying herself, as if suddenly conscious of a new necessity for warfare, she said: "It is quite impossible, my dear uncle. I cannot think of leaving home; and if I should do so, it would take a much longer time than you propose to get me ready."

"I have arranged for you to go, miss," he replied, with increased sternness. "It is best for both of us that you should understand now, in the beginning, that what I say I mean, and what I intend I carry forward."

"Indeed, I must have misunderstood you," persisted Theodosia. "You cannot surely think of taking me away from here, where I have been so happy—from here, where my dear parents repose! My father could have had no idea of such a step."

"Your father, miss, by his own free and legal act, placed you under my guardianship. It is now your duty to obey me. I am a man of few words. I never waste anything, and especially them; for they are money to me. I expected to find a spoiled and froward child. I am neither disappointed nor unprepared. My plans are all settled, and I shall not change them. Obedience is now your sole duty, and," he added, looking into hers with his cold eyes, that seemed like leaden bullets smiting her to the heart with every word, "it will be well for you if you remember it. The sooner you make up your mind to that effect the better."

Theodosia seemed to have been invested with a strength not her own. The very enormity of the proposition roused and nerved her; and she, who had never before in her life found occasion scarcely for remonstrance, now stood on the platform

alone, pleading with an unquailing eye before that hard-visaged and hard-hearted man.

"My father," she said, with an expression of firmness and self-reliance which had sprung up spontaneously to her aid, "never required me to do what was unpleasant to myself; for he knew it was my highest pleasure to obey him." Her voice softened and trembled as she uttered this; but after choking a moment, she went on. "He always indulged me in all my innocent wishes; and I do not believe that he ever intended to convey to *any one* a power to do otherwise."

"What he has intended, miss, is of little consequence. What he has done will completely bear me out in my plans. Get ready. That is all I have to say."

Was that sound the echo of his heavy step as he turned and left the room? Poor Theodosia! She heard only the last words. The contrast between the past and the present—between the father and the uncle—rushed on her with such a terrible shock, that she fell senseless to the floor.

It is impossible to describe the consternation and terror that filled the house, when this fact and its exciting cause became known. There was weeping and lamentation throughout the premises; for their precious young lady was the dear, familiar idol of the whole household.

It was in vain that the Padré and Madame Laurette strove to change the mind of Mr. Slicer. They soon saw that this was impossible; and with heavy hearts they began collecting together whatever was choicest and dearest, as well as the most necessary and useful in their exile.

How they regretted my absence at this trying juncture I shall not attempt to say; nor how weepingly, lovingly, Theodosia watched and waited, until the note came. Then, with her characteristic decision, she surrendered all hope at once.

She said to Madame, what my heart is more grateful for than anything else she could have said: "For dear Shahmah I need not leave any message. He knows all I think, feel, and wish;

and he will know what is best to be done better than I can tell him."

And thus she turned, with this sweet repose in her love that could not be taken away, to the business of the hour, into which she entered with a zeal and calmness that surprised her friends.

"Whatever you most value," said Madame, "we will try to save for you, my sweet Theodosia; and take comfort, my love; you will be very fine in Paris, I dare say; and we shall bring you out in a manner your dear father himself would approve. Now, just say what most pleases you, and we will take it with us."

"Ah, that is impossible, my dear friend," returned Theodosia, her sad eyes overflowing as she spoke; "that is quite impossible; for every tree, and shrub, and vine, every nook and valley, seems now to grow into my heart, as if it were a part of myself. O dearest papa!" continued the poor girl, clasping her hands together, and wringing them with an expression of unutterable anguish. "O dearest papa and mamma! if you knew what your child is suffering, you would come back here to support, and console, and protect her!"

As she spoke, a singular illumination passed over her features; and she directly became calm. The hands, still folded, fell, resting on her bended knees; and for a few moments she appeared wholly rapt. Suddenly rising, she turned to Madame Laurette, with a serenity of countenance that amazed her. "Do you believe that our departed friends ever speak to us?"

"Why, my love, do you ask that?"

"Because, just as I had uttered the words, 'they would come back,' I seemed to feel, rather than hear, down deep in my soul, an assurance of their presence. Much was uttered in that moment of silence—much that I feel I shall yet have need of, though I cannot speak it now; but I think it chiefly told me to submit without repining. Ah, that is clearly my duty now. I *will* submit; for even in idea I will not be disobedient to my dear parents."

Madame Laurette kissed the now flushed cheek of Theodosia, and whispering, "Go, my love, and try to get some rest," she led her to the Padré, who wept as he added a particular blessing to the common benediction. But little sleep visited the eyes of poor Theodosia during that almost interminable night; and when at last she forgot the present scene, it was only to be plunged in, if possible, more distressing ones. Evil and malicious beings seemed to surround, and oppress, and torture her; and gladly did she hail the first light which announced the opening of another day.

It was thought best that Theodosia's cabinets and library should be left undisturbed, as there was no time to remove or pack them properly. It had also been arranged that Madame Laurette should accompany her charge, and that the Padré should remain behind for the purpose of attending to several points of business, and after a few months rejoin the home party in Paris. But the good father accompanied them to the ship; and Theodosia, faint and nearly exhausted with weeping, was lifted on board.

Just as Madame Laurette prepared to follow, the rowers, with a sudden and bold stroke, made for the shore; while at the same time the anchor was weighed and the most rapid preparations for sailing took place on board ship. All this had happened so suddenly, that it was accomplished before it could be questioned. They were obliged to hold Theodosia when she perceived the *ruse* of which she was to be the victim, or she might have plunged overboard, as in her distraction she seemed about to do. Shrieking and screeching, with her arms stretched out toward that beautiful shore, that still lay smiling, unmindful of her anguish, she was torn from the railing and crushed down into the cabin, where her heart might break, at least more silently. Nor was there less remonstrance on board the boat. The Padré alternately entreated and threatened; while Madame Laurette could only wring her hands, and weep, and cry out for her dear child. But it was all in vain. Mr. Slicer had managed

the affair with the skill of a consummate diplomatist. And though the will, in its express letter, provided that the tutor and governess should never be separated from the young orphan, to whom they could supply the best substitute for the parental relation, except with the mutual consent of the parties most interested, the shrewd Yankee knew very well that the legal machinery was conducted in so very loose a manner at Rio Janeiro, that he had nothing to fear so much as Lynch-law; and from that he made a timely escape.

Mr. Slicer was altogether too good a manager to permit Madame Laurette's effects to go into the ship, which would have been an actionable offence; and, therefore, instead of having them sent on board, he had them conveyed clandestinely to a certain warehouse, from which they were soon returned to the owner.

And thus, O my brother, have I fallen into this unspeakable bereavement. And yet I do have hope. There is a love in the heart, there is a light in the spirit of Theodosia, that must now forever guide, and finally conduct me to her. I will then endeavor to bear up resolutely, as *she* would do in my place; for I have learned much of true bravery from that tender and sensitive heart. I will, then, not only suffer like a woman, but I will work like a man, trusting in God and my own good will to do the utmost.

Feb. 17.—I learn that a good clipper ship is now under sailing orders for New York, from whence I shall take passage in one of the great ocean steamers. The Padré is to make his legal positions as strong as possible, and then he will follow me. I shall post this in New York. Precious, my brother and sister, are the tears and prayers that I know you will lavish on me, and on the dear one I am seeking.

My heart is too full for writing.

Adieu;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XLI.

SHAHMAH PROSECUTES HIS SEARCH.

Mr. Slicer Transcends his Prerogative—Arrives in Paris—Letter from Madame—A Letter from Theodosia—Hopes Revive—Padré arrives in Paris—Theodosia heard of—Rumor of a Beautiful young Girl sent to Prison—Madame Montresse, Principal of the School, an Accomplice of Mr. Slicer—Supposed to be Madame Lallorme—Shahmah still full of Faith.

PARIS, RUE ST. HONORÉ, May 27.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I have received a letter from Madame, with whom I am to hold a regular correspondence. She says that a deeper shadow than even death had ever caused, now hangs over the fazenda. The dire uncertainty that veils the fate of its young mistress, the violence with which she has been torn from her friends, all contribute to heighten the gloom. The good Padré has strong hopes of invalidating the guardianship of Mr. Slicer, by proving that he has broken the terms of the will. He has already left for New York and Boston, where he will consult the ablest lawyers. After his departure, the hopes of Madame also began to revive—any motion, in such cases, is so much better than a dead calm; and besides, she really seems to doubt if there *is* anything beyond the power of the good Father to achieve. It is sad, yet beautiful, to hear her own account of herself, during this trying period.

She already begins to count the weeks that may intervene before her darling's return; and because she may possibly arrive unexpectedly, she has had all her private apartments put in order, again and again, her favorite flowers scattered through them, and her favorite books opened at familiar passages. In short,

everything that she has valued is cherished with the most delicate and tender care ; and the flowers and vines Theodosia loved best are nursed and trained under the excellent matron's immediate eye. Once a week the room containing the precious cabinets is entered by Madame Laurette ; and every vacant nook is carefully dusted by her own hand ; for the threshold of that sanctuary no menial is permitted to cross. In this manner the weeks have worn away ; and still the good lady smiles, in her simple faith, as if Hope had been to her the polar principle, toward which all others turned. Once only has a letter reached them from the dear child. It announced her safe arrival in Paris ; but every word was evidently written under constraint, and subject to the scrutiny of other eyes. It seemed to be at great pains to magnify the comforts of her position ; but Madame Laurette knew it was wholly different from the heart-burst that made Theodosia's joy spontaneous, and musical as that of a bird. But though it bore very slight allusion to the lost home, it breathed a spirit of gentle and subdued piety, and resignation to the Divine Will, which could not but comfort the loving readers. Alas ! it afforded little satisfaction to Madame Laurette beyond this, and the intelligence that Theodosia was alive at the time it was written ; for she knew, too well, how freely her thought would have winged itself and flown home, laden with the fondest epithets of love, had its wishes been, but for one moment, left free ; nor was this all. No address was communicated ; and therefore no answer could be returned. It was very, very sad ; and this blank uncertainty was the most trying of all.

June 14.—I have heard nothing absolute ; yet a person every way answering to the description of Theodosia, and who is reputed to be the most beautiful girl in Paris, is now at the school of Madame Montresse, which is only a few squares from hence, and in this very street. I have been putting into operaation an extensive machinery for observation and inquiry, of which I cannot now speak definitely. The Padré has arrived ; and we have strong hopes yet, of being able to invalidate the

claims of Mr. Slicer, who, for once, has acted without his accustomed caution.

June 20.—I have seen and spoken with Theodosia. She is there. I have only time to say this. I go with the Padré to visit the Brazilian Consul. Oh, joy beyond all words to express! O divinest hope! Will it, indeed, be mine?

June 25.—Theodosia is gone. The school is broken up; and my hopes are, for the present, in vain, otherwise than as they enable me still to work. There is evidently foul play. We catch now and then floating rumors of a beautiful young girl, late a pupil of Madame Montresse, who, having committed a high crime, is removed to prison. But all these accounts are vague and shadowy; Madame Montresse, who is undoubtedly an accomplice of Mr. Slicer, has disappeared; and not a single person connected with the school can be found.

June 26.—The Padré this morning fell in with a gentleman from New Orleans, of whom he learnt something that thrills us with new horrors. Madame Montresse is no other than Madame Lallorme, the foul murderess, of whom I wrote some months ago. Worthy are they—she and the villainous Slicer, to work together! But where is our Theodosia? I cannot tell how, I am sure; but something sustains me in all this. I shall—I must find her; and it seems to me now, in this apparently most hopeless time, that I am drawing nearer to the goal. The whole atmosphere thrills with her influence. I feel the invisible rays emanating from her. They reach; they penetrate—they inspire me. Thus, by influences without, and beyond my own will, I am incited to new strength, hope and effort.

July 27.—We have heard now directly from Theodosia. She is at the Convent of St. Michael. The Padré has gone there; but knows not whether he can effect an interview, as the inmates are, for the most part, prisoners under sentence of punishment, for real, or supposed crimes.

I cannot write. I can only walk my chamber, and wait, and

watch and listen for the Padré; though I know it will be several hours before he comes.

1 *o'clock.*—He has come. He has seen her. I shall see her to-morrow. She is free. What can I say more?

August 1.—I have but just time to dispatch this bulletin. We embark to-day.

With a hurried salaäm,

Adieu;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XLII.

UNFOLDING HISTORY OF THEODOSIA.

Theodosia on board Ship—The Captain, Slicer's Accomplice—Her Waiting-maid—The Storm—Mr. Slicer's Terror—Theodosia's Calmness—She loses all Fear of him—Beguiling Employments—Love-thoughts—Arrives in Liverpool—Crosses the Channel.

SCHOOL TRIALS.

Reception by Madame Montresse—The Evil-eyed Duenna—Cruel Restraints—Severe Tasks—She goes through them all Bravely—Petty Flaws—Theodosia's Faith—The Evil Day develops Power—The Evil Workers weave the Crown—The Hidden Motive.

JEANNETTE.

Theodosia still works on—The Poor Teacher, Jeannette—She Falls Sick—Theodosia remembers her Kind Looks—Nurses and saves her—Promised Visit to the Louvre—Theodosia's Severe Task—The Difficult Problem—Her Distress—Sleep—Dream—The Solution—Perfect Triumph.

THE LOUVRE.

Theodosia's Joy—Recurrence to her Dream—Transports in the Louvre—Admonitions—Picture of the Holy Family—Theodosia's Devout Joy—Enter two Gentlemen—The Younger observes, crosses over for a clearer view—She hears—Sees—Flies into the Arms of Shahmah—Rapid Speech—She is hurried off—Padré calls on Madame Montresse—Never at Home—Shahmah's Exploration—Unsuccessful.

THE CONSPIRACY.

Mildness of Madame Montresse—The Antique—Theodosia's Admiration—The Medallion Lost—Proposed Search—Theodosia's Agitation—Accused and arrested.

THEODOSIA'S DEFENCE.

Theodosia's Speech—Confusion of Madame Montresse—Astonishment—All electrified.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

Jeannette begs to accompany Theodosia—Theodosia overcome by her Generosity—Throbbing and Swelling Hearts—Emotions of the Girls—Their Verdict—Souvenirs—Conveyed to Prison.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

Impenetrable Glooms—Instruments of Cruelty themselves Sufferers—Blessed Presence of Jeannette—The Cells—The Stony Eyed—First Night at St. Michael's—The Soup—Theodosia's Despair—Interior Strength—Jeannette's Generosity.

THE ABBESS.

Theodosia summoned by the Lady Abbess—Dismal Ways and Ghostly Forms—Sudden Light—Unaccountable Impressions—Emotions of the Abbess—Good Omens for Theodosia—Mysterious Words of the Abbess.

FATHER LARRASY.

Speech of the Abbess—The Evil Eye—The Savage Hand—The Superior's Reproof—The Court adjourn.

THE ICE CREAMS.

Latent Power revived in the Abbess—Enter Jeannette—Her blushing Creams—Tasted, commended and declined—Hopeful Tears.

THE PENANCE.

The Abbess again overawed—Theodosia condemned—First Part of the Penance—Her Speech—The Serpent—Theodosia saves the Abbess—The Superior's Power again revives—Her Gratitude.

THE DISCOVERY.

Interview between the Abbess and Theodosia—Sister of Cecile—Reviving Good—Theodosia's Joy—Resolutions and Motives for Reform.

HAPPY CHANGES.

Theodosia's Filial Regard—She tells her Story to the Aunt—Indignation of the Abbess—Long Letters Home—Need of Caution.

MINISTRIES OF LOVE.

The Letter—A Horrible Conspiracy—Theodosia's Alarm—Theodosia a Day-worker—Value of the Discipline—Revival of her Art—Picture of Shahmah—Of the Nuns—Kindness to the Prisoners.

THE ARRIVAL.

A kneeling Figure—Theodosia recognizes the Padré—The Meeting—The Letter produced—Treatment unfolded—Anger of the Padré.

THE CONCLUSION.

Confidential Repast—Mysterious Proposal of the Abbess—Theodosia's Bewilderment—The Private Confessional—The Gates close behind—The Abbess and Jeannette accompany them.

AT SEA, August 2.

BROTHER HASSAN :

Rejoice with me—with us—we are all here. All, so far, safe. I have this moment heard that Theodosia is sleeping quietly in her state-room.

I will now endeavor to fill up the intermediate history, by giving you the story as it has been given me, in part by competent witnesses, by the revelations of the young heroine herself, aided also by what I know of her character and power.

And how fared Theodosia, during that long and perilous

voyage, torn rudely as she was, from all that she loved on earth, and deprived of all personal attendants; though all her life she had been surrounded by as numerous a train as most queens? Her character was gathering a wonderful strength, and her mind developing with a proportional rapidity. She had learned to think for herself—to act and determine for herself; and the force of thought she sometimes evinced almost made her uncle, himself, stand in awe of her.

She soon saw that the captain was the creature of Mr. Slicer; and she found herself so closely watched, that, had she been disposed, she could have held no communication with any of the passengers. These were not many, indeed, and probably their friendship was no loss; for certainly they did not appear to be the kind of people who could either appreciate, or be willing to assist her. She would never meet them again; and there was something which appeared to her revolting in the idea of any present intimacy. A surly, cross-eyed damsel, was appropriated to the service of waiting-maid; and she, with the quick instinct of such persons, perceived that her lady was a prisoner more than anything else; and she treated her as such. So, for the most part, Theodosia, who had been used to prompt and positive attention to her minutest wishes, declined her services, and never called on her, unless urged by an imperative necessity—and thus she learned a good lesson, which some people never learn—to help herself.

At the first shock, Theodosia appeared actually stunned by the terrors of her unexpected position; and for a while she was wrapped in a stupor that seemed to take little cognizance of anything around her. She would sometimes stand for hours, looking at the white foam-wreath, that marked the ship's track, with a vague thought of the shroud it might be, and the rest she might find beneath; and it was only by the excitement of a terrible storm that she was aroused from this state.

In that hour of agony, when every cheek was blanched with terror, and even the voices of the old sailors quivered with emo-

tion as they passed the word to each other, she, alone, was calm. There was nothing for her in death so horrible as life; and when the groans of the wrenching timbers chimed in with the wild howling of the storm, until it appeared that with every struggle they should break asunder, or with every plunge, that all would go to the bottom, her feelings rose into a kind of estasy. With clasped hands, and lifted eyes, she uttered bursts of prayer and praise. In this state her uncle appeared before her. He was dressed in his life-preserver, and was evidently about making the fearful experiment of escape from the ship. As he came unexpectedly before her, his knees smote together, with a pang stronger, even, than his extreme terror. His countenance became more frightfully pale; and he trembled so as barely to sustain himself. From that moment Theodosia lost all fear of him.

He attempted to take her hand—to speak, and ask forgiveness for his committed, or uncommitted crime. He strove to look kindly—to speak affectionately—as if that last act of justice might cancel the past.

"Let us part in peace," he at length said; and he could speak no more.

Theodosia regarded him a moment, with a stern and terrible look, as of an injured divinity; and then her heart was touched with compassion. "Go," she said. "I forgive you. Go, poor man! I am now the strongest. Go; tell my father that the child he committed to your trust, was happy to escape from your guardianship by a horrible death! How will you meet him!—Alas, alas! I could almost love you for the pity I now feel! It will be but a momentary pang," she added, clasping her hands together, after a little silence, as if the act might give her strength—"and then I shall go to my dear parents."

She said no more; for just then there was a shout! The manœuvre of rescuing the ship from a coral reef she was about plunging on, was successful. They had escaped; and once more Death was cheated of his intended prey.

But for Theodosia the storm had not been fruitless. A complete reaction was produced; and she was effectually roused from her stupor. An entire revolution had taken place in her whole character; and with the storm the second great crisis of her life was passed over triumphantly.

THE REACTION.

Theodosia had been present at the reading of her father's will; and though she was wholly ignorant of the simplest principles of business, and the common forms of law, she had the acumen to perceive that if the testament of her father had been invested with so much force in one of its points, it must be in all. She knew that there was a flaw in her uncle's proceedings, in regard to separating her from her friends who had been expressly invested with her immediate care; and on this she grounded her hope. She knew that the Padré not only had much knowledge of the world, but was learned in the laws of different nations; and she rightly believed that he would leave no effort untried which might obtain her release from her most odious captivity. With this thought she composed herself; and rising above all idle repinings, she resolved to wait patiently, and watch for the first opportunity of communicating with him.

It seemed, indeed, as if her strength and calmness were preternatural. She believed that the spirits of her parents daily, and nightly, visited, watched over, and strengthened her; and in this thought she had no fear, but only the sweetest peace.

She began to employ herself in regular occupation, that relieved her of the tedium of many an hour, which, otherwise, would have hung heavily on her hands. Embroidery, drawing, and many little works of delicate art, and fancy, were taken up, at intervals; and they not only beguiled her of unpleasant reflections; but by practice she was making great improvement, especially in drawing. Yes, for my sake, she cultivated her fine natural taste, though I was thousands of miles away, and she

was on board a dismal ship, to be borne off to unknown, and it might be, unhappy places and conditions.

There was a power of love in the maiden heart, that made her strong to suffer, and invested her with a will to preserve herself to the utmost; because, as she sweetly reasoned, she did not now belong wholly to herself, but to others—many dear—and one dearest.

"I will not wrong my Shahmah by idle repinings," she often said to herself; "nor will I so discredit the example and teachings of my venerable friends, the good Padré and Madame. I will be worthy of them, even though I never see them any more. And if I *do* find them, they will know that I have been willing to suffer patiently, always cherishing the sweetness of soul, they most value. Oh, my Shahmah! I shall be worthier for all these trials, to match and mate thee!"

Thus her spirit reached out through the deep dark, and not all unconsciously to either of us, found, and comforted mine.

In this manner the protracted period of the voyage passed away; and on arriving in Liverpool, she was directly conveyed across the Channel, and placed under the care of Madame Montresse, the mistress of a school, which enjoyed the highest reputation for giving the last polish to a young lady's education.

SCHOOL TRIALS.

Madame Montresse received her distinguished pupil with the voluble politeness of a true Frenchwoman; but Theodosia soon came to know that all this parade of kindness was merely superficial, which the lady wore, as she did her false teeth, wig, and rouge, in order to *appear* fine as possible, whatever she might be. She found, also, that she, herself, was not only far from being a favorite with her fellow-pupils, but was really an object of suspicion among them. Every approach to familiarity with any of them was guarded against, in the onset, by a thousand little obstacles, which all appeared to happen very naturally; but from

their concurrence a design to exclude her from all intimacy became apparent. Her chamber, her study-room, her walks, were all either solitary, or strictly guarded by the Argus-eyed hyæna, who attended her in the shape of a *femme de chambre*, and an aged duenna, savage as a harpy, who followed all her steps, often obtruding on her most private retirement, lest in some evil moment she should escape from her thrall. If she even looked wishfully on some bright face, warm with the sunshine of a young and innocent heart, one of those hateful shadows was sure to come between, and throw all into eclipse.

But there was one feature of this cruel restraint which had a far different effect from what was intended. The severest tasks were allotted her; yet the continual occupation of her mind in study, withdrew her thoughts from the present; and while she lived in the august companionship of the master-spirits whose sentiments she imbibed, her mind grew into a loftier stature, and went out into a horizon of wider scope, while, at the same time, the exercise was a healthy discipline; and so the punishment became a blessing. Thus lessons of seeming impossibility of attainment were set before her, with a polite intimation that if they were not perfectly mastered, she would forfeit all relaxation for the day. But when it was seen that she took in more of the spirit of things at a glance, than others could by long and painful study, she was compelled not only to get the ideas, and principles; but her clear and analytical mind was bound down to acquire the precise terms, literally as they stood. And to this also—thanks to the good Padré's scientific nomenclature and my technology, she was equal.

But still some petty flaw of conduct was continually forced into the service, and marked down against her; and a forfeiture of almost everything pleasant and healthful was the consequence. If at any moment she was beguiled into a happy thought, and laughed at any little pleasantry she could not avoid hearing, she was charged with unlady-like and rude behavior.

What a change was this, from a state of love and freedom,

which came near to compassing all that is most joyous, refined, and exalted in nature. Theodosia had lived with a bird-like melody ever flowing in her heart, ever gushing from her lips, ever responding to the harmonies that seemed to fill the whole atmosphere with their warbling love-notes. Who would not have been overwhelmed by such a sad reverse? Who would not have sunk, and despaired utterly? But there is a certain order of spirits that never attain their full growth, and true power, but by struggles that would crush the common mind; and thus it was with Theodosia. The "day" was meted by the "strength," even here, while the strength continually grew stronger, as the day advanced. With a clear conscience, and a deep faith in the good purpose for which she was created, and in the Benevolent Power that was overruling even these seeming evils, Theodosia *could* not despair; but while her vivacity diminished, the fountain of her peace continually deepened; and in her serene bosom still it rested, calm and beautiful as some fair fountain, which, finding its outer sunshine dim and clouded, turns back to its source, where living gems cast their pure light on its hidden waters. Could the wicked ones only know that from the tears they awaken, and the wrongs they inflict, are concreting richest pearls for the crown of the Persecuted, they would grudge their cruelty, and, out of sheer malice, be kind. But looking only on the surface, they perceive it not, till the majestic Character they have unwittingly contributed to form, appears before them, like the rising sun to a belated fiend, by its overwhelming light to drive them back into their own darkness. Were it not so, the world could make no progress. But thus it is; and we are blest with the presence of great ones, who by their example teach us, that there is nothing truly positive, apart from goodness. All else is accidental, negative and inert.

But to return to Theodosia; when it was impossible to show any bad mark against her, a task would be set that seemed of impossible accomplishment; and again, if this was unexpectedly brought out, a thousand petty monœuvres were resorted to, for

the purpose of defrauding her of her dearly purchased rights. None of the other girls were ever subjected to these unjust and cruel privations; and the more Theodosia reflected on it, the more strongly she became convinced, that there was some special motive at the bottom of it all; though from her almost entire unconsciousness of the actual value and power of money in the eyes of the world, she could not very clearly see the real one—that her uncle, who was the next heir at law, was murdering her by inches, in order to obtain possession of her princely heritage.

JEANNETTE.

Still Theodosia worked on, so uncomplainingly and pleasantly, that no one could find any real cause of complaint against her—no, not so much as a question, whispered to herself in secret, of the right thus to persecute her. Still, when the hard toils of the day were over, she took the little crucifix, which had been worn by her mother, from her bosom; and having murmured the sweet prayers of faith and love that seemed ever hovering, like winged cherubs, about her, she lay down to sleep, quietly as a young angel on the brink of Hades, dreaming not of the foul conspiracy, which was intended to work her final overthrow.

Meanwhile, one of the under teachers, who was known as Mademoiselle Jeannette, was taken suddenly ill of a malignant fever. In this state she was abandoned by all; and she must have died from want of common care, had not Theodosia discovered her situation. She begged permission to attend her; when, contrary to her expectation, the request was most graciously heard. Indeed, Madame Montresse could scarcely frame the shadow of a denial, on the ground of danger from the infection, so overjoyed was she, in the hope of arriving at a summary disposition of her victim. And sweet was the ministry of that sick chamber, to the young heart that was swollen with the love, for which it could find no object—no expression.

Mademoiselle Jeannette had always been attracted to the

young orphan ; but occupying, as she did, one of the most subordinate places in the school, and being herself the victim of life's most untoward circumstance, abject poverty, she could do nothing to mitigate her sufferings. I say nothing ; but Theodosia did not accept it so. This poor teacher, overawed, dependent, and continually watched, as she was, yet found opportunity to say to Theodosia, though it was only by a glance from her large, deep, and loving eyes : "Sweet child, I pity you !" "Dear child, I love you !" "Poor orphan—poor, amid all your wealth —were I not poorer, still, I would enrich you with my love !" "Lonely and desolate one, could I but for a single moment be free, I would take you to my heart, and show you how it bleeds for you !"

All this Theodosia had understood ; and now came the life-harvest, springing up vigorously from those living germs of repressed kindness. Then let no one despair of doing good because he is poor. If he cannot give money, or bread, let him give loving smiles, and pitying looks ; and though scattered by the wayside, the good seed will not be lost ; but it will spring up, in comfort to the comfortless, hope to the hopeless, belief to the faithless, and strength to the powerless, and bring forth fruit a thousand fold—fruit of eternal love and joy, of which even the planter shall partake.

In the ravings of her delirium Mademoiselle Jeannette often deplored the severe part she had been compelled to take ; and when the crisis was passed over safely, Theodosia rejoiced in the possession of a true friend.

Soon after her return to the schoolroom, the young ladies had been promised a visit to the Louvre, as the reward of good behavior, and perfect lessons for a week. It was well known that this would be a great treat to Theodosia, who still retained her love of Art, as well as of the Artist, who had been to her young mind the first representative of its sacred Ideal ; and in accordance with the old discipline, tasks were set in all her studies, far in advance of her present position. When they were pre-

sented to her, with almost a sneer at the probability of failure, for the first time she was nearly disheartened. She said nothing, however, and, like a true heroine, as she was, girded herself to the effort; and she went on bravely, till all was accomplished except a single, and very difficult problem in Mathematics. But it was in vain she labored over this—in vain she strove to analyze, and digest its terms, so as to feel her way, as it were, to the root of its principles—still it was a problem—unsolved—and, for her, apparently unsolvable.

After worrying herself almost into a fever, by her hitherto useless effort, at a late hour she threw herself on her couch, and fell asleep. As is often the case, the subject of her waking thought was presented in a dream. She was still struggling to loosen the perplexing knot, when her father appeared before her, with a sorrowful yet benign aspect, and called her attention to a simple principle, which, in her excitement and perplexity, she had entirely overlooked—possibly because it *was* so simple—and she had, in some way, come to expect an immense difficulty. In an instant the solution seemed written on her brain in characters of light. Nothing could be clearer. He was about turning away, when he came back, and bending over her a moment, kissed her cheek, saying with a strong emphasis, as he repeated the process: "Theodosia, be sure that you remember this; for you *must* go to the Louvre to-day." Thus saying, he appeared to melt into the air.

Theodosia woke, or seemed to wake; and the morning light was shining fair abroad. She looked round the room eagerly, almost expecting to see her father, as she had just seen him, standing there; but his words recurred to her mind; and, O, joyful thought! with them she recalled the solution of the problem. Instantly rising, she found a scrap of paper, and fearing the precious revelation should escape, she made sure of it at once; and not a little were her enemies confounded, when it was presented, and found to be without a flaw.

There was no further excuse to be made; and though con-

trary to all previous practice, as the terms had been stated in presence of the whole school, she must be indulged with a holiday

THE LOUVRE.

It seemed as if Theodosia really trod on air, as she went forth from what was truly to her a prison house ; and as this triumphant feeling subsided—for to her it *was* a triumph—and bravely won—those deep, solemn words came ringing in her ears : "You *must* go to the Louvre to-day !" She listened to their echo, as if with a half-roused and conscious soul, devoutly believing they meant something—yet wondering what.

It is impossible to describe her transport at the gems of art she saw. At first she seemed almost delirious, running from one picture to another, as if frantic with delight, wholly regardless of the "Pray, Mademoiselle, be decorous—pray, Madmoiselle, be composed !" of her vexed duenna.

But at length a picture of the Holy Family absorbed her whole attention ; and in contemplating it she grew calm. The exquisite joy that beamed in the sweet and placid countenance of the young Mother, sublimed by a faith which seemed to have caught in its expression a shadow of the future glory, almost made the picture luminous with its outbeaming light. With the simple and childlike reverence of her nature, Theodosia bowed down before it, not less in adoration of the divine Beauty it embodied, than of the holy Mother ; and with her clasped hands raised, she contemplated the picture through the streaming tears. She appeared unconscious of the crowds that surrounded her, and as much alone with the picture, as if she had found it in one of the fair solitudes of her own beautiful land. The charming *naïveté*, as well as the devout worship of the lovely enthusiast, not less than the artistic appreciation she had, even in her wildness, before displayed, attracted the attention of two gentlemen—an elderly one, and a young man, who had entered the gallery together, just after the school party. It is scarcely strange that

the latter should have been attracted, by a figure not less lovely and picturesque than the picture itself.

From where he stood only the outline of her delicate form could be seen, with the fine head so devoutly turning upward, and the fair arms so worshipfully raised. With a very natural and pardonable desire to see if the face harmonized with all this beauty, he came round, appearing to look at a picture near by, on the same side.

There was something in the very echo of his step, light as it was, that arrested her ear. She turned. The Madonna—the crowded gallery—faded from her view. Months flew backward, as on the wing of moments. And Theodosia, once more a simple-hearted Brazilian maiden, almost shrieking out my name, sprang into the outstretched arms, that as truly opened to receive her.

Yes; I was there; and so was the Padré. It is impossible to describe the scene; though our joy was under a strong check. But we said much in a short time.

Before the hawk-eyed duenna, who, guided by the apparent absorption of her charge, had been treating herself to a little gossip in another part of the room, could possibly interfere, Theodosia had given a rapid sketch of her late history, with the address of the school, notwithstanding the scene had attracted much attention, of which she seemed to be hardly aware. But in that brief period of time, mischief was done to the evil workers, which, with all their art, could not be undone. The word was spoken, that could not be unsaid.

Then Theodosia was hurried off; and though rudely it might be, with the sudden reillumination of that young love-light, her way could not be all dark, wherever it might lead to.

Bitterly enough we regretted afterward, that we had not immediately taken legal steps to obtain possession of her, as I greatly wished, and even urged. But the Padré, finding she was so near, thought it was the better policy to proceed more quietly.

And in what condition, you ask, after all these struggles, did

I find my Beautiful? Though I could not have believed it, she had grown in loveliness, as in stature. While she had lost nothing of the fairness and frankness of her early girlhood, the physical beauty of the woman, chastened as she had been by suffering, was exalted by an expression of the loveliest in hue and outline, the purest and tenderest in sentiment and feeling, the deepest and highest in thought and character. But I must not forget my story.

It was evident from the hurried account of herself given by Theodosia, that she was to be made the victim of some foul play. This was confirmed to us afterward, when it seemed too late to retrieve our error. The Padré called repeatedly at the school in the Rue St. Honoré, hoping to gather some light on the subject from an interview with Madame Montresse, while I loitered in the Champs Elysées, near by. This, too, was ill advised. There should have been a third person to have done this. But our amendments came too late in the day. The shrewd madame, as if her instincts had assisted her by a kind of vulture-like apprehension of danger, was never at home. It was in vain that I haunted the precincts, day and night. There were troops of fair young girls coming in and going out—but not the fairest; there were musical voices heard—but not the sweetest; there were bright eyes, and joyful looks, for other lovers, perchance—but not for me.

THE CONSPIRACY.

Theodosia, when she came to reflect, anticipated that the scene in the Louvre would be treated as a high misdemeanor; but she was mistaken. There was a deeper plot preparing for her ruin. Madame Montresse affected to treat the matter lightly, passing it over with a very gentle reprimand, and a great deal of excellent advice, in regard to matters of ceremony. She told Theodosia in presence of all the scholars, who had been assembled expressly for the occasion, that there doubtless were cases when

ordinary forms could not be so well preserved ; that it was very proper we should be happy to see our friends ; but there were some circumstances under which we should strive to repress our emotions ; and all this with a great parade of lenity, out of which she doubtless expected to make capital, on some not very distant future occasion.

This unwonted forbearance quite overcame Theodosia, who had been prepared for rebuke and punishment ; and in the warmth of her impulsive and unsuspecting nature, she threw herself into the arms of Madame Montresse, sobbing, "Oh, that is so kind! —so much like my own dear governess!"

It must be confessed that Madame was quite unprepared for this sally, and scarce knew how to escape from the awkward position in which she found herself ; for she was, by no means, so hardened a sinner, as not to be affected by the truthful emotions of the young creature she was about to immolate on the shrine of Avarice. Though selfish and unprincipled, she was not wholly devoid of feeling ; yet her policy was, in the present case, to preserve entire coolness. But no human heart could resist the touching appeal that thrilled in the accents of the lovely and thrice-orphaned girl. She therefore returned Theodosia's embrace with a light kiss on the forehead ; and under pretence of seeing something from the window, released herself quickly as possible ; for she was afraid to trust her heart, miserably selfish and cruel as it was.

Presently after she withdrew from the room, to digest and prepare a plan of ruin, better worthy a fiend from the deepest inferno, than of any woman. She knew that a marriage, of all things, was most to be dreaded, as no constraint that could reach such a case, had been permitted by the will ; and she clearly saw that Theodosia must be removed wholly beyond our reach ; for such an event, could we come to an understanding, would almost certainly transpire. Pursuant with the above resolution, a few evenings after, a very curious and valuable antique medal was shown to the scholars, which she well knew would particu-

larly attract the attention of Theodosia, who had a great taste for such relics, and had already made a considerable collection of antique and rare coins. She was not amiss in her calculation. The specimen was said to be from Pompeii, and being an exact likeness of Julius Cæsar, it might, if an original—which it was affirmed to be—lay claim to great antiquity. Theodosia hung over it in raptures, inquiring if it might not on any terms be purchased.

"Ah, no!" returned Madame, "it was given to me by a dear, dear brother, now gone. Indeed, he lost his life in obtaining this treasure, by a fall of a portion of the ruins, under which he was buried."

"Ah me! how sad!"

"How sorrowful!"

"How very sorrowful!" exclaimed one and another; and the bright young creatures, who a moment before had been all vivacity, were touched with tenderest pity; and some of them wept to think of it; while Madame herself, carried away by the affecting character of the scene, actually shed a few drops—sacred to the memory of the brother, whom she had probably invented expressly for the occasion.

The next day, to the astonishment and dismay of all, the young ladies, who had been summoned, as for some special occasion, heard it announced, by Madame, that her precious medallion was lost.

"Now, as a mere matter of form—just to show the servants—some one of whom has doubtless stolen it—and without the slightest idea that it will be found—the young ladies will all consent, I dare say, that their several rooms and wardrobes shall be searched," suggested the wary and conscientious Madame.

The keys were instantly produced, and tendered—all showing by their perfect willingness and serenity of aspect, that they were innocent—all, except Theodosia, who, she could not tell how or why, was strangely affected by this scene; and the circumstance was not unmarked by many who had been taught to suspect her. In the

meantime Madame withdrew with one of the blandest smiles on her countenance, to show more clearly her good faith in her beloved pupils, attended by a formidable train of teachers and a police officer; while the girls, in low tones, spoke together, canvassing the probabilities of the case.

In a few moments, steps were heard descending the stairs; and Theodosia's heart throbbed so she could scarcely support herself, partly from indignation at the general affront, and partly from an instinctive fear that a pit-fall was preparing for herself.

Madame Montresse entered; and every breath was hushed, as with well-feigned surprise and sorrow, she opened her hand, displaying to all eyes the identical lost treasure.

"Now," said she, "one of you is guilty. If you expect any mercy, confess without reserve! As she spoke, she fastened her evil eyes on Theodosia, who, as might be expected, shook from head to foot, and turned deadly pale.

"You see I need not speak to point out the guilty one," she said. "She is her own accuser. Officer, do your duty."

And before the astonished and terrified girl could reply, the professional tap was given, and she was declared a prisoner.

THEODOSIA'S DEFENCE.

Theodosia did not faint, as she had seemed about to do. She did not even weep, or appear to shrink from her fate. The consciousness of innocence, and the conviction that some deadly plot was working against her, invested her with the strength and courage of a martyr.

"Stand away a moment," she said, addressing the officer, "and let me speak to these young ladies."

Lifting her beautiful head, with the majesty of a dethroned, but still conscious queen, she said: "I have now been with you several months. When I first came here I found myself an object of suspicion. I have long been astonished, and pained by it; but now I perceive how it originated."

"Take her away!" interrupted Madame Montresse, turning to the policeman.

"Ah! Madame, right is right!" he responded, with a look of pity that suggested an unfitness for his profession; "it is bad enough at best; and let the young thing have her say."

Thus supported, Theodosia went on: "As I have never been permitted to speak to you before, nor you to me, I wish to tell you something to remember when I am gone. I am an orphan. My father left me the heiress to a princely fortune; and having no friend about him, to whom he could confide me, I was placed under the guardianship of an uncle, who lived far away from my own beautiful Brazilian home. But, instead of protecting, he has subjected me to the most cruel treatment. He has torn me from my country, my home, and my friends. He has deprived me of every comfort to which I had been accustomed; and last, and worst of all, he has entered into a plot with that woman to disgrace and remove me. They have nearly made me the victim of their injurious treatment; and now they are depriving me of my good name."

"Do not offer a reply," she said, as Madame was about to speak, though she seemed to recoil at every word of this wholly unexpected harangue. "You know what I say is true; and in the presence of all these witnesses, I impeach you with a design to ruin me. You have been hired by money to do this wrong; or else you must love wickedness for its own sake. I doubt not, when I am put aside, you expect to share my fortune with my uncle; and all I have to say is, may he deal more generously by you, than he has by me."

Madame Montresse seemed to quiver with passion; but she was pale and powerless, making no attempt to vindicate herself, as if, up to that moment, she had been unconscious of her own guilt, and had then just discovered it.

"Young ladies," continued Theodosia, "this is probably the last time that I shall ever address, or look upon you. I speak, then, with the judgment-seat for all of us, in full view. I learn

that they are going to take me to St. Michael's, whence so few, who have once entered, ever emerge. When their wicked work is accomplished, will you not sometimes recall this last scene to your minds, and think kindly of me? Then remember that I died a victim to a wicked man, and a more wicked woman."

"But no," she added quickly, as if some comforting spirit had prompted her, "I shall not die! Do not think it, Madame!" she continued, turning to the *Gouvernante*, "I shall live to triumph over those who are now trying to ruin me! I know not what destiny awaits me. But I fear nothing. I cannot find worse than I have found here." Then turning to the officer, she said, "I am ready."

Every heart of every hearer was not only touched, but electrified. Who could believe that it was the timid, the gentle, the meek, the all-suffering Theodosia, who was speaking thus, and under such circumstances! Could it be, indeed, she, whose whole life had been so void of offence, that every word, gesture, and look, had seemed to implore mercy? There was but one common sentiment, that of her entire innocence, which every word—every look—since she had begun to speak, seemed to establish. Now, unawed by their preceptress, they gathered round her, entreating her forgiveness, with tears, for their unwitting, and unjust suspicions. She spoke kindly to them, but in few words, lest she should be moved too much, and her strength should forsake her in a time when she so much needed it.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

At that moment Mademoiselle Jeannette came pressing through the circle that still surrounded her, saying: "You shall not go alone, dear Theodosia! The life your kindness has preserved shall now be devoted to you. Wherever you go, I will go; and whatever fortune awaits you, I will share. I will watch over you, and, as far as possible, protect you. I will work for you, beg for you, do anything for you, if you will

only take me. I will be your friend, your servant—anything you will—if I may only serve you. But in this house of wickedness I will stay no longer, If I starve."

Up to this time Theodosia had looked as if her stern and severe eyes had never known a tear, or her proud heart an emotion of softness. But she was melted at once by this unexpected generosity and devotion, and throwing herself into the arms of Jeannette, she wept almost hysterically, while her sobs found an echo in every young heart, that was now throbbing so ardently with prayers for her safety, or swelling so indignantly with the wrongs they intuitively felt she must have suffered, and was about to suffer.

"Ah! I know she is innocent, and good?—and Madame Montresse is wicked, and cruel!" and "I will beg to be taken immediately home!" echoed and reëchoed round the room.

"And this is finishing, indeed!" exclaimed a lively chit, smiling through her tears at her own conceit, as she looked at Theodosia. "Ah! who will stay to be finished, now?"

Those who came near enough to address the central figure, were kissing and embracing her, and each tearing some little souvenir from her person, crying all at once: "Keep this, dear Theodosia, and think how I would have loved you, if that wicked Madame had permitted!"—and again: "Take this!" "Take this!" resounded from all parts of the room—and rings, brooches, ribbons, gloves, whatever could be conveniently laid hold of, were showered upon the victim, who, in her sacrifice, certainly enjoyed a triumph. As Jeannette hastily gathered up these offerings, Theodosia tried to speak; but not without considerable effort could she say, "Thank you! Bless you, dear friends! What a blessing it would have been to know you before! But may we all meet where falsehood, and wrong, and lying witnesses cannot enter."

It was a beautiful sight to see all those bright and sorrowless young creatures sink on their knees, with Theodosia in their midst, as the prayer was breathed, lifting their clasped hands

and streaming eyes, toward Heaven, and, in the intensity of their emotion, praying silently. It was one of those scenes which the highest effort of art would in any wise fail to delineate.

"Adieu! and pray, now, let me go!" said Theodosia, rising; but still they clung to her—still they prayed for her forgiveness and blessing—still they closed the passage against her departure. It was in vain that the gouvernante strove to rally herself, and call her refractory pupils to order. There was a perfect riot among all those indignant young creatures.

One of them, just as Theodosia had once more extricated herself from the clinging group, sprang forward, whispering in her ear, "Papa is an artist. He knows Shahmah and the Padré. He will tell them"—— She was broken off here abruptly by a movement of the officer, who appeared bewildered.

Madame Montresse could just find voice to say: "Heed not this riot. You know your duty; do it."

Alas for the law! and alas for the many who are its ministers! that they should have power to recognize nothing but the letter; and so Theodosia was conveyed to prison, for the Convent of St. Michael was nothing else.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

Strongly as she had fortified herself against her fate, when she first came within the dark shadow of those black walls, where so many lives were mouldering away in hopeless captivity, a chill struck to her heart, and the darkness penetrated her soul. St. Michael's is a frowning pile of stone in the form of a hollow square, inclosing a garden, to which there is no access except through the building.

As the bell, which had been rung for their admission, sounded through the deep passages, like a voice from the sepulchre, Theodosia grasped the hand of Jeannette so hard, that the blood seemed starting from the finger nails; and when an old, meagre and cowled visage appeared at the grate and demanded their

business, the officer in a few words explained the matter, at the same time introducing Jeannette in a whisper. Whatever might have been said, the communication had the effect to exalt mademoiselle vastly in the eyes of the attendant. The officer, also, at the instigation of Jeannette, and because he had entered deeply into the sentiment and spirit of the scene, provided that the two ladies should be placed in cells, at least not far asunder. Oh, what an inestimable blessing was this to Theodosia, when, young and timid as she was, she was taken from the officer, who had come to be a friend, and led away through miles, it seemed in the anguish she endured, of those silent and sepulchral passages, where the glad light and the free breath of heaven never came; but only some poor creatures, whose wickedness degraded the human form, or their hardly more unfortunate victims, were permitted to breathe.

Nay, were not those who were thus made the ministers of cruelty, themselves the victims of a deeper and deadlier wrong—the wrong that lies behind all others—by which society punishes poverty and other misfortunes of birth and position as the most arrant crimes? Believe not that any person who could have the right set pleasingly or properly before him, would ever voluntarily choose the wrong. Human nature is vastly too good for a momentary leaning to such a faith. Remember that sin is always either directly or indirectly the effect of compulsion, and *never voluntary*—and pity, and love, and carefully investigate, before you condemn the sinner.

At last they came to their respective cells; and joyful to utter, they were contiguous!

"Oh, there is mercy even yet!" sobbed Theodosia, crushing down the utterance into a heart-swell. "I have still my friend!"

Their attendant, who seemed one of the ugliest of the sisterhood, unless they were all hideous, had an eye so cold and hard, it seemed to have grown stony by looking upon the stones of all those rough and bare walls. There was no furniture in the cells, except the narrow and ill-furnished couch of straw, and a crucifix

fashioned of the same dark, rough stone. A small altar stood before the crucifix, on which was set a taper, which might possibly burn a half hour ; and this the attendant lighted. For the first time, she then spoke, to set the prisoner's evening lesson of devotions ; and her voice was gruff as the grating of the rusty hinges, to which it had probably adapted itself.

The relief was inexpressible when she withdrew. But the two friends did not dare approach each other or speak, until the prayers had been duly finished ; for they both felt that there was not a single one of those bare stones, that seemed to look on them with evil eyes, but might, and would tell tales.

To Theodosia this set formalism of prayer, given as a task, was extremely irksome ; for she had worshipped as a bird sings, from an inspiration of outgushing love. But when at length the prayers were done, and the tapers nearly exhausted, the two girls crept softly together. Sitting on the side of Theodosia's couch, they drew the thin covering around them ; and with their arms clinging round each other, hand clasped in hand, and cheek pressing against cheek, they sat together the long night, having only been separated for a few minutes when the matin bell rang.

When Theodosia attempted to rise, to obey the summons, she felt extremely ill ; but making all possible effort, she went through with the morning service very tolerably. Soon after her return, she was summoned to the presence of the Abbess ; and the new course of life was marked out for her, in such strong lines that she strove to close her eyes against them. She had, indeed, become nearly unconscious ; and in attempting to regain her cell, she almost fainted away. A basin of a kind of soup, the most meagre possible, which had been sent in for her breakfast, was the only restorative offered. Jeannette had given her a few spoonfuls of this, while she was partially insensible ; but as soon as she was restored to full consciousness, although nearly famished, the very sight and odor of the dish were disgusting ; and she could eat no more.

Theodosia was neither an epicure nor a gormand, but she

had been accustomed all her life to the most dainty and delicate fare, and to have her appetite consulted in regard to whatever she should partake of; nor had there been a very marked change in this respect, even amid all other restrictions, at the establishment of Madame Montresse. For the first time in her life, either the quality or quantity of her food became a subject of restriction—for the first time, in short, was she to be compelled by hunger, to eat what was unpleasant to her. She could not yet comprehend, and believe this; and the bowl of soup was sent away untasted—contrary to the advice of Jeannette, who told her that she had been informed by one of the boarders, that the only change from that soup, would be a bit of stale, dry, and perhaps mouldy bread; and also that any disrespect which might be shown to it, would, very probably, be visited with the sorest, the most humiliating penance.

"Let it come;" said Theodosia, clasping her aching head with both hands; "it will not take a great deal more."

Jeannette sank down on her knees, intermediately with her smothered tears, sobbing prayers for her afflicted friend. The sight reassured Theodosia, and brought her back to herself.

"Ah, my poor Jeannette!" she said, "I must give you a better example—I must still continue to live in the light and strength which as yet have never forsaken me. I believe"—she continued, as she raised Jeannette from the ground, and tenderly embraced her, "I know that I shall triumph. I cannot tell from whence I draw this impression—this conviction—but it is so strong, that should I swallow poison, I could not think it would harm me. It is a sentiment that is written in characters of light on the black walls that imprison me—it is a germ of never-dying hope, planted deep in the soul, nourished by the deeper spring of faith in Right—faith in God—faith in myself—whose clear depths, amid all my anguish, have never yet been troubled! And sometimes I feel myself growing so strong, that the warfare gives me absolute pleasure; and then I almost hope myself worthy to share the crown of thorns which the Holy

Jesus wore; and my triumph and joy are unspeakable. Yet I sometimes yield to a momentary despondency, as I did just now. Should I do so again, pray remind me of what I am now telling you; and I shall be strong again."

Theodosia in the excitement of her feelings, had raised her voice from the very low tone in which she began to speak; and as she did so Jeannette interrupted her: "Pray be quiet," said she, "and speak lower. Remember we must appear to be perfect strangers to each other, or we shall be separated."

"Now, I think of it, Jeannette," said Theodosia, "pray tell me under what pretence you obtained admission?"

"You will be amused if I tell," returned the lively Frenchwoman, her countenance sparkling with the natural vivacity which no circumstances could quite repress. "At first I tried the same crime by which Madame Montresse obtained a ticket for you, my love—in short, I stole a handkerchief before the face of the officer himself, pretending to be very shy and private about it. Ah! Monsieur is a good man—Heaven rest the souls of all he has loved and lost!—He perceived the spirit of my intention, and whispered me: 'It will not pass, Mademoiselle; but pray, can you make fine ice creams?' The question was so absurd, I almost forgot how wretched I truly was, and began to laugh, without replying.

"'You cannot, then,' he said, with a look of disappointment.

"'And why should I not?' I answered, 'seeing my dear mother did nothing from the time I was born but make the most delicious creams; and for many years I did nothing but assist her; and some even said my creams rivalled hers.'

"'How fortunate!' he exclaimed, still speaking under the breath. 'You wish to go with you—' and he nodded toward you. 'The Lady Abbess, to whom I am well known, has commissioned me to obtain some one who excels in her favorite condiment. I will take you;' and thereupon I gave him my hand."

"But when did all this happen?" inquired Theodosia.

"While you were accepting the gifts and exchanging adieux with the young ladies. It was but a moment in being accomplished."

"But, pray, how came you to be placed near me?" pursued Theodosia.

"Excuse me, my friend," returned the other, "and believe that happy accidents, even in the most untoward circumstances, sometimes occur."

"No, my dear Jeannette, I cannot believe—indeed, I know that it was not accident which brought you here. These are prisoners' cells; and you have exchanged a comfortable room and fare, in order to cheer and bless me with your presence!—Say, dearest Jeannette, is it not so?"

"I could not see you otherwise," returned Jeannette, sinking to the ground, and clasping the knees of her friend—"and how could I live, if I thought you suffering all this wrong, and I never sharing it? I would, indeed, make the life that you saved for me worth keeping, by showing you that it was worthy to be saved. I could make only these terms, and I made them. Be sure, I should have made better, if it had been possible."

"Oh, most generous—most devoted!" returned Theodosia, sinking on the ground beside her friend, and clasping her arms about her. Whatever else she would have said, was spoken only in the language of tears.

"Let those who distrust all friendship learn better of you, my noble Jeannette!" she said, at length, rising; and giving her hand to the latter, she added: "I feel prouder and more exalted by having excited such a friendship, than I should to sway the strongest sceptre and wear the richest crown on earth. Surely heaven must, and will, reward you."

"I have my reward," answered Jeannette, laying a hand on her heart, and the next moment embracing her friend. "Do not think too much of me, Theodosia. Perhaps I believe, as you do, that you will some day escape from this thrall, and build my actions on what might naturally follow."

"Ah! naughty, naughty one!" responded the other, "to be so generous that you will not acknowledge your own generosity; and precisely because a good Providence has seemed to permit, and favor all this, do I feel an earnest of the future joy! Yet none the less shall I esteem and love you—none the less exalted will be your self-sacrifice."

Jeannette whispered hurriedly, "There are steps!" and then, with a finger on her lips, she glided to her own cell.

THE ABBESS.

Directly after, the same nun who had escorted the prisoner to her apartment on the previous evening, again made her appearance, giving to Theodosia, as she entered the cell, a summons from the Lady-Abbess, that she should immediately appear before her.

Expecting some evil, yet summoning courage to meet it, Theodosia arose, and followed her conductress once more through those sombre avenues. Ghostly forms glided to and fro, their apparently muffled feet waking no echoes, while the dim tapers they carried, only gave light enough to project their grim shadows on the massive walls.

A feeling of horror which she could not shake off, took hold of Theodosia. She could just see the outline of those wrapped and hooded forms, which seemed to spring out of the horrible darkness, for a moment, then plunge into it again, and disappear. There was only sound enough to make the silence still more intolerable and frightful; yet they went on, she and her evil conductress, winding, turning, and doubling on their track, until it seemed as if Theodosia, with every step, must sink to the ground; and certainly she would have done so, had not the way come to a timely end.

Suddenly, without any previous warning, a door was flung open, and the prisoner was plunged into the midst of a dense light which nearly blinded her, and increased her faintness. As

soon as her sight had become accustomed to the change, she saw that the Lady-Abbess was seated on a kind of throne, or state-chair, with two monks on each side, and that from the instruments of torture, and several huge old volumes, she was in the hall of Justice—though it was a horrible mockery of the name it assumed.

The instant that Theodosia laid her eyes on the Abbess, a kind of vague impression seemed to leap out, like lightning, from the depths of buried years. But in an instant, as soon as she sought to analyze it, it was gone. Yet, in passing, it had done its work; for it seemed to assure the poor, friendless orphan, that whatever might come, she had really nothing to fear from that woman.

Naturally, and instinctively, she fell at the feet of the principal figure, not only from weakness, but to shield her eyes from the too powerful light. The act itself was opportune; for the Holy Mother accepted it as a pledge of penitence and submission.

"Daughter," she said, with a countenance so solemn it seemed as if she were going to sleep; "full of iniquity as thou art, the Holy Mother-Church has, through her abundant mercy, provided a way of escape; and though it be through the severest penance, and mortifications of the body"———She hesitated, as if wanting terms.

"The Holy Mother would say," suggested a dark and keen-eyed prompter at her side, "that the prisoner should accept even the severest tortures, willingly and joyfully, as the instruments of salvation to her soul."

"Ah! that is right!" murmured the Abbess; but she evidently spoke without any direct relation to the case at issue. She had been perusing the face of the prisoner, while hers, in turn, had been as deeply and rapidly read. With her first glance Theodosia saw that the face of the Abbess was a remarkable one. There was a kind of volcanic illumination about it, as if much that was noble, and true, for want of proper develop-

ment, had burned out in her soul, leaving only the smouldering ruins of its beauty. One thing was certain—she had more human feeling than she was free to exercise. She loved ease, perhaps, or sensual indulgence—good eating and drinking—or else—which was more probable—she was constitutionally unfit for her position—not having that natural capability which, if it is not, should be considered as a distinct power—the governing faculty. The consciousness of this seemed to have produced an imbecility which was not natural to her; and so her authority had come to be a cypher; and her functions had passed into the hands of those sharp-featured and keen-eyed monks. Impressions like these flitted through the mind of Theodosia; for her artistic eye, and fine appreciation, unfolded the character with the rapidity of intuition; and in the momentary pause she had read, as it were, a life history.

On the other hand, the Abbess was equally interested. Having made her almost unconscious rejoinder, she again fell to perusing the prisoner's face, as if the question to be settled had relation to that only. She became apparently lost in thought; and just as the monk on her right recalled her attention, by laying a dark, bony finger across her fair and fat palm, she was murmuring to herself in broken sentences: "Ah! it is vain! Why do I still expect it? Why am I always seeking one face? Years have gone—long, long years—she must be old now—dead perhaps—gone! Yes," she said, with a sudden start—"I was dreaming. But it is all over. Let us proceed."

And with the flitting vision of youth and love; which for a moment had beamed through her eyes and softened her voice, she sought also to dismiss the tenderness of the woman; and as if compelled to do penance for her involuntary negligence of the business, she put on as hard and cold a frown as she could possibly assume.

Theodosia had become so much excited by her mysterious words, and expression of countenance, as well as her apparent interest in herself, that she forgot the sword that was suspended

over her own head—but a moment, and then she was recalled to her senses.

FATHER LARRASY.

"Poor child!" said the Abbess—but the eyes were not yet quite hard and cold; and in the voice there was an expression of real though inert pity. "Poor child!" she continued, "thou hast been kindly nurtured—and fared tenderly—but the snares of the Evil one"——

"Encompassed her round about,"—suggested the same wily monk, darting on the Abbess as he spoke, a glance from his evil eyes—which seemed to express at once a threat and an imprecation. The Abbess recoiled. She made a still stronger effort to recover her severity.

"The world is all deceitful, my daughter!" she began. "We have rescued thee from its snares. Here we live only to mortify the senses—to subdue the appetites—to crucify the vanities of life;" and in bringing up one round, fat hand to clasp with the other, in order to express her deep humility, she jarred the great bundle of keys that hung at her side, while the key of her own rich larder, and the key of the wine-cellar, rang together, as if they had, jointly, a word to offer against that resolution; while the great mass of flesh said in its own behalf, that however much mortification its kindred might have known, abroad in the world, itself was not precisely the happiest illustration for the good Mother's text; while Theodosia thought of the ice-creams, and could scarce forbear smiling, though she felt that the malignant eye of the priest was on her; and she shrunk more within herself.

Emboldened by the apparent leniency in her lady judge, Theodosia raised her eyes with a thought of asking for mercy, when they encountered those of a priest, who was known as Father Larrasy; and from those evil orbs shot forth a flash so keen, so sinister, and at the same time so malignant, that she shudderingly recoiled from the glance. The teeth gnashed together; the thin hands clutched hold of the thread-bare cloak, as if it were necessary

s to detain them, lest they should rend or tear; and the whole rson seemed to have been invaded by the ferocity of a tiger. It as unspeakably terrible. Throwing off, in the excitement of the noment, his usually servile and fawning demeanor, in defiance of courtesy and usage, he sprang forward, and clenched the trembling victim so forcibly, Theodosia felt as if the blood were starting beneath his grasp. He lifted her from the ground and seemed about to dash her back again, when the Abbess interposed.

"The good Father Larrasy is more forward, even than usual, in his zeal for Mother-Church," she said; and though it was in a bland tone of voice, a delicate ear might have detected a latent irony—which, however, was more apparent as she proceeded—"and certainly the haste to punish sin betokens spotless purity in the punisher."

This power, so unexpectedly once more put forth, astonished Theodosia; for amid all that was impending she could not resist making observations, even as she hung trembling in the hands of the infuriated priest. But the Abbess had that kind of character which will yield perhaps ninety-nine points; and if the hundredth be contested, regain the whole. She was now completely roused; and rising from her seat, with one hand she clasped the hand of Theodosia, and raising the other with a slow and solemn gesture, that had power even in the very slowness of its motion, she only uttered two words—"Stand back!"—and the terror-stricken priest, wholly unprepared for resistance, did as he was ordered, and slunk away. It was plain that the Abbess, who had once ruled, was herself again. But she coul see from the frowning visages around that the side of mercy w the unpopular one.

Yet the Abbess still persisted. "Rise, poor child," she s "Whatever may have been thy crimes, thy person shall be from violence, at least in my presence; and such justice as I command, thou shalt have."

Whereupon, with very little ceremony, the Ecclesiastical adjourned; and Theodosia was taken back to her cell.

THE ICE CREAMS.

The Abbess looked after her as she retreated, with that same mysterious expression, as if she would have retained and comforted her; but she was almost as void of real power as the prisoner herself. She had just been prompted to put forth a wonderful manifestation in her defence; but she well knew, that so far from being any effectual service, it would be more likely to provoke a bitterer penance. But the Abbess did not know that, touched by a magic spell, her own latent power was reviving; and that throwing down the gauntlet, as she had done, in behalf of right, she had paralyzed those to whom she had been long subservient, to such a degree, that they would find it difficult to recover their usurped authority. She knew her prerogative, and that her power was absolute, if she only might dare assert it. There was certainly some prospect of a mutiny; and as the priests and old nuns withdrew, one by one, scowling like so many foiled demons, not a word of support was given to the Abbess; and she was left alone. But she had little time to reflect on her own situation, which was not without its danger, when her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Jeannette.

This ever-watchful friend had ascertained what was going on; for having the freedom of the premises, so far as there was any freedom, she had followed on the track of Theodosia, and listened long enough to learn the truth. Knowing the weak side of the Abbess, in regard to which she had short but summary instruction from the officer, she hurried with all possible expedition the strawberry cream she was preparing, and which she hoped would act as an emollient, if not as a refrigerative lotion.

The door opened and she appeared before the Abbess, who had retired to her own private apartment. She set down the tray with her *chef-d'œuvre*, in the form of ices. The delicious cream was blushing through its crystals, like morning through a

snow-drift; and in a ruby-colored cup, which heightened the effect of the bright golden spoon, the delicious morsel was reverently presented.

But there was something truer beneath those sacerdotal robes than could be satisfied with creams, or any condiment whatever. She took the glass, as if more out of complaisance to one who was so evidently seeking to please, than from any call of appetite; and merely tasting it, she said—"Another time, good Jeannette. I perceive they have not spoken amiss of thee, or of thy creams. But I cannot eat now. It would make me sick. I pray, take it away."

And Jeannette averred that when the Abbess said this there were tears—real tears—trickling down her cheeks, though she sought to restrain them.

THE PENANCE.

Theodosia was greatly comforted by Jeannette's account, as well as by her own impressions; and when, on the next morning, she received a message to attend the Abbess, she hastened to meet her with a light and joyful heart; but she soon found, to her sorrow, that the "power behind the throne" was again interfering with the royal prerogative. In short, the Abbess had been overawed by the stronger party; for, with a tolerable expression of severity, she sentenced the poor girl to endure a most cruel and degrading penance. It was this—to pray two hours, kneeling with her bare knees on a pavement composed of fragments of extremely sharp flint-stone so adjusted as to have their edges presented to the skin—then to walk fifteen times round the garden barefoot, and at the close of each circle, to bow down and lick the ground with her tongue.

Theodosia had so far overcome her repugnance to the new diet as to take the nauseous soup, morning and evening, that she might have all the strength she so much needed, to carry her through these severe trials. The two hours of torture wore slowly away; and when she rose, the flints where she knelt were

covered with her blood; yet no cry had escaped her during all this protracted agony. Did she know that the Abbess was shut up in her own oratory, praying to our Lady-of-Grace, for the poor child she had seemed to condemn with so little feeling? and did an impression of the thought sustain her? Certain it is, that although she perceived she was not invested with the full power that belonged to her place, her mind rested on the Abbess as on a sure and willing friend. In fact, she hardly thought of the physical torture, bitter as it was; for she was racked in view of the indignity to which she was about to be subjected.

When she was led out into the garden, she was partially reassured by seeing the Abbess there. She stood still a moment before she commenced her walk; for she was deliberating in her own mind whether she could, or should, make any resistance. For a few minutes the struggle shook her as with an ague; but directly she grew calm; and lifting herself up, she looked on those about her, while her countenance shone like that of an angel.

With a firm step she went out into the walk, preceded by the Abbess, and followed by a train of monks and nuns, while the old organ groaned out a *Te Deum*. Never had her fine form appeared so stately—never had her air been so majestic—so queenly—as when first putting forth the delicate foot on the hard gravel, with lips pressed firmly together, that the pain might not excite a cry, she commenced the walk of penance. Without a single apparent flinching, in nerve or feature, she completed the first round; and then, for a moment she hesitated. It was but for a moment.

Before she stooped to the ground, she said, addressing the Abbess: "Yes; I now find I can do this, also. Nothing is hard, when the will is obedient. I submit—but not as a convict doing penance for sin. I look at my divine Redeemer, and yield myself as he yielded, to the brute force which I cannot resist."

As she spoke, she bowed down; but as she was about to press

that beautiful mouth on the ground, a terrible but familar sound arrested her. It was a rattling noise, followed by a sharp hiss; and the next moment a huge serpent, which had escaped from the cage of a monk, who had a fancy for such creatures, threw itself into coils at the feet of the Abbess, and was just about to make the fatal spring, when Theodosia rushed forward. It was but the work of an instant to seize a staff from the hand of an aged monk, when a timely and well-directed blow laid the monster, writhing, but helpless, at the feet of the Abbess, who, in her gratitude and astonishment at the heroism of Theodosia, could scarcely be kept from going down on her knees, before one whom she had just been instrumental in degrading by a painful and unjust punishment. Then it was that the full power came back, with a force sufficient to overcome all opposition.

THE DISCOVERY.

The Abbess was led to her chamber, and there, regardless of frowning monks and spiteful nuns, she commanded her own personal attendants to conduct the prisoner. And when this was done she dismissed all her attendants, and calling Theodosia to her, she bowed herself on her neck, and wept like a child. She clasped the girl to her bosom with an almost passionate embrace —it was long since she had folded there one so beautiful, and so innocent. Blesséd tears!—blesséd breath of the lovely and the pure, that fell so warmly on her bloated cheek! They were taking her away—back—how far back, and away—to the vineyards and olive gardens of Andalusia—to the dear old mansion where, a happy and sinless girl, she wandered with one as happy, and as sinless. And now—now, indeed—it seemed as if she were again there, and that sister were in her arms. Filled with this idea, she gazed on Theodosia. There was the same liquid depth of eye—there were the same flowing waves of chestnut hair—there was the same expression—nay, the same outline in the upturned features, as thus silently, they had, as it were, been

perusing each other's souls. At length the Abbess, carried wholly away by the vision she had called up, exclaimed:

"In the name of Jesus, and his Holy Angels, tell me if you *are* Cecile Cadiza?"

"That was my mother's name," returned Theodosia, violently agitated by the half glimpse she had of the truth.

"Holy Mother of God! I thank thee!" ejaculated the Abbess, clasping her lifted hands together—"I thank thee that thou didst not permit me to confirm the last indignity, and thus degrade my own innocent flesh and blood!—Come to my arms, my daughter! fold me close—close—closer! for thou art the child of my long-lost, dearly-loved, and ever-lamented Cecile—*my* Cecile, whose love slept in my bosom like an angel; and when she left me I was lost! Oh my sister! look down from the sweet heaven where thou dwellest, and say if thou canst, for the sake of all these long years of love, and sorrow for thy loss, forgive the wrong I have done thy child! Ah! she is *my* child—cast by a loving Providence into my arms! Theodosia, art thou not? Look up, and tell me, sweet! for now that I have something to love—now that the eye of Cecile looks on me through Theodosia, I shall not degrade myself, as I have done—I *will* not—so help and strengthen me, Heaven!"

All this time Theodosia had been completely bewildered by strong and counteracting emotions, in which the strange and romantic interest she had first felt in the character of the Abbess was, perhaps, the strongest feeling. But the fervor into which that lady seemed as if by some magic power to waken—her deep and heart-searching tones—her touching reference to the love and memory of her mother—her affectionate and earnest manner—all contributed to strengthen the favorable impression, until at the last appeal, she felt only the joy of meeting so unexpectedly a near relative—of loving one her mother had loved—of finding in this most desolate place sweet affections unsealed, and springing up as from living fountains. Overwhelmed by the conflict, she sank on her knees, and clasping those of the Abbess, gasped,

rather than said: "Bless me, Mother! Bless thy sister's child!" The form collapsed; the arms let go their hold; and when the Abbess bent to raise her, she found that she was insensible.

Foremost among the summoned attendants came the faithful Jeannette, who had caught a ray from the new star of joy which had just arisen. She begged permission to take full charge of Theodosia for the night; for she very sensibly urged that after so many intense and opposite excitements, as had supervened during the last three or four days, it would be a wonder if her brain should escape inflammation. But when Jeannette, after Theodosia had been restored, and was sleeping quietly, felt herself drawn to the arms of the Abbess, who whispered the newly-discovered relationship in her ear, the poor girl herself went nearly frantic with joy. She laughed and cried by turns, frequently running to the bed, as if she would and must embrace her friend, and as frequently being drawn back by the Abbess, who from this time appeared so wholly changed one could not have believed her to be the same person.

But this revolution, though its impulse seemed to have been given in a single point of time, was not accomplished in a moment. There were long, and frequent, and repeated struggles, before the work could be complete—struggles against the habitual weakness which had, for so long, left her, bound in oppressive fetters, both of heart and mind. But now that she had some purpose in life—something to live for—something to love, and to defend—she was invested with the courage of a lioness—and more—the heroism of a true human soul.

Persons of ardent temperament, and strong affections, wanting some intelligent object with whom to reciprocate their love, are often driven by the very activity of their nature, to find excitement in some inferior object. They fall into gluttony, drunkenness, and other forms of sensuality, not because they are by nature more depraved than others, but because their affections, not having free scope and legitimate exercise, become diseased, and

oppressed by morbid appetites. The true remedy, in such cases, is some object to love, which is not only in itself really lovely, but which can reciprocate the affection. Thus, while the necessity is the same, or nearly the same—the stimulant itself is changed; and instead of the degrading appetite of the false position, it passes into the ennobling sentiment of love, or friendship, in the true. So the very power which contributed to sully and debase the character, becomes the most powerful agent in its reformation.

And meanwhile Theodosia, in whom dwelt the Love-Angel that wrought this blessing, was herself as unconscious of the joy and wealth she gave, as the dew, that brings verdure and bloom to the bosom of the parched and arid waste; yet she perceived the change, and rejoiced in it.

HAPPY CHANGES.

Theodosia did not have a fever as it had been feared she might. On the following evening she woke with wounded knees, indeed, but so deeply happy and joyful, so beyond expression grateful, when with her first waking glance she met the eyes of the Abbess, bending anxiously over her, that she forgot everything else; and with a love almost filial, she sprang up, and clung round the neck of her aunt, murmuring in those sweet, low, loving tones, which only love can breathe.

The good lady was inexpressibly affected. Again she entreated the forgiveness of Theodosia, and again vowed to break the habits of indulgence into which she had fallen from sheer inanity.

As soon as the excitement had somewhat subsided, Theodosia told her aunt the whole story of her life, touching very lightly on those parts connected with her betrothal; but yet, from her very care to keep the veil on, exciting a smile in the watchful Abbess. But when she came to her father's death, and the treatment of her uncle, the indignation of her relative nearly

burst all bounds, so much easier is it to be angry with other people's faults than our own. But, to do the Abbess justice, her sins were not those of sheer bigotry, but sprang rather from the reaction of a checked activity, than from a natural tendency to wrong; and though she might, perhaps, justify herself in the infliction of the severest penance, she was not covetous; and as to entering into a conspiracy to rob and ruin any person, but especially an orphan, the thought was horrible! The people of the convent knew their business too well, to let her into their secrets.

"There can be no doubt at all," said the Abbess, "Madame Montresse was employed by your uncle to accuse, and remove you. Ah! what brutes those Americans are!"

"My father was an American," whispered Theodosia, "and for his sake I must love his countrymen."

"Ah true, true, my child; but tell me again of this Jeannette, I have engaged for my ices. So it was a plot, after all; and she suffered herself to be shut up, and took a prisoner's fare, and a prisoner's cell, for your sake, my child."

"And then tried to conceal her generous devotion, my good mamma,"—it was the first time that Theodosia had called her aunt by that endearing name; and as she did so the lady pressed Theodosia's cheeks between her two hands, turned up the rosy mouth, and kissed it very fondly, softly whispering: "I shall yet be worthy to love you—worthy that you should love me—old as I am. But of Jeannette. Ah, she must be a very remarkable person; she is poor, you say."

"Very poor, dear mamma," returned Theodosia; and her aunt's eyes filled again with tears, to hear herself so called; as she rang and ordered Mademoiselle Jeannette before her.

"Come hither," said the Abbess, stretching out her arms; "come hither, and let me know that I embrace one true woman." Jeannette sprang into them; and the faithful heart was rewarded by the appreciation it so richly deserved.

The Abbess had couches for Theodosia and Jeannette placed in

her own chamber; for she was afraid that the intelligence would be abroad before anything effectual could be done, and the evil powers should again spirit the dear child away. Therefore it was that they had preserved the strictest secrecy in the convent; for the Abbess had not only many enemies, but almost no friends. The obvious service she had received at the hands of Theodosia, furnished a convenient excuse for the change which had been adopted in the treatment; and this the Abbess persisted in maintaining with a force of will which, for a time, kept the authority of her place inviolate.

Theodosia and her aunt had many long conversations together, in regard to the best means of restoring the orphan to her liberty and her rights; and in the meantime the former had written long letters home, with an abridgment of her whole history since parting. She also announced the joyful intelligence that she would probably return to her own country very soon, accompanied by her aunt, who had determined to resign her place and follow the dear child who had so singularly been preserved to her. Theodosia said that she was almost certain that the Padré was still in France; for she knew he would make every effort to rescue her from the clutches of the destroyer; and the Abbess remarked in the same connection, that almost beyond a doubt, the wily Father Larrasy was employed by the wicked woman who had sent her there; and again she cautioned Theodosia to be on her guard always, and let no impression of the great change in their relationship transpire; "for" said she, "he is wicked as his master, and cunning as the serpent he loves so well; you have, moreover, killed his favorite; and that is another black mark against you."

MINISTRIES OF LOVE.

"And speaking of Madame Montresse, mamma," said Theodosia, rising from her seat after one of these long deliberations, which, like the story of the Happy Valley, led to a "conclusion

in which nothing was concluded;" "speaking of Madame Montresse reminds me of a circumstance of which I thought nothing at the time, but which I now feel may be important. During my last pleasant interview with Madame—just before she exhibited the medal—when I embraced her as I have told you, she seemed to shrink from me; and stooping, under pretence of picking up something, but really, as I then thought, to loosen my grasp, she hurried away to the window, and thence out of the room. It was getting rather dark, and the lights were not yet brought in, when I saw something white lying on the carpet before me. I took it up, and it was a letter. Supposing Madame had dropped it, for I could see well enough that it bore her address, I put it in my pocket; and in the exciting scenes which so rapidly followed, I had quite forgotten it until to-day, when it fell out from among some drawings, along with which it had been removed, and laid away."

"Get it my love! get it quickly!" said the Abbess; "for I have a presentiment that it will be what you wish and need."

Theodosia ran for the letter, and soon returned with the unfortunate missive, which was now doomed to speak the truth, contrary to the express will and pleasure of the parties most interested. They examined it. It was post-marked New Orleans, and was in the hand-writing of her uncle. But though unsealed, Theodosia, whose notions of honor were very strict, had a horror of looking into it.

"Let me take the responsibility," said the Abbess; and thus saying, she unfolded the document, and with it a plot even deeper and baser than they had yet suspected. Various ways and means of taking Theodosia's life were coolly canvassed; and the decision upon which they finally acted, was only adopted because it might be the safest to themselves.

Here, then, was direct evidence; and while reading, Theodosia clung to her aunt with an unspeakable terror, almost every moment breaking off to say: "Do, dear mamma, protect me! Oh, do not let them come here!"

Again and again the promise was renewed. "But," said the Abbess, "we must be quiet for a while, until this apparent excitement is blown over; and, in the meantime, I will have a plausible excuse for keeping you near me, by making you my seamstress, or employing you in fine needle-work, or drawing designs for embroidery; but on no account let us show familiarity, while in the presence of any person, except Jeannette. So all the while we can be thinking what may best be done; but thinking very quietly, my love; for I know better than any one who are the enemies that surround us." The course here suggested was promptly acted upon.

The ingenuity and good taste manifested by Theodosia in these works, as well as her sweet manner and kind attentions to those less fortunate than herself, made her a general favorite; and she came to be continually besought by her confessor, and some of the most distinguished nuns, to adopt the peaceful life, which they now took every care to make as pleasant as possible.

To all those propositions she would merely say: "I will think of it;" or, "I dare say you tell me truly. We shall see how it will turn." Her life was now, indeed—though she was a close prisoner—far more happy than it had ever been since she was torn from home. The quiet calm, after the late excitements, had a soothing effect on her mind; while the society of Jeannette had acquired a new charm. Her conversation, now that her native humor could have play, was full of vivacity, and the most piquant little conceits; and the happy change, which every day seemed to confirm in the character of her aunt, also tended to bring the serenest joy to the heart of Theodosia.

Peace again visited the disconsolate; and the lacerated bosom of the young orphan began to be healed. Nor was this season lost upon her, for the habits of industry she acquired were invaluable. She had previously known nothing of work *as* work; but now she had regular tasks, and took pleasure in the triumph of accomplishing them in a small portion of the allotted time;

and then she was her own mistress for a season—a luxury which she was thus taught how to value. At these times she renewed her practice in the art of drawing. She had never given much attention to heads, though she had often thought she had a talent for it. There was, lying very deep in her heart, a certain vivid memory, which had, of late, been revived. To delineate that, and invest it with form and color, was her first attempt; and if a Rembrandt, or a Page, might have excelled it, neither of them could have greater joy, or comfort, over his work, than Theodosia, when the image most dearly loved first smiled, so livingly and lovingly, out from the canvas; canvas, I say; for she afterward copied it in oil colors.

Thus several weeks went by; and Theodosia had almost given over sewing, so captivated were all with the efforts of her pencil. She had drawn most of the nuns, and many of the prisoners, and was rapidly advancing, not only in her art, but in the kind regards of all about her. These exercises were varied and relieved, by visits of kind ministry to the sick and suffering, which all large communities, and especially those which are founded on an unnatural principle, are sure to afford. She was no longer an object of envy, as she had at first been; but blessings continually followed her steps.

THE ARRIVAL.

One evening, at vespers, Theodosia observed a stranger. At the first glance her eyes were chained to the small portion of his person then visible; for she had a feeling that he was in some way connected with her destiny. When he rose, as he soon did, for at the time she discovered him he was kneeling, she could scarcely smother a cry of joy, or refrain from rushing to his arms, for she recognized the excellent Padré. He, however, though he appeared scarcely less delighted and surprised, made a gesture of silence and secrecy. Although the ensuing hour contained only its due number of minutes, Theodosia felt as if

each one of them had usurped the place and principle of an hour, until, at last, when she was almost believing she was not to be sent for, the summons came. How her heart leaped when she arose to attend the messenger! A few moments would decide her fate; and now, after she had so long sought to know, when the veil was about to be withdrawn, she almost shrunk from the view. Then Madame Laurette, her uncle, her home, her liberty, with many other minor thoughts, whirled through her brain with the speed of lightning, as she hurriedly followed the attendant through those long, dark passages alluded to before; for the message had reached her in one of the prisoner's cells, where she had an appointment, which she dared not break, as the Abbess was still externally very strict with the fair prisoner. But the first glance on the sunny face of the Padré took in a whole volume of good news. Scarcely was the attendant withdrawn, when, with a half-smothered cry of joy, she sprang into his open arms, and was folded to that truly paternal heart.

As soon as a tolerable degree of composure was restored, the Padré informed Theodosia of the unceasing pursuit and watch I had maintained. And then her thoughts lapsed into woodland walks, far, far away—far back into the past—perhaps far forward in the future. From this delicious reverie she was recalled by the voice of the Abbess, saying: "I perceive that if there is anything to be done, I must do it myself."

Thereupon she produced the letter from Mr. Slicer to the foul and wicked Madame Montresse; and it was pronounced sufficient to condemn both.

But when the whole infernal scheme of discipline and treatment, to which his darling pupil had been subjected, was laid before him, the good Padré, uniformly so placid and gentle, came nearer to falling into a rage than he had ever done before; and, at the same time, he shuddered with horror, to think of what she had so narrowly escaped. The Padré then reverted to a topic of more immediate interest.

"You may have heard of Theodosia's betrothed as an infidel,"

he began ; "but whatever he may call himself, or be called, he is a true Christain—one who lives in the life, and is sublimed by the faith of our divine Archetype. As such I have to speak of him to our good mother."

"Our good mother has already heard enough," returned the Abbess, playfully, "of virtue in this divine infidel—to challenge every key of St. Peter. But"—and she shook her head at Theodosia with a mock severity—so well feigned that it seemed real to the sensitive girl—"his heresies are for future treatment. His first duty is confession."

"But a truce to this trifling—craving pardon of your holy motherhood ;" said the Padré ; "and let me really speak of what I was about to say."

His eye rested on Theodosia a moment, tenderly ; and then he added. "It will not be long, my sweet child, before that best friend shall be permitted to speak for himself. But, my Theodosia, you know not yet the extent of the danger you have escaped."

He then proceeded to tell her that Madame Montresse was no other than that most wicked and monstrous woman, of whom she had heard in New Orleans, as Madame Lallorme.

It is impossible to describe Theodosia's agony of horror at hearing this. "And yet," she said, "I felt that there was a sense of something unspeakably terrible, hideous and loathsome about her, of which I in vain attempted to divest myself." Saying this she fell into such an agony of mingled terror and disgust, that it was difficult to soothe and quiet her.

"We have only the deeper reason to be thankful," said the Abbess ; "but pray let our good friend now get a glimpse of the sunny side, as you much need to do, my poor child ?"

Kissing the pale cheek of Theodosia, she turned to the Padré, saying : "You have now, as my vanity leads me to believe, a pleasant story to hear."

And when the relationship which had been discovered between the Abbess and Theodosia crowned the climax of wonders, the

Padré grew almost beside himself, laughing and weeping by turns, now embracing the Abbess, now Theodosia, until the former reminded him of the necessity of restraint, as his ecstasies were liable to excite attention; and that, with all her power, she could scarce insure success to their plans, should a discovery of their several circumstances and intentions be precipitated.

At this juncture Jeannette appeared with a tray of ice-creams, and was formally introduced; for her history had already been given; and the fervid blessing of the good Father was to her a rich reward.

"Ah," said the Abbess, with a woeful look at the tray, which, for several minutes, had been forgotten—"Ah, mon dieu! the Padré is so affectionate he melts all the ices! Let him go to the North Pole, and live there!"

"It is very true," she continued, as this sprightly sally recalled the several persons, most interested, to their immediate duty; and handing a glass to the Padré, she went on. "It is true that one should not lose the finest thing in the world—which only my Jeannette can give in the highest perfection—not even for stories of half a dozen wicked old men and women."

Thus perfectly restored to a good humored enjoyment of the present, Theodosia, and her venerable tutor, sat questioning and answering each other till a late hour; while the Abbess and Jeannette were, for the most part, delighted listeners.

THE CONCLUSION.

Ah! what a rose-light shone out for Theodosia with the glad sunshine of the next morning; and her devotions went up to the Giver of Happiness, like the joyful orisons of a bird. The Padré appeared at breakfast; and that they might be more entirely free, only Jeannette served at table. But the omelette and coffee went by Theodosia untasted, when she heard that, probably before night, she would be free. Application for her

release was already made to the Brazilian Consul; and they were every hour expecting an answer.

When the cloth was removed the Abbess said to Theodosia, "We must not forget, in all this happiness, the more important duties of religion. I have arranged that you shall immediately confess, and, if necessary, do penance, my love."

There was something expressed by her manner which was totally different from the meaning that her words conveyed.

Theodosia was puzzled—perplexed; but she merely said:

"Ah, well; that is very right—that is very pleasant—now while the Padré is here! How lovely it will be to take from him once more the holy Bread of Love."

"But it is not the Padré," returned her aunt, gravely, almost severely, "whom I have appointed to confess you."

"And why not?" persisted Theodosia.

"Because I have my own private reasons, child. Do not question; but follow me," returned the Abbess, with a covert smile to the Padré.

What if her aunt had secretly determined not to release her! What if she should shut her up in some dungeon, where the good Padré might never find her—where she might never again behold the light! She felt rather ashamed, even of the involuntary suspicion—but after all the strange things which had turned up—the sudden and terrible reverses she had known, what might not be expected? The Abbess had *some* meaning aside from her words. What could it be? It might have been some thoughts like these which made her steps linger and hesitate; it might be because the passage was dark and strange.

"On my faith!" said the Abbess, pausing for her to come up, 'you lag behind as if there were a murder resting on your soul. But cheer up, sweet one!" she added, as she drew the fair creature into her arms, and kissed the pale cheek with more than even her wonted tenderness; "take heart, dearest! for it will be no such ugly thing as that you will have to tell!"

A peculiar smile lit the features of the Abbess, as she concluded. This was stranger than all; and, quite bewildered, Theodosia drew back, still lingering behind. A sudden turn in the corridor brought them to the door of Theodosia's own private boudoir, which they had reached by a route, and now entered by a door, quite unknown to her.

"Collect yourself, my dearest!" said the Abbess, "and prepare yourself for the solemn duty that lies before you." Thus saying, she withdrew a curtain which the young artiste had used for her sitters; and—the next moment Theodosia was in my arms.

The mantling blushes—the intervening pallor—the cry of joy—the broken and half-stifled murmurs—the long—long, but reverent and holy embrace—were a mutual confession, transcending all words, either to express or describe.

The Abbess had withdrawn. The hours flew rapidly by; yet the profound of love we opened, had neither likeness nor relation to time, for it was boundless. The late most bitter experience of our lives—with all the hopes, the fears, the unswerving constancy, the unquestioning faith, which it had brought—now only made us more dearly, closely, purely and truly one; and we were penetrated by a divine joy, to know that hearts which had thus met, and witnessed, and overcome all this, *could* not be sundered.

There is little more to say at present. Theodosia wept to leave the prisoners behind—wept that she could rejoice in her own freedom and happiness, while so many, who had become endeared to her, were left to the wretchedness of a hopeless captivity. I felt her sorrow as she was leaning on my arm, with her tears falling silently; and when the great door closed after us, she trembled so I had to lift her to the carriage. Dear Theodosia! If a will like hers could govern, how different the world would be! And yet, hers is but a true human development. Does not every such life show what the whole world may—nay, must at length become?

The joy of the excellent Jeannette is boundless; nor is ours

less, to think how richly her almost unexampled devotion will now be rewarded.

The Abbess also appears almost beside herself. Her effects were taken from the convent before we left, and sent on board ship. She, too, accompanies us. Will not the rarest inventions of Arabian Story-tellers become common-places after this?

And thus I leave thee, my brother, richer in the heart's best treasures than I have ever dreamed of being—so does each new step of progress transcend all that have gone before. May my whole life, whatever the future may unfold, be a prolonged Thank-offering for all these great and undeserved blessings.

Salaäm;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XLIII.

A VOYAGE TO RIO GRANDE.

Home sweet Home—Joyful Reunions—Review of Theodosia's Apartments—The Abbess—Jeannette—Robert—Marriage approaching—On board the Pernambucana—Reunion with Simao—Arrival at Rio Grande—Sail for Home—The Storm—The Ship strikes—Horrible Scenes—The Canary—Ineffectual Attempts to reach the Shore—No one bold enough to dare the Sea.

GLORIA, Sept. 1.

ONCE more in Rio. O my brother and sister, rejoice with me. The delight of Theodosia on being restored to her home, the mutual transports of herself and Madame Laurette, must all be imagined; for no words can paint them. The good lady could not rest until the dear young mistress of this beautiful mansion had visited all her old apartments, and especially the cabinets, that she might more truly rejoice in the love that had so tenderly kept them.

Never was my Theodosia so eloquent with beauty, as during this review, with all her innocent, child-like affections bubbling up so warmly from her over-full heart.

As we entered the dear little alcove, which had been to me a scene of the deepest happiness, and the bitterest woe, I could not forbear whispering, as I drew her to my heart: "I can see now, as I have often seen her, the fair girl whose repose had presented to me on the eve of my arrival in Rio, such a sweetly beautiful picture; but oh, she is not all of this one—not all of my Theodosia; for she who has been so refined, and strengthened, and exalted by suffering, has now eclipsed that lovely, and then peerless image. Theodosia has rivalled herself."

The bright face was hidden for a moment in my bosom, and

when the head was lifted again, curls and tears were shaken back together; and the sunlight, which is now so beautiful, shone out from soul and face unclouded.

The Abbess also, and our beloved Jeannette, are well and happy. The long-latent good is re-appearing in the character of the former, simply because the obstacles that lay in its way, are now removed. In all moral disturbances, a true love is the great restorer. Unfold a genuine affection, and it will attract nameless graces to itself. It is the unnatural want of love, that everywhere produces inharmony. When Legislators understand this principle better, they will see that if the same amount of money that is now spent in the operations of force—constraint and punishment—should be converted to the cultivation among the poor of truly human tastes, feelings, and affections, it would be sufficient to christianize, or civilize the world.

But to return to our favorite; it is surprising how beautiful Jeannette becomes, in the joy and freedom of this enchanting life. Her rare goodness we all know; but we find, also, that her intellectual power and acquirements are very superior. That she is brilliant and fascinating, in a very high degree, Robert, who has rejoined us, undisguisedly and earnestly feels.

"The character of Jeannette's beauty is Norman, and not Celtic:" he said to me to-day. "She has a truly noble contour—so noble that if she were not a Grace, she would be a Juno."

Ah, my Robert, how gladdening it would be to all of us, if that great, good heart of thine, should find its counterpart in this equally true and excellent one. Theodosia watches with a tender and loving eye; but we must let these things unfold themselves.

Robert also brings intelligence from our dear friends in the United States. They are all gone North, where Theodosia and I shall probably rejoin them, in a few months.

Sept. 3.—Everything is arranged. We are to be married directly on my return from Rio Grande of the South, where

certain important affairs connected with the former business relations and estate of Mr. Bennett, require immediate attention. As the Padré is greatly fatigued and worn by the unusual exertions and anxieties of the last few months, and withal, is getting somewhat infirm, it is decided that I shall go in his stead. Theodosia has most tearfuly begged to accompany me ; but we have all resisted her, so earnestly desiring her to rest and refresh herself, meanwhile, that she has been compelled to submit. I think she has very gloomy apprehensions of this voyage ; but that is not strange, after all she has suffered; dear heart !

I leave you now for preparation. To-morrow I sail in the Brazilian steamer Pernambucana, where Simao is engaged.

On board the Pernambucana, Sept. 7.—I have enjoyed much in the reunion with my excellent friend Simao. We are soon to negotiate for the purchase of all his family, and then they will settle in Rio, near us.

Rio Grande, Oct. 6.—The object of my voyage is happily accomplished. This morning the Pernambucana sails ; and I turn once more toward home and Theodosia. But notwithstanding this, I have an unaccountable depression of spirits—a deep and sullen gloom, which I have been trying all day to shake off, now seems even more oppressive than before. Is this an evil omen ?

I leave you suddenly, interrupted by the confusion of getting off.

Gloria, Oct. 20.—Once more at home—once more safe—once more delivered from the most terrible disasters—with my Theodosia sitting on a low ottoman at my feet, and her grateful eyes, overflowing with joyful tears, bent lovingly upon me. I am seated for the purpose of telling you of this event, which has filled all Rio either with mourning or rejoicing. In a word, I am to speak of the shipwreck and total loss of the Pernambucana, and in it also of deeds that surpass all heroism. Of this incredible history, Joseph Lewis Simao is the undisputed hero. Yes, it is true ; our noble Negro will now be appreciated.

If in this discourse which I am to open, the language rounds into an unwonted swell; if it is broken and exclamatory; if it wants, in any wise, the due proportion and fitness of proper speech, know that it is but the surging and booming of the storm, that still rages in me, making ineffectual effort to utter itself in words. To me the heave and roar of the elements are not yet subsided; but, most of all, the terrible tempests of emotional and passional power which I have witnessed, and, in some degree, passed through, still oppress and agonize me. The overpained ear and tortured soul are still afflicted by all those most horrible sights and sounds, that are struck in, as it were, by the action of fire; and thus incorporated with the whole consciousness of life, they are continually rehearsing themselves, with the memory of woe unspeakable. This, which I am going to tell you, will not be to me so much a history of what is past, as an actual renewing of the scenes themselves.

But I will struggle with my utmost to be calm, and to use in this, as in other things, all sobriety and right reason.

To unfold my story in due order, I must return to the ship, and almost back to the point of my last writing. I am able to do this more exactly than I otherwise could, by referring to the Protest of the Captain, which he has forwarded by my hands, for the earliest publication in Rio.

On the 6th of October, 1853, we sailed from the bar of Rio Grande of the South, in the national steam packet Pernambucana, with her commander, being bound for Rio de Janeiro. After she had cleared, and was in eight fathoms of water, we steered northeast, until six o'clock in the afternoon, and then made Point Bujuru, and found that we were in twelve fathoms of water. At this time the wind was southeast, and the weather was so obscure that it was with difficulty we could see the shore. At eight o'clock we steered northeast, quarter east, till daybreak, or after three o'clock on the 7th, when the wind rounded to the east, with a strong breeze. We continued, however, to make the same point, with very heavy weather. There

was no sun to be seen, and consequently we could obtain no positive latitude; but, with an estimated latitude, we continued to make northeast, quarter east. The wind now increased, and piled up the sea. It also began to rain, and continued till the 8th, with powerful winds.

On the 8th the wind was fresh from the east, and in the morning the plummet made one hundred and twenty feet, which determined that we were yet to the north of Cape Santa Martha. The commander was careful to keep out to sea; and the sounding was now one hundred and eighty feet. In the afternoon the weather was much worse; and at night the vessel encountered the most terrible storm that was ever known on the coast of the Rio Grande. The wind blew a hurricane; the seas ran mountain high, threatening every moment to engulf everything; and the ship struggled as if her planks were riving asunder, every time she was lifted up, or dashed down again, by the terrible surges. We could not put on more than three-fourths of the steam, for fear of sinking, and shortly we reduced the measure to half, and so went on till twelve o'clock, with a terrible tempest, and the sea rolling mountain high. After this we turned on but one quarter, because the sea broke completely over the ship. She was in imminent danger of sinking, and with great difficulty she struggled through the water.

At two o'clock she refused to obey her helm, and veered to the south. She made south of southeast; and thus we went on until six o'clock in the afternoon, when she turned to the north.

But at length the vessel began once more to obey her helm, with her bows to the sea, and all were enlivened by a gleam of hope that we should now be delivered from death. Heaven has thrown back the mantle of darkness with which it has been so long covered; some furtive stars appear; the wind, at the same time, abating, and rounding to the northeast. The lead being thrown, we found ourselves in one hundred and eighty feet of water, while three or four hours before we had only one

hundred and thirty feet. At nine o'clock the moon had risen; the wind was at the east, and quite calm, and portions of clear sky appeared among a multitude of open and broken clouds. But the sea was restless, and its rude and boisterous surging gave the lie to the hopes engendered by the heavens and the wind.

After nine a most horrible change took place! The wind was no longer calm, but sprang at once into a new and redoubled fury.

The night wore away; still leaving us in a state of the most cruel anxiety. Many times we thought the ship was sinking; and all on board were kept in the constant view of death. We strove hard to bring every passenger out of the unhappy steamer. In our efforts two of our largest boats were dashed to pieces; the deck and forward house were torn away, and splintered into atoms; the covering of the cylinder, the helm which turned the wheel of the axle, and the yoke which was attached to the rods, being all deranged, the ship could not be steered with any precision.

We tried many times to run through the seas; but one moment we went ahead, and the next backward. We mounted on the top of a huge sea only to be dashed down again the next instant, with a force far more than sufficient to sink us. One miserable pump drained the water from the deck into the hold of the vessel; and we could not throw it out by the pump of the engine.

The next morning it was cool, with the wind east of southeast, with the appearance of a fearful hurricane, much rain, and the most angry billows. It was now evident that the steamer could not stand the storm much longer. She turned northeast quarter east; and in order to escape the seas, we diverged a little from our course, and went northeast by quarter north. At eleven o'clock we saw Cape Santa Martha to the northeast, and the beach at a short distance.

It now rained violently; the wind blew furiously, and the sea burst up into huge waves; therefore we tried to work her on;

but she again refused to obey her helm, and we could only hope to break, or in some degree palliate the force, with which she was driving on, directly toward the beach. Every one expected that we should be inevitably lost; and we could only keep a good look-out for the best place to run her aground. At eleven o'clock, more or less, we chose the place called Arroio da Cruz, which is three leagues from the cape above mentioned, it appearing the best place to save the largest number of lives.

We tried our best to guard all things so as to throw the vessel between the rolling of the seas, in a way to have her strike on the beach, in a place where the breakers were the least violent. A series of sand-banks, beaten and jumped over by the breaking waves, ran parallel to the coast; and a terrible current swept the shore lengthwise. The ship arrived and struck, about mid-day, toward the end of the breakers.

To all this confusion and difficulty must be added the cries of the passengers, who were imploring mercy, and the groans and shrieks of women and children. These discordant and heart-rending sounds made a strong and doleful contrast to the warbling of an unfortunate and beautiful Canary-bird in one of the berths. Amid all this terrible din, the little creature still sang on, so sweetly, so lovingly, that many actually ceased from their own cries, and listened with tears to his unconscious death-song.

A shipwreck to the south of Tramandahy, is attended with double horrors. We only escape struggles with death on the sea, to the tender mercy of ferocious savages on shore.

One man by name of José Maria, who had great experience in sea life, attempted to reach the land; but he was lost. In an instant he was utterly unmanned. The soldiers on board were urged to make the attempt; but repeated calls and entreaties could not bring one forth sufficiently daring to make a trial. The commander, and some of the passengers had yet courage to struggle on.

Now the skies seem to fly and whirl in the terrible excitement of the storm. The tempest raged with horrible fury. Where

could we flee, but into the very gates of death? The sea only offers us a tomb. What extreme anguish was visible on every face and heard in every cry!

We had lost the speaking-tubes of the cabin; and the passengers could not hear the orders of the captain for them to remain quiet and firm in their proper places; for all who were running about were in great danger of being thrown overboard, by the jerks and jumps of the ship, when she struck. There was no attention paid to this order; probably it was not heard; and the passengers begged to pass to the bows of the ship, and on top of the quarter-deck. The sea broke furiously over all; but so firmly did they grapple, that the wave spent its force without apparently washing one overboard.

The confusion and horror of this scene are utterly indescribable. The screams for mercy, the prayers, the screeches, the anguish, and woe, and suffering, which were rained on our devoted heads, are inconceivable now, even to those who have endured them. The rigid grasping of hands, that seemed already stiffening in the death-clasp—the straining embrace—the last agonizing kiss of love, as the nearest and the dearest wound their arms about each other, only hoping to die together—were seen on every side. And more heart-rending still, the wild reaching out of hands toward the shore—the tossing of tender and helpless arms—the yearning eyes that were turned toward the dear, quiet home and loving friends that would never more be seen—the shrieks and screams for help—all mingling with the awful uproar of the tempest, the hissing of the wind and the thundering of the waves, were deafening and terrific.

In the midst of all this, low and sorrowful were heard the wailings of a poor mother, whose daughter was crushed on deck. It was a woeful, a horrible scene, impossible to describe. The pen fails utterly; and even the pencil could not by a thousand pictures express half its anguish.

Had all been endowed with cool courage, much of this suffering might have been spared, and many more lives saved; but despair proved their destiny.

Both a sailor and one of the passengers had been snatched away in the vain attempt to reach the shore with a cord. This it was proposed to convey and fasten securely, that the passengers might by its assistance pass through the surf. Who will now brave the surges? Who will dare make another trial? There was no one who came forward, though strongly urged; for the current was raging so fiercely that six men could not make fast a cable; and the steamer was continually thumping, having been carried by the force of the current some twelve hundred feet.

And now the mountain waves are rising, and rolling, and breaking over the stranded barque with such force that the passengers can only by the greatest exertions save themselves from being washed overboard; and every struggle of the rocking and tumbling vessel threatens to ingulf them. The current, moving with great rapidity, sweeps lengthwise of the shore; but the tempest, still more powerful, dashes the mountain-seas across it against the rocks and over the beach, howling, foaming, and roaring, as they go, and with every shock thundering like ten thousand cannon.

A boat could no more live in such a sea than a shingle amid the smothering elements of a whirlpool; and it must be certain death for any living man to enter this boiling mass of angry waves. Whole fields of water are lifted up mountain-high, and suddenly dashed down again, with a crashing force and power that seem sufficient to annihilate the very rocks upon the coast. The waves are furious, and the dark billows rage as if some mighty monster were goading them on to battle. Where is the mortal man who will dare enter their awful jaws? Who is so maddened with his valor that he will venture on certain destruction? There is not one—not one—and would that all were, indeed, over!

In this terrible hour, all the strongest motives that fire the soul and strengthen it in the performance of heroic deeds, are left powerless and inert. There is no heart so nerved by courage,

so endowed with pity, or love, or ambition, that it does not shrink back appalled from the bare thought of venturing to the shore. Not even the desire to save objects dearer than life—no hope, no fear, no emotion or passion whatever, can operate with sufficient force for such an attempt. All the instincts of life and self-preservation shrink from it; and human nature revolts from it as suicidal.

And now, when despair has seized every heart—when the shrieks of women and children rend the air, and the agonizing groans of strong men are heard—now, when wailing cries and prayers seem to invade the heavens, what shall be done?

I can write no more at this time, because I am not yet recovered from the terrible effects of exposure, exertion and excitement, in the late storm. And my little nurse and my good Robert, who is also here, strenuously forbid me. Theodosia unites with me in love to thee and Youley, *our* brother and sister.

And thus adieu;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XLIV.

THE DELIVERER APPEARS.

It is the African Simao—He carries a Cable—He plunges into the Sea—Struggles with Death—Dangers terrible and Thousand-fold—After many Miraculous Escapes reaches the Shore exhausted—Wildness and Horrors of the Coast—Savage People—Believe Simao a God—Joy at finding him Human—Return to the Ship—Renewed Perils—Repeated Achievements—Shahmah's impression of Theodosia—He then resolves to leave—Others go with him—They arrive in Safety—Simao's last Effort—Finally reaches the Shore—Apparently Dead—Lamentations—He revives.

GLORIA, Oct. 27.

BROTHER HASSAN :

Once more I return to the wreck in that most awful crisis. The Almighty has stretched forth a saving arm. He has sent a deliverer. Yes ; there is one among the crew—one of Nature's noblemen—whose conduct shoots up out of this darkness with a perfect blaze of light. It is Simao, the African—Simao, the American slave—Simao, whose color is made a badge of perpetual serfdom ! The deliverer appears. Is it to rescue a wife—to save a child—to assist or strengthen a brother, or a sister—to aid a friend, or neighbor ?—Well might he be praised—highly might he be honored—even then !—But no ; he has but one friend, and no relative on board. He comes only to rescue a BROTHER-MAN—who has yet *dishonored and disowned his brotherhood !* It is the NEGRO COME TO SAVE THE WHITE MAN !

The heroic Simao first appears in sight holding to the bows, with a strong cord bound about his waist. He pauses, and looks around. The attempt appears certain death. He sees it. He feels it. But what sound is that, which has such a wonderful effect on him ? It is one more cry for help from a beautiful young

girl. It decides him. Gracious God! He is gone. He has plunged into the angry deep; but in the very act he is saluted by the cheering shouts of all on board. Every one forgot his own distress in an instant, and rushed to gain a sight of so much bravery and heroism.

But he is nowhere to be seen; he is surely lost! No; look yonder! he shoots up like an arrow from beneath a terrible wave. He strikes out to gain the shore with great vigor and power—but how can that be possible? Now look! he must certainly be struck lifeless by that mountain-sea! No; God, and his own good heart, still abide with him. Gradually sinking, he stands upright in the water, until only his head is above the surface. Now he is lifted up, seemingly almost into the clouds—now he is left by the sea, and plunges down far beneath its surface. He rises at once, and strikes again for the shore.

Now the returning waves will certainly dash him to atoms against the ship; but his ingenuity is more than a match for the power of the waves; for he bravely plunges down into the sea, to escape the force of the returning surges. He again rises, but he is exhausted—he hesitates—No; he has only staid too long under water, and waits to catch a good, deep breath. He turns to look at the steamer, and the action causes all hearts to sink; but he shouts forth bravely: "Strong hearts!" and again faces the shore. The united voices of all cheer him on.

His progress is exceedingly slow; and every moment it appears more difficult. First he goes up to mid-heaven, then he is plunged down into the yawning abyss. Now he is struggling for the mastery; now he holds his way with an almost godlike power; and again he barely escapes being hurled to the bottom. Every eye is strained to get sight of him. He hears the cheering voices of those on board faintly mingling with the thundering elements; and he strains every nerve, and puts forth every effort to reach the shore.

But now destruction comes! He cannot escape! A terrible surge is returning from the shore, with redoubled fury, as if it

were goaded with rage, to find that its onward march was stopped ; while at the same time, another, almost equally terrible, is rushing in toward the shore with the velocity of an arrow; and he is midway in the great trough between them, and must be dashed to pieces when they meet, for at the place of contact they will leap a hundred feet into the air. He sees, and is preparing against the danger. He turns upon the water, and lies at full length upon his back, with one arm over the top of his head, the hand firmly grasping the opposite shoulder, and the other covering his face, in order, as far as possible, to break the waves from his head.

On, on—on they come ! like two terrific monsters, threatening to dash each other into atoms, at the first encounter. They meet ; and where is the submerged Simao ? Up goes the water to a giddy height ; but we can see nothing of the brave sailor ! Look ! out of that angry flood, that seems to jut against the sky, is seen the noble Simao, shooting forth like an arrow, far above the mass of howling waters.

His cool defiance is rung out with a shout : "Safe !" and the cry of the struggling mariner is answered from ship and shore, in rounds of hearty cheers. Down he goes again, and battles manfully for the shore. On, on he goes, with the united cheers of all, from the ship and on shore. His endurance appears superhuman, and his energy never-ending.

On, on he goes. He has gained more than half the distance, and is still vigorous and well strung ; but his course is not yet clear of dangers. On the contrary, the perils multiply as he proceeds. Now he meets with something more formidable and difficult to grapple with than water. He must pass an enormous rock, or be dashed to atoms ; yet the wind and waves are setting him directly toward it. Though straining every nerve to the utmost, to keep clear, he nears it every moment. He cannot escape. He is lost to our sight ; and his friends in the ship, with sinking hearts, are watching for his destruction !

Gracious God ! is there no help for so brave a man ? Still

he rushes forward. On, on he goes, with an awful sea carrying him directly against the rock. Down he goes out of sight; and now he must strike, and be dashed to atoms.

Hold! God is more powerful than the united storms of all the earth! See that mighty ocean surge, that now, like a furious deluge, pours over the rocks. It arrests the force of the inward current, and saves the courageous sailor from death. On comes another, mightier still, and with a power that will not be stayed; but with that sudden discernment which so often displays itself in times of great danger, Simao discovers a small shelving niche in the rock; and now he is striving with might and main to gain it, before the sea strikes him. He has gained and grappled the projecting point of the rock with the strength of a giant. To haul in the slack of his cord, and to fasten it and keep the sea from tearing him away—to lean hard against the projection, and to plant his shoulder firmly under it, so as not to be lifted up, are the work of an instant. Thus fortified, he may be able to withstand the terrible force of the waves. If not, he must die. This is his only hope. To be dashed against the rock by such a sea is instant death.

Now the surge strikes with the roar of a hundred cannon. Now it rushes on, and leaves him like a statue. What can it mean? Is he really dead, or stunned, or too severely hurt to move? No; he is struck with amazement, and almost overwhelmed with horror; for his cord has been torn asunder, like a thread in a gale! What is he to do? It is not for self that he has braved the deep; and now, all is lost! But what new frenzy has seized him? Is he maddened by despair? or is he endeavoring to return to the ship; for with the rapidity and strength of a furious tiger, he has plunged into the desperate situation from which he tried so hard to escape.

Up he comes, close by the rock. Now he waves something in triumph over his head. He springs up the rock with the agility of a cat; and arriving at the top, in the view of all, he joyfully holds up his regained CORD. In haste, again he fastens it around

his waist, for the restless and agitated waves rear their destroying heads, and again rush onward. Simao stands coolly watching the progress of the sea, till it meets the rock, when he suddenly leaps into the boiling current, and strikes out for the shore. But he has not yet escaped the rock. A returning wave hurls him back with fury; but he evades the shock in the best possible manner; for he turns himself in the water, and is carried feet foremost against the rock, thus breaking the fall by giving way to it.

Once more he tries to gain the shore; and by veering to the left, he succeeds in loosening and slipping off the cord from the rock; and now he battles manfully for the beach. His nerves must be made of steel, and his sinews of iron, or he could not hold out so long; but on he goes, with still increasing energy and courage. He advances nobly; and if not exhausted he will soon be cheered by the voices on shore. Now he has to prepare for his last danger—that of being dashed with stunning force against the beach. Already the voice of encouragement is heard. The cheers of those on shore reach his ears. But one moment the waves surge inland to a great distance, and the next they leave all dry.

He pauses to survey the land; he turns up the coast, and struggles hard to make the shore nearer to a grove of thick underbrush and trees. Borne on the summit of a large sea, on still he goes, but with such a force as to be driven completely through the top of a large tree.

As the returning wave hurled him again into it, he clutched it with a giant's grasp; and the moment the water passed out, he sprang from the tree, and hastened beyond the reach of the waves, where he was received by all with open arms, and prayers, and thanks. And these lively and repeated demonstrations of joy and gratitude, which the spectators could not be restrained from offering, came near being even more fatal than the sea; for in his exhausted condition he could ill support them, and was only saved by the interference of a wiser, if not a better

feeling, on the part of a couple of intelligent travellers, who had been attracted to the scene.

It may be well here to observe, that the coast of Brazil in this region is peopled by a half wild, wholly ignorant, mongrel and savage race; yet these men of nature—these untaught, unreclaimed worldlings of a barbarous country—were spell-bound by the mighty achievements of Simao; and they became at once tame and gentle as the nursling lamb, in contemplating the brave conduct and sublime bearing of this intrepid sailor. In their simple wonder they regarded him as some mighty god of the ocean; and as he advanced, they gazed on him with horror; for they believed he had come from the depths far below—it might be to drag them down to death—to lay them in those profound tombs of the world, where the dead of Ocean rock to and fro, in an eternal suspension of being. Was he not one commissioned from the silent halls, where the Sea Queen builds her coral palace, and holds her sceptre over the obedient waves? He must be superhuman, so powerful, so wonderful, so awful are his achievements. They were chained to their places by the most intense emotions of wonder and admiration.

Almost all untutored men are peculiarly sensible of sublime influences; and great human actions—great exhibitions of human courage and power—are the strongest among these. No wonder, then, that when they saw that his mission was good, and not evil, they were like the savages of old, who mistook Paul for a god, believing that he, too, was a god, sent to save the shipwrecked.

But when his desperate undertaking was complete, and on gaining the shore he appeared in the form and likeness of a man—a man of mortal mould, even as themselves—there was a reaction of their fears, and their wonder; and with streaming tears they bowed themselves down at his feet; they embraced his knees; they clung to his garments; they sought to touch his hands, as if they expected that some divine virtue was to come out of him.

Being rescued at length, he turned to view the ship; and the

sight nearly unmanned him ; for that moment he saw a number of white flags streaming on the wind, announcing the joy of those on board for his safe arrival ; the tears gushed from his eyes, and he trembled with great emotion. Yes ; it is true that this giant, both in physical and moral power—he who has just dared more than any mortal upon the battle-field—who has escaped incomprehensible dangers, braving all without fear or dread, moved only by the impulses of a great and pure humanity, with the tender heart of a little child—weeps at the sight of a strip of white cloth ! What simplicity—what modesty ! How easily is he touched by the generous recognition from the ship, of those who have forgotten their own extreme danger to rejoice in his safety.

As soon as the end of the cord was made fast, and a line was thus established between the ship and shore, he again plunged into the raging deep, to fight his way back, and there to commence a series of trials, acts and exertions, which were never equalled by mortal man ; and even the fabled achievements of Hercules are fairly eclipsed by them.

The intrepid sailor soon reached the ship ; and seizing the first woman who presented herself, again started for the shore. It is a noble sight to see this strong man, now with a burden of life, making his way to the land. At times they are suspended far above the waters, then plunged far beneath ; but still she is secure in his iron grasp ; and a joyful shout now announces that they are landed safely.

Again he plunges in and makes for the ship. Thus time after time did he return, till it really seemed that he was invincible. Again and again did he venture, till his haggard and trembling form told too plainly that his strength was fast ebbing. Still he ventured, though all both in the ship and on shore entreated and implored him not to venture out again.

Though he has now saved TEN LIVES, he again struggles for the ship ; and taking another in his arms, he gains more than half the distance to the shore, when suddenly he stops. His

strength is giving way. Recovering, again he struggles forward; but now, a mountain wave lifting him up, his charge is dashed from his arms. Weak and worn out with all these terrible exertions, as he must be and is, now commences the battle of excitement and horror. Simao at once lets go of the cord, in order to regain his charge, a wave having swept her at some distance. Nothing daunted, he makes for her with the energy of one who is not to be baffled; he soon grasps her arm, and now commences the most arduous part of his undertaking, the effort to regain the cable. He struggles; he strives with every remaining effort; and every time they go down he guards his charge in so careful a manner as to prevent her from being strangled, while he encourages her with his voice to hold out to the last, though she, in the most unselfish manner, begs him to let her go and save his own precious life.

"No," said the magnanimous sailor, "we will live or die together."

He fights the waves with redoubled energy; and at last his exertions are crowned with success. He once more reaches the cable, pauses a moment to catch breath, and again starts for the shore, which he at length reaches in an exhausted state.

All try to persuade him not to venture any more; but after he has lain down a moment, he again sets off for the ship, which he reaches in a feeble state; but without waiting to rest, he takes his twelfth person and heads for the shore, which through great exertion he reaches in such an exhausted condition that it is impossible for him to stand, while his whole form quivers and shakes like an aspen leaf. After being rubbed for a short time, he revives sufficiently to stand up. He waits a few moments, and to the astonishment of all he again rushes into the sea, and arrives at the ship still weaker than at any time before.

It was at this point that my Theodosia seemed to stand before me, and with a look of authority which I could not resist, she commanded me to leave caring for others and save myself. Terrible was my last look on all those haggard and despairing

faces ; and then, overpowered as it were by a returning instinct of self-preservation, I leaped into the sea. Nearly at the same time, also, Luiz de Costa, José Antonio, Fernandes Luiz Correa de Mello, the commander, José da Silva Penhiero, the captain, and some others, also left and arrived in safety.

As if to try his powers of endurance to the utmost, and to cap the climax of all his previous exertions, the last person Simao takes, making thirteen in all, is a man with but one arm, maimed and blind. This is an old soldier. He seizes him at once, and starts with courage for the shore ; but his progress is slow. It is too much for him ; yet for a time he goes on bravely. But now he stops—he waits—he can go no further. Ha ! now he puts forth another effort to move on—now an angry wave breaks his hold of the cable ; he grasps it again, and on he goes—now up to the sky, now down into the yawning gulf, as if to be devoured. Yet slowly he toils on with his heavy and helpless burden. What labor, what power, are exhibited in his movements. Now a great wave lifts him and his burden high up, and dashes them with great force, and apparently dead, upon the beach.

I arrived just in time to witness this, and the terrible excitement it produced among those whom his bravery had saved. Everything we can do is done ; but for some time life appears extinct.

Now a scene of piteous lamentation ensues. They who owe to him their own lives, weep, and mourn, and accuse themselves of being his destroyers. It was signalled to the vessel that Simao was dead ; and then the wail of sorrow that was sent forth amid all their own wretchedness, was the most wonderful eulogy ever yet offered to departed greatness.

We carry him under shelter, and apply every restorative within reach. At last we discover that he breathes ; and this news nearly determines his death, for all rush in to offer their thanks and congratulations, and it is only by force that the crowd can be kept at a sufficient distance to allow him to

breathe. Now we are compelled, hard as it is, to force them out altogether, for only by the greatest quiet and silence can he be preserved. The people from all quarters pour in to catch a sight of this noble man; but they are not allowed to approach him.

But Nurse and Doctor again prescribe quiet and rest; and should I not, indeed, choose to obey them, if but to reflect back on myself the grace and joy of the boon?

And thus I leave thee.

Salaäm;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XLV.

THE GRATEFUL BEARER OF DISPATCHES.

Simao restored to Consciousness—Universal Joy—His incredible Exertions miraculous—Saves thirteen Lives—Forty-one saved by his Help—Complete Exhaustion—Efforts to be saved—Horrible Scene—Cable gives way—Sufferings on Shore—Ineffectual Exertions to save those on Board—Power of Simao's Acts over the Natives—The Ship goes down—Official Kindness and Relief—Survivors sent to St. Catharine—Celebration of Thanksgiving—Shahmah and his Dispatches—Arrives in Rio—Rumors just before him—Mourning throughout the City—Shahmah meets the Padré—The Mules do not appreciate his Haste—Road comes to an End—Surprises Theodosia—Her Gratitude.

GLORIA, Oct. 30.

BROTHER HASSAN :

I return at once to Simao, whom I left at my last writing insensible on the coast of Campa Loné. As soon as he revived he manifested the greatest concern for those who were left on board ; but his power was finite ; and the unfortunates who remained, were swallowed up and lost, with the final breaking of the ship.

As soon as it was known that he was really better, it was impossible to restrain those who were indebted to him for their lives, from the presence of their benefactor. Being asked if he would like to see them, he expressed a desire to do so. The moment this was made known, they all rushed into his presence ; and such a group of wild-looking, half naked, and more than half famished men, women, and children, never before were moved by one single sovereign sentiment. They embraced ; they kissed him ; they saluted the very hem of his garments ; they wept ; they shouted ; they prayed ; they knelt and implored blessings on his head. The scene defies description ; and let us draw the veil of silence over such an hour.

The captain said he had rather be Simao than the Emperor of Brazil. But expression fails. I can do little more than show to my noble benefactor, and to all the world, that I have not forgotten him nor his miraculous achievements. I say miraculous, because I verily believe that had he not been assisted by some divine power, or inspired by some divine principle with the belief that success was certain, he could not have achieved, even the very first of these truly wonderful actions. I could not have lived one moment in that furious sea, without help of the cord which Simao had carried over, and fastened securely to the shore. Words lose all their power, when I would express what I feel for him.

Incredible as it may appear, he saved thirteen lives, making the passage of that angry sea twenty seven times. And not only these ; but being the first to carry and fasten the cable, which no other person could, or dared attempt, he virtually saved all who reached the shore by that means. Forty-one persons, in short, really owe their lives to his nobleness and bravery. But by these repeated efforts he had exerted himself to that last degree, which must break down suddenly and finally ; for it was the excitement of the last nerve—the straining of the last muscle ; and then he fell to the earth, apparently dead. His exertions can only be attributed to a sentiment of the most exalted philanthropy that ever warmed the merely human breast. Courage alone could not have sustained him a moment. It would have been sheer madness, in such a case, to dare for the sake of daring.

When all other efforts had failed, and no help was to be had, then opened new scenes of horror, in repeated attempts of the passengers to reach the shore, which they could not have done, without the assistance of the cord of Simao. The husband took the wife ; the daughter was guided by the father ; the strong man took charge of some helpless woman ; the son sustained his aged father or mother. Now one was torn from the strong grasp ; now both were swept away ; now the shrieks of the

dying were heard; now the cries of those who had lost their friends; all voices of terror came in the chaotic uproar; and from the confusion—the mingling of all horrible sights and sounds—the heart turned away sick, and the soul shrunk, with shuddering.

Late in the afternoon the cable gave way, and the sea was even more violent than before. It now became utterly impossible to save all the passengers. There remained on board one poor mother with seven children, and many others.

The 9th of October! What a night! Many persons, half naked, were exposed to the cold on a barren desert, inhabited by a race of mongrel-barbarians, far worse than savages in a state of nature; for while they had lost the virtues of the savage, they had gained only the vices of the white man. The nearest civilized inhabitants were at a considerable distance, there being none within three leagues. Thus we were left at the mercy of these barbarians; and what could we expect from them?

There were few roads, and they were not in a passable condition. There was nothing left for us but to hover together on that miserable beach, to endure such intense suffering from cold and privation, that we could with difficulty be grateful for the wretched lives that were spared for a fate cruel as this. In addition to our own immediate sufferings, we listened all night to the terrible boom of the sea, in the intermissions of which were heard the cries and shrieks of those who remained on board.

In the morning repeated efforts were again made to rescue the sufferers from the wreck; and after ten unsuccessful attempts, we were compelled to relinquish all hope of saving them. In these attempts many truly noble acts were performed, all originating in a pure and self-forgetting generosity; but they were destined to fail, for the sea continued impassable.

It was undoubtedly owing to the influence and presence of Simao that no acts of violence or theft were attempted by the natives. His great soul seemed to have filled, inspired, and taken possession of them. They were softened in their cruel selfishness

by his sublime generosity. They were lifted out of their savagism by his divine nobleness. On his first prostration they had constructed a temporary shelter—a kind of hut of boughs, and fragments that had been cast ashore by the storm; and after they were necessarily driven from his presence, they crouched down among the branches, or stood about the entrance of the hut, as if they felt some effluence of the mysterious power, which had from the first enchanted them. Their voices were hushed and low; their motions careful and solemn; their usually cold and sullen faces were lighted up with an expression of vague wonder; and their whole manner exhibited a very high degree of excitement, especially in the faculties of wonder and veneration. They were a study for a painter.

As soon as the news of the shipwreck reached Campo Bam-the inspector at once ordered all to be cared for in the most hospitable manner. Every possible attention was paid to the sick, and also to the wants of the ladies. All houses were opened at once; and everything was done that could be for the succor of the distressed. Orders were given to look out for every opportunity to reach, and if possible extend help to those on board, and to save and secure from the depredation of the natives whatever property might be cast ashore.

All the baggage was lost. The greater part was washed ashore, but so much injured as to be, in fact, destroyed, at least for all immediate purposes. A great deal of it was probably stolen during the night, while we were trying to find shelter. On the night of the 10th, the coast was strewn with the dead bodies of the lost—men, women and children, a sorrowful and piteous sight.

We saw before nightfall that the ship could not hold out much longer. Her timbers had for some time wrenched and strained with still louder and louder groans. She was constantly prophesying of her own destruction. About ten o'clock she parted, and drove in all directions. We listened for the cries of the lost; but in the loud and terrible crash that followed they were

unheard ; and the silence in the midst of the uproar, where all those human lives went out was awful.

On the morning of the 11th, we came to look at the beach, and also to take a last view of the fragments of the unfortunate steamer. The foremast had fallen, and the vessel had sunk until the bow was just in sight. The mournful requiem that howled over the sepulchre of the dead, was truly doleful. There was nothing more to wait for ; so we departed for the house of the inspector.

But what a scene did our moving phalanx present. Most of the women had scarcely any clothing on ; and some who were entirely naked, procured anything for covering which presented itself. It was remarkable to see the delicacy of many of these untutored men.

They turned aside voluntarily when these unfortunates passed by ; so imposing above all outside garments is a true modesty. One of the officers escorted these half-dressed, and undressed females with much embarrassment, which was relieved, however, by the point and beauty of his own remark : "My ladies," said he, "on these occasions there is no sex."

The chief officer of Laguna, the vicar, delegate, and other authorities, came to see the unhappy passengers, with proffers of food, shelter, clothing, medicine, and kindnesses and favors in every form. We were taken to their houses, and there being most comfortably and honorably bestowed, we were treated like a band of brothers and sisters, so truly does misfortune fraternize all those who really have hearts. Though we were strangers, they spared no expense in our entertainment ; and not content with this they conducted us to the port of Imbituba, where they shed tears on giving us up. We shall always remember these people with gratitude. They were born to be the jewels of a grateful country. I dwell upon their virtues because this may be the only opportunity I shall ever have to repay them for all their kindness, their hospitable reception, their fraternal interest and love, and their high-souled generosity in all things.

When we embarked on the steamer Guapiassee, we were laid under new obligations, for the kindness rendered us in every possible manner, by all the officers on board.

On arriving at St. Catharine we were received with the greatest favor and attention by the noble President Shouter, and José Maria da Luz, into whose palaces, houses, and families, we were invited, and entertained. Here our great deliverance was celebrated by thanksgiving and prayers, assisted by the Rev. Archbishop, the worthy president, the authorities of the city, and many others. But knowing well how terrible would be the shock to my Theodosia, if the news of the shipwreck arrived before me, I was happy to become the bearer of dispatches to Rio.

The evil tidings had flown before me, though only by a few hours; and on my arrival the greatest excitement prevailed. When the news first came, there was a band of young musicians playing in the streets to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of the emperor, Don Pedro II., in this capital; but the cries of woe, and shouts of distress, that suddenly broke forth and wailed through the city, silenced them; and groans and shrieks of despair were alone heard. They who had, or supposed they had, friends on board, ran to and fro with frantic gestures; and their cries of distress filled the air. In the midst of this scene, which baffles all description, I arrived from the place of disaster, bearing an official catalogue of the lost and saved; and too soon—too surely—the agonized friends and relatives were apprised of their bereavements. The intelligence was received with one wild shout of despair from the bereaved, while amid its sharp and terrible echoes were mingled bursts of prayer and thanksgiving from the friends of the saved.

But with a fineness and delicacy of feeling which deserves all praise, as if they feared to insult the sorrows of the bereaved by the natural expression of their own joy—or moved by a strong sympathy for sufferings which came so near to being their own, they turned to weep with the weeping and suffering friends of the lost, seeking by every means in their power to soothe and

console them. The entire city was plunged in the deepest woe; for every one, either by his sympathy, or experience, felt himself on the brink of that great gulf of misery, which had overwhelmed so many.

Having delivered my dispatches, I hastened with all speed to assure the friends, who by this time must have caught the alarm, of my safety. About half way between the city and Gloria, I met the Padré, who was going down to learn something more definite of the floating rumors, that had already reached them. And the good man wept over me, as tenderly and gratefully as if I had really been what he called me—his own son. To my great joy, he told me that Theodosia had, as yet, heard nothing—he and Madame having used the greatest precaution to keep her entirely ignorant, until the whole truth should appear. But she had had many painful presentiments and misgivings concerning my adventure, ever since I had been gone. And what is very remarkable, from having had a dark and melancholy day on the 9th of October, she suddenly fell into a swoon—the very day and hour when I was laboring in the wreck, and was suddenly reminded of her presence. Did her Spirit actually then come to me, to warn, and save me? I can find no other answer to my questions, than by confirming this; but I know not how it is.

Thus did the good Padré beguile me, somewhat, of my impatience, because the poor mules did not give a more generous interpretation to my wishes, and fly, instead of ambling along, quietly and moderately over the road, that never seemed so long, as when, after that most wonderful escape, it lay between me and my Theodosia.

But it came to an end at last; and as I wished to surprise her, we dismissed the carriage at the high road and walked quietly up the avenue.

It was not long before I heard the sweet, low, bird-like carol of the very song I loved. Creeping softly through a narrow opening in the vines, I stood where I could see, without being seen. Slight as it was, she had heard the approaching steps, or

else she had caught the finer spiritual essence, from the stirring air. She had ceased from the song ; and with clasped, uplifted hands, and the large eyes turned directly toward me, appeared intently listening. The softly radiant face, the fair arms and shoulders, and the white drapery, light and flowing with every breath of the soft breeze, all, set in the green frame of the woven vines, made so beautiful a picture, I could not choose but gaze at it a moment ; and then, all that I had known and suffered was forgotten, in that most blissful reunion.

I cannot describe the agony of terror with which she heard my story. It is enough to say, that she is so penetrated with gratitude, not only for my safety, but that of so many others, by the hand of our noble friend, that she will sometimes pause in the midst of her gayest speech ; and gathering more closely in my arms, she will whisper : "Oh, my Shahmah ! how good has God been to us !" And then she will be silent awhile ; for her heart-fulness of joy is oppressive.

And here, for the present, I must leave you.

Dear brother and sister adieu ;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XLVI.

HONOR TO THE BRAVE DELIVERER.

News from Simao—The Subscription—His arrival—Continued Honors—Eulogies—Wonderful Enthusiasm—Simao enters the Exchange—Meeting called—Speech of the President—Simao's Reply—Time for Acts not Words—Presentation of the Jewels—Beautiful Speech—Simao's Reply—Mr. Scarlton—Shahmah's Fears—Mr. Scarlton speaks of Simao—Strong Revulsion—Robert's Testimony—The Branded Hand—Exit Simao—The Emperor enters—Calls for Mr. Scarlton—Imperial Championship—Message to the United States.

GLORIA, Nov. 2.

BROTHER HASSAN:

It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm which the noble actions of Simao have called forth. The whole city, from the centre to the circumference, thrills at the sound of his name. The health of the hero, which has suddenly become the chief interest and care of the nation, is daily bulletined. The first dispatch from the scene of suffering was thus announced in one of the public journals.

"SIMAO IS SAFE.

"By a dispatch from the scene of woe, we learn that Simao, after a night of good nursing and rest, is pronounced out of danger. He has passed through a most severe struggle, and has barely escaped going down to the grave. He slept well during the night, with the exception of quite a number of springs and starts, as if he were still struggling with the waves. He evidently carried his humanity to bed with him.

"This morning he ate well, but was so extremely lame, sore, and stiff, as to be obliged to retire again, soon after rising. He

wished to know every particular of the wreck—or at least so far as did not bear on his own acts; but any allusions to these he would not listen to.

"The physician says that every muscle is unstrung by the exertions, and every cord is strained; but more than these, the mind is strained, the soul is stretched, and the heart wrought up to such a degree of tension that his life could not have been saved, if his strength had not timely given way.

"But now, while rejoicing in his safety, let us prove our gratitude, as he did his humanity, not by words alone, but by actions. Let us speak forth, till the utmost bounds of the earth reverberate the continually repeating echo of his fame! Let the wide world hear of the deeds of this unrivalled hero, who has so nobly saved our children."—*Mer. Correspondent of Nov.* 4.

(*From the same of Nov.* 5.)

"The subscription which we spoke of as being about to be opened yesterday, in favor of the sailor Simao, the intrepid savior of the shipwrecked on board the Pernambucana, by the worthy members of the Counsel of Direction of the Brazilian Packet Company, was effectually brought forward yesterday; and the amount has already run up to $3,000. His Imperial Majesty headed the list with $220, followed by her Majesty with $110. The subscription still remains open."

"SIMAO HAS ARRIVED.

"The arrival of this wonderful man will cause thousands, to flock, to gain a sight of him. He will remain for some time in Rio de Janeiro. The subscription has run up higher still. Yesterday morning the passengers who were saved from the wreck, marched barefooted through the streets, with lighted candles, to pay their vows to God. One of them carried a beautiful flag, on which was painted a figure of the steamer, as she was ship-

wrecked in the storm. It was mentioned in our issue of day before yesterday, that the government would probably consider it as a sacred duty to confer on the sailor Simao, a gift which he could bequeath to his children, and which should be kept as an heir-loom to testify of his acts, through all posterity. It is a truly honorable feature in this popular movement, that the noble example of his Majesty, Don Pedro II., has taken the first and highest place in the work of justice; and for once at least the Government of Brazil is not wanting in duty, and cannot be accused of ingratitude."

"SIMAO'S HONOR STILL ROLLS ON.

"It is impossible to describe, or give even a tolerable idea of the enthusiasm that prevails everywhere, and seems to pervade our entire nation, and thrill through every heart in the empire. Never was there anything like it before in the whole range of our history; and does not this fact alone show that there must be something intrinsically noble and good in man? How else could he respond so readily and heartily to nobleness and goodness? We grow daily more proud of human nature—more assured of the greatness which must be finally attainable by man, when we read, and hear, and feel, and see on every hand these exciting wonders of the day.

"And the character of the hero is such as not only to command, but to continue and preserve these influences. Never before was there such a rare combination of everything that is great and excellent in man, as have been exhibited by this negro. We speak not now of *attainments*, but of *capabilities* and *elements*. If such a combination of traits had been discovered in some distinguished nobleman, or great ruler or leader of men, it would have been truly wonderful; but in this sailor—this black—this man who, in the eyes of an unjust world, is twice degraded, by his servile position, and his serf-like color—it is passing all bounds of belief; and we can only regard it as one of those miracles which nature, once in the flight of ages perhaps, startles

mankind out of its littleness and selfishness by unfolding. This seems to be the opinion and feeling everywhere, that there is something really superhuman—that is, above the common measure of human power—in this black sailor. Every characteristic of his wonderful mind seems to be wrought on a large scale; but massive as his character is, he is yet susceptible of extreme tenderness and delicacy. Witness his tears in the midst of such terrible labors—when mind and muscle were strained to the extremest tension—to witness the white flag that recognized his services from the ship.

"No one who may be out of Rio at this time could have any idea of the measure and extent of this far-spreading enthusiasm. There is hardly any other topic now tolerated, than Simao and his deeds. His rewards, his virtues, his receptions, his renown, are subject of discourse from the imperial palace to the farthest fazenda of the province. These subjects occupy a large portion of the public journals. He is lauded in prose, and his praises are sung in verse, while images of the hero are multiplied with almost equal rapidity.

"And how does he sustain all these honors, so rapidly won—so suddenly showered down upon him? Is it not enough to upset one of ordinary balance?—to ruin a common mind? He shrinks from it. He deprecates it; yet without the least possible appearance of servility, or sense of unworthiness. His modesty is the most wonderful thing about him. It is one of brightest stars in the great constellation of his virtues, and sheds its lustre over all.

"We stop the press to say that Sen. Carneiro Leáo has solicited of Simao the privilege of having him sit for his portrait, which he wishes to send to England as an illustration of the Account of the Shipwreck that is to be issued there. The Academy of the Fine Arts has also ordered a bust, for the purpose of placing it in the Exchange. A large quantity of engravings from the picture of Leáo, are to be published, and sold for the hero's benefit. He deserves it all, and the end is not yet."

(From the Diario of Nov. 8.)

The Imperial Government has resolved to present a medal of honor and distinction to the noble-hearted Simao. This act of the Government is the highest eulogium that can be conferred; and in the determination to render the richest possible award, the Brazils have been, and are, undivided. Never before was there such unanimity in any public act of justice. It is truly gratifying to witness it."

Having thus given some idea of the prevailing enthusiasm, by the above extracts from the public papers, I pause a moment and return to our home, which, but for this brave man, would now be desolate indeed. Joyful, and proud, and grateful are we, now to entertain him; and if it were with royal honors, there is not a single heart in the Brazils that would dispute it. Never were the many voices of fame so unanimous—so at-one in their praises. The subscription has already reached nearly $5,000 and is still going up. We hear that it is to be applied to a life-annuity which shall be for the benefit of himself and his family.

Nov. 13.—Yesterday Simao entered the Exchange, with Robert and myself on either side, to enjoy the honor and triumph of escorting him, and several Brazilian gentlemen and nobles, also proud to follow in his train. Aided by the very full and spirited report of José de Cavalho, made for the "Journal of Citizens," I am able to give you a correct account of this interesting scene.

As Simao entered the house, his presence was made known at once, and he became the centre of attraction. All rushed to see him; and he was completely wedged in by a mass of admiring spectators. Translators forsook their desks, clerks their pens, officers their offices, and all, their business; and an extemporaneous meeting was directly called, which adjourned at once to the Commercial Hall, overhead.

The meeting was called to order by the Secretary of the

Board; the President of Commerce was chosen to preside, and five vice-presidents and two secretaries were chosen. Simao was invited to a seat on the right hand; and as the president rose, he said: "Though we are here at a moment's warning, none can be ignorant of the purpose of this meeting; if so, they have only to cast their eyes at my right, where they will become at once enlightened. We are called here by a burst of spontaneous gratitude, to honor Joseph Lewis Simao."

Every one sprang to his feet, and united in three cheers. The name of Simao proved to be a perfect bomb-shell, which burst with stunning effect; and it was some minutes before quiet was restored.

"I am gratified," resumed the President, "to see that you are all desirous of speaking, and that so directly to the point; but unless this house is very strongly built, you will be the death of our hero; for you will bring it down upon his head."

Turning to Simao he then said: "This body of strangers to you, are proud to testify their honor of your daring. We come not here by formal invitation. No; the occasion overleaps the snail-like pace of formality. None wait for an invitation to do homage to the savior of their mothers, wives and children. This is a voice from the heart; and these emotions shadow forth the feeling and sentiment of the Nation.

"You, in the avocations of life, found yourself on board the Pernambucana. That noble ship was a doomed victim. In that hour of woe and terror, when there was none to rescue, when there appeared no power in man; and even that of God seemed afar off, then it was, noble Simao, that you came forward and with an undaunted soul, dared all, to save strangers. How few—how very few of the great names of history can compare with yours! The whole shore of Time is strewn with the bodies of the dead—the remains of those who have gone down on the waters of the ocean, to do business in the great deep; yet we cannot find one example of courage and devotion, so pure, so bright as yours. If valor has its reward, bravery its

recompense, humanity its praise, merit its honor, and virtue its love, what shall be done for him who has united all in a series of acts, through unheard of struggles and dangers?

"Others toil long—many cut every step in the ladder of fame; and few, how very few reach its pinnacle, except by long-continued endeavors! But, if any person has ever overcome these common obstacles, you are the man. Standing alone, unhonored and unknown, upon the basis of a common humanity, at a single bound you have planted your foot on the very cap-stone of fame. This example of yours will cheer the future soldier in battle; it will encourage the statesman in his labors; it will swell the heart of the noble sailor, as he guides his barque over the stormy deep; and it will be a polar star to all, for it will teach us through all time, that to the strong heart, the great, and true, and invincible power of a virtuous will, all things are possible. Your story shall be told to our little ones; and your name shall prove a beacon-light for millions yet to come.

"We are happy to meet you, face to face. We are proud to see you in our midst. We are determined never to let you pass from our minds. Your bust will shortly grace this building. Your engraving is already in our drawing-rooms; but better than all these, your noble acts are graven upon our hearts.

"We regret that your stay is so short, but you go to the dearest objects of your affections; you carry home your honors to the arms of your family; and with them are bound up our heart-felt gratitude, the nation's admiration, and the world's respect: and may the choicest blessings of Providence rest on you and yours."

The President closed amid an uproar of applause.

Simao rose; but the deafening noise again attained to such a height that it was some time before he could be heard.

He said: "Mr. President, surprised as I am, and have been for the last hour, I can scarcely realize my situation. I am more at a loss what to *say*, than I was how to *act* on board of that unfortunate steamer. Let my tears testify what my feelings are.

It is impossible for me to thank you in a suitable manner, for what you have said—of my duty. In regard to it I can only say, that in the voice of the hissing gale I heard the cry of my sisters and my brothers—a human cry for help! I am a husband and a father; and did not the call of my own beloved ones speak in the voice of others? Yes, it was the cry of human nature; and monstrous should I have been, if my heart—if my life—had not been ready to answer it. (*Loud applause.*) I made the attempt to gain the shore; God sustained me. I then assisted others till my strength failed; but the least of all these honors, much more rewards, never entered my head. So strongly did I feel it my *duty*, that I refused to take the money which all the saved urged me to accept. I felt rich for their thanks. Now I am too full to attempt to say what I feel, toward all here and in other places, for what they have done. I desire to retire to the bosom of my family, to shed my tears of gratitude with them."

He sat down amid long and continued cheers.

The president of the meeting then said, that as this was a gathering of the people, every one could speak his mind. Whereupon one of the Directors of the Board of Commerce arose, and said that he felt himself in the same condition as the hero of the meeting. He thought this a time for *action* and *not words;* for the heart was so full of emotion as to be lost to eloquence; and as he saw a friend of his just enter, he thought he was a bearer of the people's *acts*.

All eyes were turned toward the door, and on beholding one of the principal jewellers of the city, the house was in a roar He was the bearer of the jewels for Simao.

Walking forward, until he came directly opposite the hero, he said, "Lewis Joseph Simao, I am proud of being delegated to present you with these marks of respect and esteem. They have been nobly earned, and richly merited; but it is still pleasanter to know that these jewels will be more honored by the owner, than the owner by them. This ring will represent your fame;

it has no end ; this watch your humanity, for it will open at the gentlest touch ; and this medal your valor, for it is doubly cased with pure gold. They are mementoes of what your countrymen think of you, and will be handed down to your offspring, as testimonies of a nation's esteem."

This speech was received with shouts of delight.

Simao then said : "There are times when tears will not flow—when the tongue cleaves to the mouth, and refuses to do its office. This is one of them. Receive my heart's thanks. I can forget this hour only with my life."

It is impossible to describe the profound sensation produced by these few and simple words, and it was well said by a Brazilian Editor, who, after a little period of expressive silence followed him, that "Simao, who has so many noble traits, is still noblest in his modesty."

At nearly this time, a trifling incident occurred, which, however it might have been intended by the mover, had really the effect to deepen the common interest of the hour, and call forth even a stronger expression of it.

Soon after entering the house, Robert had pointed out to me a gentleman standing at a little distance with whom he was acquainted, whispering at the same time, "That is Mr. Scarlton, of New Orleans."

I thought to myself that, gentleman as he called himself, he might yet be an agent or emissary of Slicer, and whispered my fears to Robert. But he only pointed to the gathering multitude, saying, "We are too strong for him now, see the whole house, all hanging with breathless interest on the story of this most remarkable hero, waiting only for a word—a look of recognition from him, to proclaim, with one united voice, their loyalty to his true manhood. Be assured we have nothing to fear."

But it seemed as if the evil genius of Mr. Scarlton had urged him on to unnecessary exposure of his national disgrace, especially in this matter of Simao. Just after the presentation of the medal, he had, with much difficulty, elbowed his way through

the crowd. What he was going to do, we could not surmise. I really began to be alarmed, for I had seen so much of evil magic in the power of the slaveholders, that I almost thought he was going to spirit the hero away from our midst. But he had no such intention. He was, after his own sort, simply covetous of the honors of the day, and anxious to come in for *his* share of the celebrity.

Having proceeded to the edge of the platform, he addressed a Brazilian gentleman who stood near by, in these remarkable words: "I know that fellow, well;" pointing to Simao, "He was raised up the river, just above New Orleans."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the Brazilian, regarding him who spoke thus of the popular idol, almost with horror. "We have believed him a native of one of the Cape Verde Islands."

"Truth, upon my honor," responded the American; "and seeing what a shiner he's turned up here, I'm happy to say he always bore the name of being one of the likeliest niggers known. The only thing against him is, that he ran away, and stole a lot of other niggers, at the same time."

Think of the revulsion of feeling caused by this intelligence—though not against Simao, as, by the close, it was easy to see had been intended. The whole house seemed to collapse, with a kind of unspeakable horror. But this did not last long; for the Brazilian came directly to Robert, whom he knew, to learn the truth, when he was informed, that, in all respects, save one, the story was true. He had been carried from St. Vincent when quite a lad, and afterward lived in Louisiana, as a slave.

"And as to the negroes that he stole," added Robert, after this intelligence had been communicated to the house, "they were his wife, his child, his wife's children, and his sister. But if you would be assured of the truth of this, let him hold up his branded hand."

The ominous words gained breath and sound. A loud cry of mingled sorrow and indignation ran through the house, with loud shouts and cheers at intervals, especially when his particu-

lar acts of theft were announced. And then cries of: "Let us see it," "hold up the branded hand;" were heard in every direction.

Promptly with the call, that dark hand was lifted, and held up in view of all; while those who could not see the lettering distinctly, called for a reading and interpretation. This fell to Robert, who pertinently added: "And this hand, gentlemen, bearing as it does the felon's mark, is the hand that saved our wives and children. I have long known it as the hand of a true —an honorable man. I am not surprised at what he has done; for I expected something like this of him."

Thunderous applauses shook the house; and I looked up to see that hand, and to think, while my cheeks burned with a sense of my own utter folly, that my Young Queen of the West, to whom I had come as the Nursing Mother of Freedom, had sanctioned that—had willed and ordered it—and in it, infinite and incredible wrong. Amid all the cheering, I bowed myself down and wept, to think how worse than idle had been my dream, and how pitiful, how despicable, was the reverse of waking.

Nor did I forget that these very Brazilians, however keenly they felt the wrong to their hero, were themselves slaveholders —buyers and sellers of men.

It is impossible to give any tolerable idea of the tumult that ensued. It was in vain that the Chairman called for order. The whole populace swayed, and swelled, and heaved under this revolting sense of wrong. Hisses, groans and shouts of defiance were blent in inextricable confusion. The Brazilian Escort drew Simao away by a private door, while Robert and myself staid to witness the conclusion of the matter.

In the meantime, the Imperial Cortége happened to pass near the house, and the Emperor having heard the cause of the uproar, resolved to enter, unannounced. But he was quickly recognized, and with considerable difficulty, a passage was opened for

him to the platform, which he mounted, amid loud and long-continued cheering.

Having expressed a wish to speak, the house signified its respectful attention, by instant and perfect silence. He then called for the American gentleman, when Robert immediately came forward, saluted his Imperial Majesty, and pointed to Mr. Scarlton, who now appeared anxious to beat a retreat. But he was obliged to come forward. And he certainly did not represent the Peculiar Institution either ably, or honorably. Casting round himself a look almost of despair, as if seeking for some cranny into which he might creep, he was conducted to the Emperor, who received him with great courtesy.

There were but few words passed. The peculiar claims of the American Laws upon Simao and his family, were briefly set forth, the same being confirmed by Robert.

There was a momentary silence; and then the Emperor said, addressing Mr. Scarlton: "Tell your people at home, that Don Pedro II. will become a hostage for the security of the noble and honored Simao. To promote, by every lawful and honorable means, the health and happiness of him and his, will be now the care of the Nation. If there are any claims against him, let them be laid before the Imperial Government. We shall instruct our Secretary of State, and open a correspondence to that effect. The heart of Brazil, the wealth of Brazil, open at his command, and shall be sufficient for his needs."

Amidst loud and prolonged cheering, the imperial train moved out; and when I looked for Mr. Scarlton, he was nowhere to be seen.

To-morrow Simao is to visit the Emperor, and by invitation our whole family party attend him. Zindie and her children have been sent for to witness the celebration of our approaching nuptials, after which they are to remain our guests for a few weeks. Madame is full of business; but she delicately keeps the grand bustle of preparation as much out of our way as

possible. Being invested with supreme power in all these matters, she is content to exercise it for our behoof, in her own way, which, for the most part, best pleases us.

Filled to overflowing with grateful and happy thoughts, I now bid you adieu;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XLVII.

SIMAO VISITS THE EMPEROR.

Shahmah still pursuing his great Object—Approaching Nuptials—Religious form of Preparation—Comparison between Mahometans and Christians—Shahmah's Theory of a Central and Universal Religious Principle—Red Caps and White Caps—Pure Religion corresponds with True Freedom—Palace of the Emperor—Simao's Reception—Emperor's Speech—Simao's Reply—The Empress—Substantial Compliment—The Ring—The Watch—The Medal—Pertinent Quotation.

GLORIA, Nov. 15.

BROTHER HASSAN:

I have been talking with Robert to-day of the comparative degree of freedom in the Northern United States; for a perfect freedom—a true soul-liberty—is the goal toward which I still direct my highest hopes, my aspirations, and my prayers. Theodosia, I am happy to say, enters into all this, as into my other peculiar relations of life, with an individuality that becomes one with it. Alluring as these beautiful and quiet shades may be, I know, and she knows, that we are called away. We have this great human problem to solve; and we must go where the conflict waxes strong, in order to find the solution.

But with this zeal for the public good, and this care for the unfolding of a great principle, we do not lose sight of our own private responsibility, or the daily facts that invest, and duties that belong to it. We are seeking for the true laws of health and life; and when found, we are determined in all things to observe and maintain them. There is much yet to be learned, and still more to be recognized and established, as we find out more and more, with the study and experience of every day; but striving earnestly for good, we shall not labor in vain.

The imperial family will honor our nuptials with their presence; and also several of the most distinguished men of the empire, nobles and members of the diplomatic corps, who are among our immediate neighbors at Gloria, are invited, with their families. We should have been better pleased with quiet and seclusion; but this ceremony is due to our illustrious guest; and nothing less than this would be accepted as worthy of him.

You will not be shocked, my brother, when I tell you that, by a slight ceremony, and without the least compromise of principle, I have qualified myself for a Catholic solemnization of our marriage. To the spirit of Christ and his gospel I have long since given my unquestioning assent, as the truest example and law of life ever set forth among mankind. But, judging from the effect of the doctrines on the life of those who profess them, I do not perceive any place or position among the outside formalism of Christianity which I could rightfully accept; neither am I, as yet, prepared to renounce Mahomet, or the worship which he enjoins. I have surely seen greater sincerity and consistency among his followers than I have yet found with those who, as I willingly and must, in fact, admit, have the truer Theory and the purer Gospel. I except from this only the few noble instances whose faith is to be classed with the great cardinal principles of all religion, and who would be good and true in any profession; because only great and godlike views of human life, accountability, and destiny, could be accepted by them. However, I admit that my range of observation has been limited, and thus I stand always ready to accept and embrace the higher truth. And is not this the normal position of a being who is in himself progressive, and must, therefore, in the order of growth, find that the bonds that are large enough for to-day will, in some other future day, confine and cramp him? It seems to me that the grand mistake of all circumscribed religions is just this—that they do *not* leave or admit of room to grow.

As I become persuaded of this, I find myself more and more retreating toward the centre—away from all outside formalism.

There, only, am I refreshed and strengthened by a true and spiritual life and worship. There, in the clear light of that interior heaven, the Wahabites and Abadeah* never intrude themselves, and the distinction between Red Caps and White Caps is unknown, for the generous spirit of a true faith in God and Man, absorbs and annihilates all sectarian engrossment. How different is this from the common outside world, where only by external signs, is the religion, itself, represented and recognized; and in many cases, I fear to ask what would be left, on removing these, would be a closer question than it could bear.

Yes, I know that the common mind must, at length, be drawn toward this central truth, and thus, finally, be so far prepared and illuminated, as to perceive and accept it, until inspired by the finer essences, a religion of Omnipotent Paternity, and Pure Humanity will be established; and thus the inbeaming light of the Few, will become the outshining glory of the whole world.

And this sublimated state of the religious affections in the individual will correspond with that more exterior condition of social life, which we have termed a soul-liberty, and will be developed along with it; for from this it is inseparable, as a present inspiration, and a future reward.

But I must now speak of the imperial reception, which took place at the appointed time, and went off happily, as all Simao's triumphs have done.

The palace of St. Christovao, which is the favorite residence of the imperial family, is a heavy and somewhat imposing, but not a well-built pile. Its architecture is in the old Portuguese style, combining more of strength and durability, than of beauty and taste. The interior is well adapted to that peculiar mode of life, the coolness and ease, to which all warm countries invite. The rooms are large, high, airy and well-lighted; and the entrance hall is adorned with fine old paintings from the best

* The Wahabites or Red Caps, and the Abadeah or White Caps, are two Mahometan sects of Ghadames, that manifest an unusual degree of bitterness and malignity toward each other.

classic schools. Leading from this is the reception hall, which is very large, and highly adorned. A heavy and rich drapery of falling curtains conceals Majesty from view, till the moment of introduction, when it is withdrawn, and you behold the noble and manly form of Don Pedro II.

Simao was conducted to the palace by Irmao ; we also with all our household attended him, making up quite an imposing train. When the curtain was drawn back, and Simao saw, in close proximity, the stalwart form of the Emperor, he advanced in a modest manner, and dropping on one knee, he bestowed the usual kiss on his Majesty's proffered hand.

The Emperor was much pleased with his fine appearance, and more so with his modesty and simplicity. He conversed with him freely of the ship-wreck, his family, his sudden notority and other subjects.

"Welcome most noble and intrepid Simao," were the first words his Majesty uttered. "Truly has it been said that Virtue is of no color'. You have earned a wreath of glory ; you merit a garland of honor ; yon have won, and shall receive, a crown of remembrance !"

He then asked him how he contrived to save so many lives. Simao said that he swam a shore with a rope, by which the passengers afterwards came to the land.

"But," said the Emperor, "did you not rescue thirteen persons from death ?"

"I gave them all the help I could," said this truly modest hero.

"I know not which to admire, or honor most," returned his Majesty, "your humanity, bravery, heroism, or modesty and simplicty ; but they are doubly honorable, and gain a fourfold grace by being united."

The Empress was soon after announced, when the hero was presented to her, also ; and she too was very much pleased with the rare combination of virtues exhibited in the character of this truly remarkable man. But with that sagacity and generosity

which so often distinguish females, she refrained from entering into much conversation with Simao; for she saw how he was oppressed by all his honors, and that he needed repose. She perceived that the occasion which had called the noble sailor into the presence of Majesty, and the popular attentions which were being showered down, were too much for him in his then unhinged and weakened state; and she generously refrained from drawing him out, as she might, otherwise, have done.

Before he departed the Emperor gave him one more tangible recognition of his magnanimity and generosity, by informing him that the highest acknowledgments of the government should be bestowed on him. He finished by presenting him with his purse, containing $220, the same amount he had subscribed at the Exchange. Then after receiving the strongest assurances from their Majesties, of their regard, honor, and future care, he bowed himself from their presence, as did we all.

This enthusiasm is certainly a most remarkable phenomenon; and though I think it argues well for humanity, and especially for the ultimate recognition of the negro race as one of the essential families of the earth; yet Robert says it would not, and could not have been so in the United States. Here, although I have read somewhere in an American book, that the bonds of slavery are very hard and harsh—the spirit of the system seems not to have had such a pernicious and terrible reaction on the masters, as there; and hence, with a lower degree of prejudice against color, they have a truer sense of justice. An American slaveholder could not enter into this feeling, because it would give the lie to all that he admits and recognizes of Law and Gospel; and thus it would be self-condemnation to do so. He finds it much easier to set his hard face against the truth—to clutch with the hard hand, that holds the bribe, and close his hard heart and obtuse reason, alike, against the claims of mercy and justice. But will he always do this? I believe not.

But I must describe for you the rich gifts that have been pre-

sented to Simao. On the seal of the ring is engraved a raging ocean, with the word "safe" at the top of the waves. This, you will remember, is what he shouted, when thrown high at the top of the mountain-sea, that came so near ingulfing him.

On the inside of the watch-case is inscribed: "Presented to the Life-Saver, Simao, by the People of Brazil."

On the medal is a figure of the Pernumbucana, with a person leaping from her bows. The obverse is adorned with two united hearts.

I cannot close this subject by anything more appropriate than the beautiful words of Byron, who, if he had had our own hero in view, could not have written for him more truly:

> "And his are deeds that shall not pass away,
> A name that must not wither, though the earth
> Forgets her empires with a just decay,
> The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth;
> The high, the mountain majesty of worth
> Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
> And from its immortality look forth
> In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,
> Imperishably pure beyond all things below."

I leave you abruptly. Robert, Theodosia and Jeannette have come to take me away; and though there are many things would like to say, I cannot choose but go with them.

Accept our united salaäm for thee and Youley. Could we but bring you here!

Adieu;

SHAHMAH.

LETTER XLVIII.

SIMAO GIVES AWAY THE BRIDE.

GLORIA, Dec. 7.

BROTHER HASSAN:

At this time, when there is so much to look forward to, still I delight in retrospection. From this stand-point I can see how manifestly I have been led. And shall I not, with that dearer, diviner life wedded indissolubly to mine, still be guided—and into yet higher paths of Beauty and Use?

I am interrupted by an arrival

December 7.—Zindie and her children have come; and now we can see the real nobleness of that remarkable woman; so that, without any mental reservations, I return to the first opinion I formed of her, as the illustrious Senhora Iphigenia. She is so much affected by the late events, as to be scarcely able to speak of them without tears. Though almost overwhelmed by the attentions they all receive, she accepts her honors meekly, and wears them gracefully, as a true woman should.

Dear Theodosia has now loves and cares enough to fill her overflowing heart with the purest happiness. But the active, and every day more lovely and attractive Jeannette, affectionately divides all her labors. In this genial and happy atmosphere, the gem we have brought begins more truly to show its worth. Robert and she have evidently fallen into a great friendship for each other; and if they should sometime discover an absolute unity between themselves, I should not be surprised. We look on—Theodosia and I—feeling, as she said the other day, quite like old people, after all this terrible and prematuring experience—we look on

and keep silence; and if the love-flame is lighted, we shall all rejoice together.

Madame and the Abbess have also shown a great liking for each other; and, both together, they have many a good-natured doctrinal tilt with the Padré, whom *they* consider quite heterodox. I must not forget the little girls, whose beauty and sweetness make the most pleasing impressions upon all who see them. We are a happy family. Our hearts are penetrated by a sense of all these blessings, which is often too strong, and too profound, for present happiness. At times, we experience a feeling of joy almost agonizing—so closely, in this varied life, are pleasure and pain bound together.

December 12.—Last Thursday evening, with the excellent Jeannette and Robert in attendance, and all our happy, grateful home-party, we went to the church near by, where the ceremony was performed. Theodosia was in no wise distinguished from her bridesmaid than by her superior beauty. All the young ladies—here I include Minna and Brenda—wore simple white muslin robes, without a single gem on hand or bosom, or even so much as a pearl among their dark hair. The bride and bridesmaid had long blonde veils, soft and fair as mist, reaching to the feet. Nothing could be lovelier, or better adapted to the pure, spiritual beauty of Theodosia, than this most exquisite attire.

It was intended that the marriage service should be strictly private; but soon after we entered there was a little stir at the church door; and Robert was called for. He whispered me that their Imperial Majesties had come, and requested permission to enter, begging also, as the highest act of grace to themselves, that no special notice should be taken of their entrance. This being referred to Theodosia, with her approbation the royal guests were admitted, and conducted to their respective places.

It was then suggested that the Emperor should attend to the ceremony of giving away the bride; but, instead of acting in

his own person, he placed the hand of Theodosia in that of our common benefactor; saying at the same time, in his most gracious manner—which is pleasing because devoid of all display of patronage: "To you, most noble Simao, truly belongs the honor."

Deeply interested as I was in the more interior spirit of the scene, I could not be insensible to the true grace, and rare beauty of manner, with which Simao conducted himself on this trying and unexpected occasion.

Standing erect, with a look of modest self-possession, he took the hand, pressing it reverently to his lips, and to his heart. Then, with a look more eloquent than words, he placed it in my own, tenderly giving that hand which I hope still to clasp in all this journey of life.

There was a devout silence for a little while; for the action, though informal, had been so impressive and truly dramatic in its power, that it touched every heart as an essential and sacred part of the ceremony itself.

A few minutes after, the bridal train returned to the house, which was thrown open for the reception of our many guests, and the throngs of minor acquaintances, who came and went.

Everything passed off well; and we were pleased to see that, among the brilliant young ladies, the good Robert was still so much enthralled by our excellent Jeannette. Zindie, without the least pretence, appeared delicate and womanly; and she made a very favorable impression, not only on the Imperial Family, but on other distinguished and discriminating persons.

The Imperial Pair, with their train, retired early; and on bidding good night to the bride, instead of giving her their hands to kiss, they kissed her very affectionately. Simao, also, who was in the same group, modestly kissed her cheek as he offered his congratulations. She drew his bending head a moment close to hers, whispering, but still audibly to us who were near: "O Simao! it was you who gave my Shahmah back to me alive; and now it is so beautiful to think that you have given

me to him. We will thank you with the joy of our whole lives."

He was inexpressibly affected: and there were tears on the cheeks of many who heard.

What shall I say more? Consecrated anew by this holy union, I am doubly armed. Believing that there is somewhere a true Soul-Liberty, I shall still prosecute my search; and with Theodosia by my side to cheer and inspire me, I shall press forward, with renewed earnestness, toward that consummation of a true and perfect humanity which inferior nature everywhere declares to be possible, and the profoundest sentiment of the age proclaims to be close at hand.

Thine;

SHAHMAH.

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